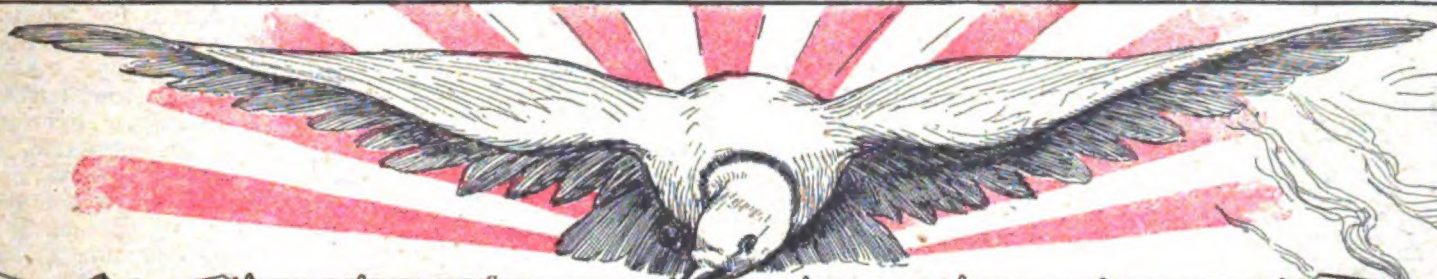


VOL. XXXII
NO. 1

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

NOVEMBER
1919



The Anniversary of Peace
closes an eventful year of untold blessings,
and ushers in an era of extraordinary promise
to this land of boundless opportunities which
has Exceptional Cause for Rejoicing
and Thanksgiving

Uncle Sam the
Biggest Ship-
Builder

American
Factories
all busy



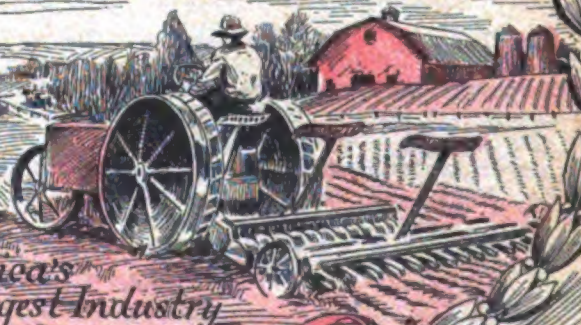
Thanksgiving without Hooverizing

After serving humanity in the war which was forced upon us, America has emerged from the conflict the Mightiest of World Powers.
We possess a third part of the world's stock of gold and have become a creditor nation to the extent of over ten billion dollars loaned to Europe — America Dominates the Finances of the World.
America leads the world in food-production because Farming Is Our Most Important Industry.
With the products of our farms, mines and factories the largest in the world, and our Merchant marine second only to that of Great Britain and gaining on that, we can Rule the World Markets.
To supply the enormous foreign demand due to the world shortage of everything, will Work Our Industries to Full Capacity.
One and a half million soldiers discharged from service and returned to civil employments have Swelled the Nation's Productive and Purchasing Powers.
With more money in circulation than ever before, with a paying job for everyone willing to work, with an active demand at profitable prices for all products, Business is Bound to Boom.

Uncle Sam the World's Banker

The (American)
Watch on the Rhine

Mindful that but for the heroic deeds of our Soldiers and Sailors there would be little cause for rejoicing, let us be thankful that this prosperity enables us, as a nation, to show due gratitude in substantial form to those who have suffered loss of health or limb, and to the dependents of those who made the supreme sacrifice.



America's
Largest Industry

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NEW YORK



COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Stop Fighting, Stop Rioting, Stop Striking and Go to Work Is the Basic Remedy for Present Troubles

THE anniversary of the armistice, which ended the world war, finds the world far from peaceful. The more frightful horrors of civil war have succeeded those of international war throughout the greater part of Asia and eastern Europe, the half-dozen republics that have sprung from the partition of the former German and Austrian empires are fighting one another, the people of Russia, that great agricultural nation whose surplus food products helped feed western Europe ere the tyranny of Bolshevism gained sway, are starving. Nor are the peace councils of the Allies free from discord over the division of the spoils of victory. Dissatisfied with their respective allotments of new territory, Greece is demanding a further extension of her boundaries, Roumania is trespassing on Hungarian soil despite the commands of the Great Powers, while the "poet soldier," Captain D'Annunzio, who with his little band of filibusters recently seized Fiume, an important city on the Dalmatian coast, is holding it for annexation to Italy in defiance of the Peace Conference which had awarded this seaport, much coveted by Italy, to the new republic of Jugo Slavia. This amazing exploit has made him the popular hero of Italy, but as the Italian government has disavowed his acts he has boldly declared himself at war with Jugo Slavia and that he will fight the world, if necessary, to hold Fiume for Italy. The Allies, including the United States, are subjecting the city to the miseries of a blockade as a means of starving him to surrender.

Rather Fight Than Eat

IN reason it was to have been expected that the people of these enemy countries, after four and a quarter years of war that had reduced them to the verge of starvation, would have welcomed peace as an opportunity to turn their energies to the production of food and other necessities for which they were suffering. Such was their dire distress that on President Wilson's request cabled from Paris last winter Congress appropriated a hundred million dollars to send food to them, and Mr. Hoover went over and distributed it. This was to tide them over until they could plant and harvest a crop to provide for their own needs. But apparently these turbulent peoples of Asia and eastern Europe would rather fight than eat, for, as stated, they are still fighting among themselves and consequently are facing a shortage of food and other necessities. Again they are calling on America for help, but so long as we continue to feed them they will keep on fighting. Let them be given to understand that they must stop fighting and go to work.

Let Europe Go to Work

EVEN in western Europe, Great Britain, France, Belgium and Italy, where there has been no fighting since the armistice, the industrial situation is far from satisfactory. Italy has been disturbed by food riots the past summer and such is the condition of unrest among the people that the Italian government does not dare to proceed with the general demobilization of the army at present. As a result of unprecedented high wages, due to the war, money is plenty as never before, but the people complain that it has little purchasing value because of high prices, and as to food the scarcity is such that everybody, rich and poor alike, is strictly allowance and none can buy more than his ration card calls for. It is reported that in France and Belgium idleness is too prevalent, due to the demoralizing effect of government and other assistance necessarily given during the war to those driven from their homes or remaining in the devastated sections of those countries during occupation by the enemy. Dependence on government aid and charity rather than on their own resources has become a habit with many of them. A part of Ireland is in the throes of revolution. Since the armistice England, Scotland and Wales have been kept in continual turmoil by a succession of strikes and labor troubles cul-

minating in the recent nation-wide strike of railway employees which, though ended in nine days by compromise settlement, not only paralyzed all industries but was fast bringing on a famine by tying up the distribution of food and fuel.

All Europe is on scant food allowance and it now develops that because of idleness and strikes of the miners in the coal producing countries of Europe the people of that entire continent face an acute shortage of fuel this coming winter. Europe is asking America to send a hundred million tons of coal to supply the deficiency in part. It is impossible to send Europe any large quantity of coal because we have neither the coal to spare nor available ships to transport it. Steamships loaded with coal for the Italian railroads arrived at Genoa, Italy, several weeks ago, and at the present writing are still tied up at the docks unable to unload because of the strike of the dock laborers. There is an abundance of coal in European mines. Let Europe quit fighting, quit loafing, quit striking and go to work not only to supply her own needs but to produce something with which to begin paying her foreign debts and re-establish her credit.

World-Wide Scarcity of Everything Except Money

BECAUSE for the past five years human energies have been largely diverted from productive industry to the destructive pursuits of war there is a scarcity of every kind of product. In other words the world has not produced enough of anything to supply its needs. Of some things—for instance sugar—there is a greater shortage than of others. Shortage or scarcity simply means that there is not enough to supply everybody's wants and so we have to go without certain luxuries that are, extremely scarce, economize in the use of others and go on short allowance of certain necessities such as sugar at the present time. It ought to be sufficiently obvious that for this troublesome condition the only possible remedy is to increase production—increase it to the point at which the supply will equal the demand, or in other words enough for everybody's needs. It is clear to any sane mind, despite the absurd assertions of certain professional labor agitators to the contrary, that strikes, idleness and lessening the hours of labor necessarily result in decreased production and more distressing shortage of products.

Large Wages and High Prices

THESE same labor agitators also say that raising wages does not raise prices—a prominent one so stated to a committee of the Senate—and apparently they have made many of their followers believe it, although the experience of the past few years has driven this illusion out of the heads of some of them. The rank falsity of such a claim is apparent to those who stop to consider the fact that in nearly all industries labor is the largest item of cost of manufacture. It is manifest that an increase of wages raises the cost of production. The manufacturer, of course, will not stand the loss but will add the increased cost to the price of the product and thus pass it on to the consumer. Wage earners have complained that as wages were raised prices of food, clothing, shoes and other necessities kept pace, and they have accused the farmers of profiteering by high prices of farm produce. But how can the farmer, who has to pay his hired help double or treble the wages demanded before the war, and a like increase in price for everything he buys, come out whole without raising the prices of his products in proportion? It is beginning to dawn on the more sensible laborers that shorter work hours with frequent strikes and raises of wages result in continually rising prices and increasing scarcity of everything except money of lower purchasing value, and some of their organizations are demanding a halt of this merry-go-round that gets them nowhere.

"An Honest Day's Work for an Honest Day's Pay"

EUROPE has been devastated, impoverished, worn out and demoralized by the long war and it will take a long time for the people over there to find themselves and settle down to peaceful pursuits. But in our country there is no excuse for the rioting, turmoil and industrial and social strife that has become rampant here of late. Our troubles are all of our own making and grow out of selfishness, greed and the disposition of a certain lawless element, largely of foreign extraction, to create here a condition of anarchy, such as has wrecked Russia, in order that in the confusion attendant on the overthrow of law they may profit by an opportunity for robbing and plundering. Prices are high and there is a scarcity of the commodities in daily use, but that is the result of the war and will be of short duration here if our people choose to make it so by settling down to work, attending to their own business and setting their faces sternly against all attempts at lawlessness. The dangerous element of our population is concentrated in the cities, but can be handled by people of the better class there backed, as they will be if trouble comes, by the farmers who are always law-abiding, conservative and patriotic.

That the farmers understand the situation and have ranged themselves on the right side is shown by the action of the delegates to the International Farm Congress at Kansas City, Mo., September 28, in adopting resolutions protesting that organized labor is "demanding more production of the farmers, while demanding of its members less production." The resolutions deplore strikes, except in "grave emergency," and condemn "the growing tendency toward idleness among all classes of people." They also oppose the unionizing of police and other peace officers, declare against government ownership of railroads, and demand legislative action to lower the difference in prices between producer and consumer.

In the same line is the advice of Charles M. Schwab, founder of the Bethlehem Steel Company and recognized the world over as one of the foremost authorities on industrial problems. At a recent meeting of mining engineers in Chicago Mr. Schwab said: "The basis of the so-called German efficiency is founded upon an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, and when that theory is applied here, then will the high cost of living disappear, for there is but one way to secure that—economy and industrial efficiency."

America on the Threshold of an Era of Extraordinary Promise

THE United States has emerged from the war the wealthiest and most powerful nation on earth, and for the first time in its history is in a position to take the lead in commerce and manufactures and to dominate the finances of the world if our people will only avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity which Fortune is knocking at the door to offer them. Even before the war our country led all others in agricultural products and was second to none in manufactures, but lagged far behind in foreign commerce, while London did the greater part of the world's banking. Europe owes more than ten billion dollars to America, and New York has become the financial center of the world. For foreign commerce we have a merchant marine second only to that of Great Britain. The industries of Europe, which formerly supplied the world's markets, are demoralized and the foreign customers who used to trade in Europe are ordering American made goods, but the greater part of their orders cannot be filled because of the paralyzing effect of labor troubles. Let us stop rioting, striking and loafing, the only obstacles in our path to unprecedented prosperity.

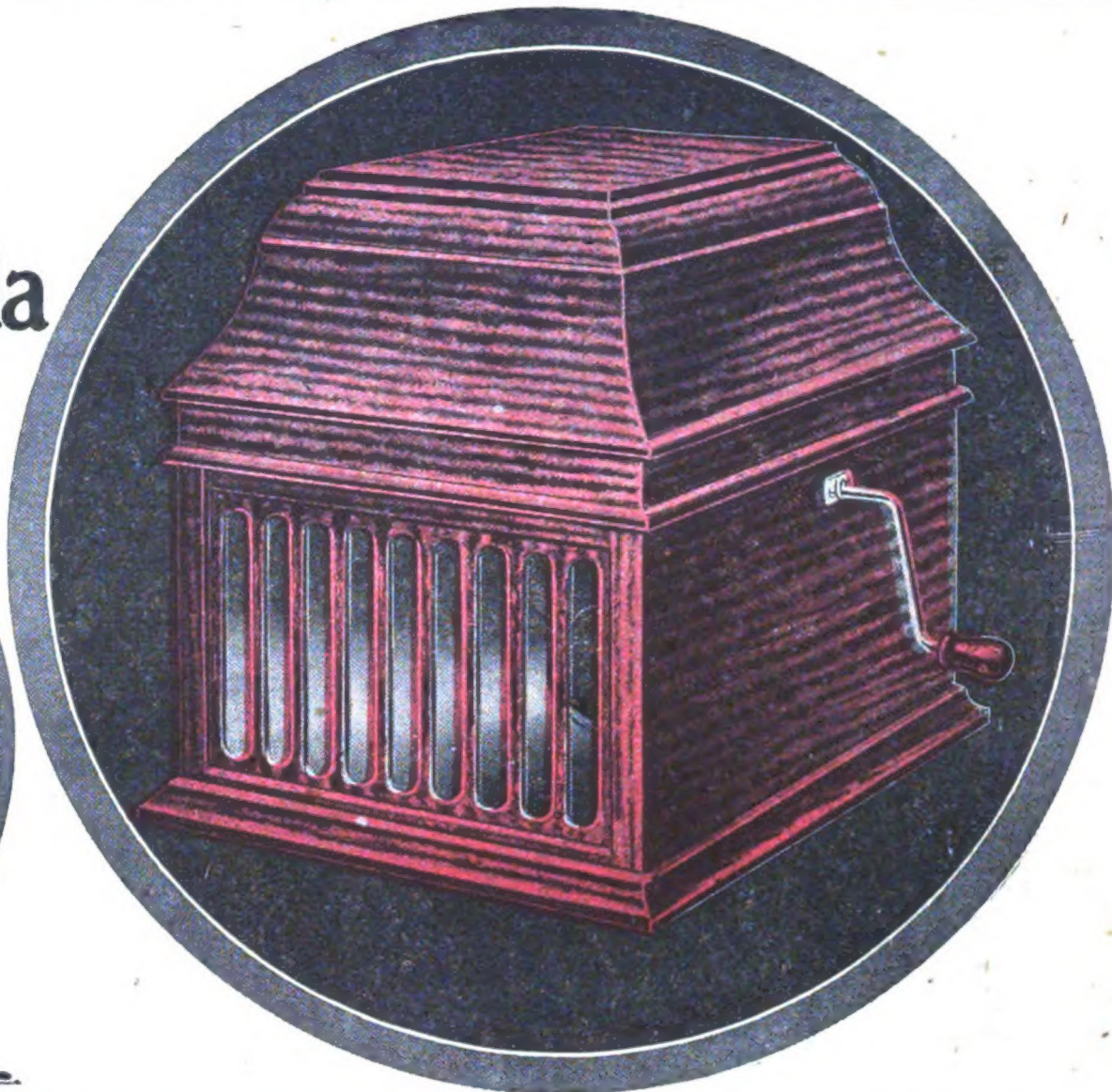
COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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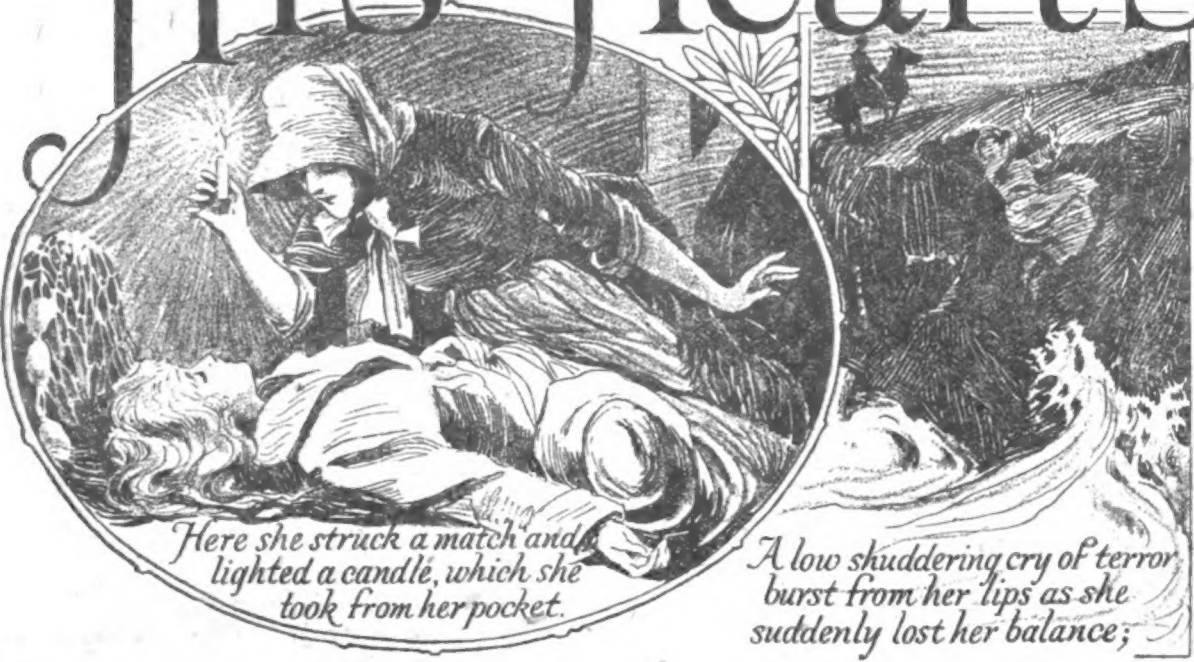
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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother, Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent. Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. Vane Cameron, receiving an encouraging letter from Mrs. Mencke, appears, and tells Violet the wish nearest his heart is to make her his wife. Violet confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, and hesitating, faints. Ringing a bell, Mrs. Mencke enters. Recovering consciousness, Violet questions did she promise, and being assured by her sister that she has, she faints again. Mrs. Mencke informs Lord Cameron that Violet acknowledges the engagement, and later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron, returning from a fruitless search, sees a group near a cliff and the body of a woman upon the beach, clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, Lord Cameron selects a spot near the sea. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, his answer thrills all—"the most sacred right in the world, for—she is my wife!" Wilhelm Mencke doubting the marriage, Wallace produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him. Then he relates her loyalty to Wallace, her unhappiness, the treatment received, her disappearance and the burial of her body by drowning and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness. Riding through the crowded streets, Wallace catches the glimpse of a face, looking from a coach window, which unmans him. Vane consoles him with what he knows. Wallace returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke returns to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

IT was on the fourteenth of May, nearly a year and a half previous to the sudden downfall and disappearance of Wilhelm Mencke and his wife, that a curious incident occurred which has a most important bearing upon our story.

At the foot of one of the mountains which skirt the Gulf of Genoa just a few miles east of the line which separates France and Italy, there stood at that time the dwelling of a well-to-do Italian peasant.

That the man was above the majority of his class, his neat homestead, his thrifty fields and vineyards, and the general air of comfort which pervaded his dwelling plainly betokened.

But he was a stern, harsh man, bestowing little affection upon his family, yet exacting unquestioning obedience and diligent toil from every member, to help him maintain the thrift for which he was noted and to fill his pockets with money.

On a dark and starless night, long after Tasso Simone and most of his family were wrapped in slumber, the door of his dwelling was softly opened, whereupon a slight, girlish figure stole forth and sped noiselessly across the vineyard of olive trees, toward the highway which skirted the gulf.

Upon reaching the road, the flying fugitive moderated her pace, but walked on with a firm, elastic step toward Mentone, which was the nearest town over the French line.

For an hour she walked steadily on, appearing to be perfectly familiar with the way, even in that intense darkness, until finally she paused before a low, rude building, or shed, which had been constructed out of rough boards to protect

fishermen from the hot rays of the sun, while cleaning their fish for market.

She sat down to rest just outside upon a rude bench, which she seemed to know was there, and opening a parcel which she carried in her hands, she began to eat of its contents.

Suddenly she paused and listened, for a slight movement behind her, within the shed, had attracted her attention.

A sigh that was almost a moan had greeted her ears.

She did not move for several moments, but waited for the sound to be repeated.

Soon she heard it again, a long-drawn, sobbing sigh like some one deeply grieved or in distress.

The girl arose, and, without a trace of fear in her manner, made her way within the shed, showing by her quick, decisive movements that she was as familiar with the ground as with her own home.

Here she struck a match and lighted a piece of candle, which she took from her pocket, when she saw, with evident amazement, a beautiful girl lying asleep upon a shawl which had been spread over a pile of seaweed in one corner of the place.

The light also revealed the fugitive, whom we have followed thus far, to be a slight, graceful form, straight as an arrow, and having a wiry energy and resolution in her every movement which betrayed unusual self-reliance in one so young.

She was very light in complexion, having yellow hair, black eyes, and bright, rosy cheeks, a somewhat unusual combination in one who was a native of that Southern clime.

She was dressed in the costume of the country, and with a neatness and trimness that made her seem almost dainty in the homely dress, while on her head she wore a large, coarse straw hat, over which a bright handkerchief had been thrown, and was tied under her pretty, rounded chin.

She softly approached and leaned over the sleeper, astonishment depicted upon every feature of her young face; and well she might look surprised, for the lovely girl who lay upon that wretched bed of seaweed was richly and tastefully clad, and bespoke the petted child of luxury and fortune.

She knelt beside her, and, laying her hand lightly upon her shoulder, said, in low, musical Italian:

"Wake, signorina."

The touch aroused the fair sleeper, and she started up affrighted; but, upon seeing the kindly face of a young girl about her own age bending above her, her expression of terror changed to one equally surprised with that of her companion.

"Why is the signorina sleeping here in this miserable place?" the peasant girl asked.

But her companion could not understand or speak Italian, and she shook her head, intimating that she did not know what she had said.

To her surprise the girl then addressed her in broken French, repeating her question, and then the fair stranger, appearing to think it best to confide in her, answered, though with some embarrassment:

"I am in great trouble, and I am running away from it. I have walked a long distance, but became so faint and weak I could go no farther, and stumbled in here to rest, and must have fallen asleep from weariness."

A look of pity and sympathy swept over the peasant girl's face.

"Mademoiselle is hungry, perhaps?" she remarked.

"Yes; I had no supper. I could not eat and am faint. I have been ill and am far from strong."

The girl stuck her candle upon a rock and then, going outside the shed, brought in her own lunch which she had left lying upon the bench. It consisted of some coarse bread and cheese, some cakes fried in olive oil, with a few dried figs, and all wrapped in a clean linen cloth.

"Eat, mademoiselle," she said, as she placed it upon her companion's lap.

The beautiful stranger seized a fig and quickly disposed of it with evident relish; then she suddenly paused and asked:

"But do you not need this yourself? I must not rob you."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"Eat, signorina, eat," she said, mixing her French and Italian; and the other, without waiting to be urged further, and apparently ravenously hungry, quickly disposed of everything save the cheese.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully, when the last fig was eaten. "I thank you very much." Then, with sudden curiosity, she inquired: "But how do you also happen to be abroad alone at this hour of the night?"

Again the peasant girl shrugged her shoulders, and a dark look of passion swept over her face.

"I, too, am running away," she said. "I do not like my home; I have a stepfather; he is cruel, harsh, and wants to marry me to a man I do not love."

"How strange," murmured her companion, a look of wonder coming into her beautiful eyes, while an expression of sympathy crept over her lovely face.

"My father owes him for a pair of fine mules, just bought," the girl resumed, a look of scorn gleaming in her eyes, "and Beppo will call the debt square if I marry him. I will not be exchanged for brutes—I will not be sold like a slave, and to one I hate and loathe, and I fly from him," she concluded, indignantly, the rich blood mounting to her forehead.

"Where are you going?" questioned the other, eagerly.

"To Monaco, to find service in some family, as maid or nurse, until I can earn money to go to some school to learn to study," was the earnest reply.

"You are not an Italian?" the fair stranger said, inquiringly.

The girl shook her head, a sneer curling her red lips.

Evidently to be an Italian was not very desirable in her estimation.

"My mother is Swiss, my own father was French," she briefly answered.

"Ah! That is how you happen to be so light and to speak the French language. Will you tell me your name?"

"You will not betray me? You will not set them on my track, if I tell you?" said the peasant girl, apparently longing to confide in the beautiful maiden, but secretly questioning the wisdom of so doing.

"Surely not. Am I not flying from trouble also? Besides, I am going to another country," was the reassuring reply.

"I am Lisette Vermilet," the girl then said. "I am eighteen years old. I have worked from sunrise till sunset every day for seven long years, in the field, in the vineyard, or the dairy, ever since my poor, foolish mother married her tyrant husband. I do it no more. I take care of myself and be no man's slave, and I marry whom I will, when the right one and the right time come. But first," she continued, eagerly, her face lighting with intense longing, "I study; I learn about the world and other things, like some lovely French girls I saw at Mentone last year, who told me all about the flowers, the birds, the earth, and the sea. Oh, I weep when I think of much there is to know, and I have lost it all!" and her voice grew tremulous with repressed feeling as she concluded.

"Poor child! You surely ought to have an education if you want it so much," said her sympathetic listener, in a kindly tone, while she regarded the girl's eager face almost affectionately.

"But are you not afraid that your cruel stepfather will go after you and bring you back?"

"Tasso Simone would beat me black and blue if he should catch me," she said, with a shiver, as if she recalled some experience of the kind.

"Ah! if I had but a disguise he would not know me—I get away better."

A bright idea seemed suddenly to strike her companion, for her face lighted eagerly.

"Let us exchange clothing," she exclaimed, "then no one will recognize either of us."

"Ah! but the signorina has such beautiful clothes, while mine are so poor," sighed Lisette, in a deprecatory tone, but with a wistful glance over the daintily made traveling suit, at the tasteful hat, and expensive boots which her companion wore.

"Never mind; yours are neat and whole, and no one would ever think of looking for me in them, while you will be much more likely to succeed in eluding your cruel father in mine," the young stranger persisted.

"The signorina is very kind," Lisette said, gratefully, as, with an impulsive movement, she bent forward and kissed the fair white hand that lay within her reach, while it seemed to her simple heart that she should feel like a princess in that lovely dark-gray cloth dress, with its daintily stitched bands of blue silk.

Alas! She did not dream that it was to become her shroud.

Yes, as has doubtless been surmised, it was Violet whom Lisette Vermilet had found lying asleep upon the pile of seaweed in the fisherman's shed.

After refusing to admit her sister to her room on the night previous to the day appointed for her wedding, she had continued her occupation of writing for some time. When she was through she read over what she had written and then deliberately tore it into atoms.

"No, I will not tell them anything," she muttered, with a frown; "I will just go and leave

no trace behind me. It may seem unkind to Lord Cameron, but some time I will explain it all."

She then arose and dressed herself in her traveling suit, tied a dark-blue veil about her face, and brought a thick shawl from her closet. She then began to lay out a change of clothing and her toilet articles, but suddenly stopped in the midst of her work.

"No, I will not burden myself with anything," she murmured, thoughtfully. "I am not strong, and I need all the strength I have to get myself away; besides, I can easily buy what I need in any town."

She hastily drew on her gloves, without observing that the rings, which she usually wore and which she prized very highly, were still lying upon her cushion where she had left them before taking her bath. She did not even think to take her watch, which she sadly missed and regretted afterward; her only thought was to get away as quickly as possible from the doom awaiting her on the morrow—to flee from all danger of violating her conscience and of wronging a noble and generous man.

She then put out her light and sat alone in the darkness, waiting for the house to become quiet so that she could steal forth unobserved.

Two hours passed, all in the house seemed to be at rest, and she noiselessly crept out of a window upon the piazza, made her way swiftly around the house to where a flight of stairs led to the ground, and then sped away in the darkness, with no definite idea whither she was going.

She took the highway leading away from Mentone, because she dreaded lest some one should meet and accost her in the town. She had a dim idea that if she could get to San Remo, which was about twelve miles east of Mentone, she could take a train going north without being discovered, and accordingly she bent her footsteps in this direction.

Her way led along the cliffs overhanging the sea before mentioned, and how she, to whom the way was entirely strange, should have escaped the fate which every one afterward supposed to have been hers was wonderful. But escape it she did, and after safely passing this perilous point she descended the hill, and then the road closely followed the beach for some distance.

Here she came upon the rude hut, or shelter, which has been described, and, being footsore and weary with her long walk, she spread her shawl upon a mass of seaweed which she found in one corner, and throwing herself upon it soon fell into a profound slumber, from which she was awakened by the light touch of Lisette Vermilet.

With this brief explanation of Violet's flight, we will return to the two girls who were discussing a change of apparel.

Violet was much strengthened by the food which she had eaten and greatly refreshed by her nap, while she was encouraged by the presence of the young girl, who was also, strangely enough, flying from a fate similar to her own.

She overcame the scruples of Lisette, and insisting upon the plan she had proposed, the two girls, under cover of that rude shed, made the exchange, Violet declaring that every article be transferred in order to make the disguise more complete. She only reserved her shawl, as, in traveling, she knew she would need it.

"Now," she said, when their task was completed, "can you tell me the best way to get north? I am going to England, and from there to America, and I want to get away from this region as soon as possible."

"Mademoiselle would do well to come with me to Mentone and take a train from there," Lisette replied.

"Oh, I could not do that," Violet cried. "I have just come from Mentone, and would not go back there for anything."

It will be observed that she had refrained from saying much about herself thus far, for she did not wish even this simple girl to know the circumstances which had caused her flight.

Lisette thought a minute, then she told her to go on to a village about a mile distant, where, in a couple of hours, a train would make a brief stop at a crossing.

This, she said, would bear her back in the same direction she had come, but she could go on to Nice, where she could take an express direct for Paris.

Violet, much as she dreaded passing through Mentone again, saw that this would be the wisest course to pursue, and decided that she would follow the girl's advice.

"You will not betray that you have met me, if any one should question you, and you will keep out of sight of people in Mentone as much as possible?" Violet pleaded.

"Surely I will not betray you, signorina, and I will not show myself by daylight in Mentone," Lisette said, earnestly, "and you will get away without any trouble, for a peasant girl can go about alone in this country where an English lady could not. Take courage, signorina; nothing will harm you, and may the Holy Virgin go with you."

"I feel anxious about your passing through Mentone," Violet said. "If you should be seen there tomorrow you would surely be stopped, for my clothing would instantly be recognized by those who will search for me; they would compel you to tell where and how you met me, and then they would telegraph ahead and have me stopped."

"Do not fear, signorina," Lisette responded. "I shall pass through Mentone before light, for I am a rapid walker. I go straight to Monaco, and seek service in some French family going to Paris."

Violet looked relieved at this.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



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Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

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Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ONE of the sisters, whose letter follows, says, in speaking of her home town, "We live in a progressive community and have splendid neighbors, with a good school, church and singing class." That is what we should think, and if we don't it may be that we, as individuals, haven't done our level best to make the place we live in all that it should be.

Read the poem quoted below and then ask yourself if you are doing your duty by your town.—Ed.

It Isn't Your Town—It's You

"If you want to live in the kind of a town That's the kind of a town you like, You needn't slip your clothes in a grip And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you've left behind, For there's nothing that's really new. It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town;

It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid Lest somebody else gets ahead; When everyone works and nobody shirks You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake Your neighbor can make one too, Your town will be what you want to see; It isn't your town—it's you."

WINFIELD, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: COMFORT is a great help to me and I never pick up the paper but what I get some good advice from it.



ANNIE LAURIE MAYS, TEN MONTHS OLD.

Falways try the recipes and find them all good. Most of all I enjoy the letters from the sisters, telling how to bring up children. I have one little daughter, ten months old. She has just begun to stand alone and I think it is time to begin to teach her. My husband named her Annie Laurie. I am sending her picture and if you have space for it in dear old COMFORT I should like to see it there.

We live in a progressive community and have splendid neighbors with a good school, church and singing class. We are one mile from the railroad.

My husband's mother lives with us and we get along splendidly and when she went away for a few days we missed her very much. She takes care of the baby for me while I do the housework as I do all of it besides putting up lots of fruit.

My husband is one of the good men we read about. We have been married three years and he is just as kind and loving as at first. Sisters, it is the way you start that makes them what they are.

Love to all.

VIDA MAYS.

PALMER, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have read the letter written by Grey Ashes and love her because she loves her little adopted child and hope she clings to it till death parts them—and I know of what I speak for death took my little darling last winter. I adopted him when he was three months old, to be a companion and grow up with my little girl (also adopted). We loved her and felt that a child alone would miss much of life's happiness and he grew to be such a dear little fellow, so strong and big and such a happy child. We were proud of him and loved him. I was never too busy to rock him to sleep and play with him. But, mothers, how can I tell you this? One afternoon when he was about two years old I left the room for a few minutes and came back to find him standing in his high chair (which he had dragged from another room) with a patent fly killer in his hands and about to drink the awful poison. I threw it down but found he had his mouth full of the wicks he had chewed up. I got them out and we did all we could for him but he died in a few hours in convulsions. Such dreadful

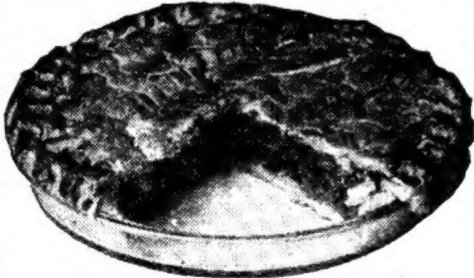
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IT seems rather unfair to credit November with "melancholy days" when it is the month that brings us Thanksgiving Day, even if it does add a few clouds and cold, grey weather just for contrast. And if our Thanksgiving table is not graced with the customary turkey there are so many other good things to eat that no one should be melancholy for long. The sisters have sent in some of their favorite recipes for your Thanksgiving dinner.—Ed.

BREADED SAUSAGES.—Wipe the sausages dry. Dip them in beaten egg and bread-crumbs. Put them in the frying-basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook ten minutes. Serve with a garnish of toasted bread and parsley.

CRANBERRY PIE.—One and one half cups of cranberries cut in halves, and mixed with one cup of seeded raisins. Cream together one cup of sugar and two tablespoons of butter, or butter substitute, and then stir in two tablespoons of flour, and add the cranberries and raisins. Have ready a pie plate lined with pastry; fill, and bake in a moderate oven. When done, cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of



CRANBERRY PIE.

two eggs stiff and dry, and then stirring in two tablespoons of sugar. Return to oven and bake until the meringue rises and browns, watching carefully. Cool the pie where there is no draft. Best eaten fresh.

BAKED HAM.—Cover ham with cold water, and simmer gently just long enough to loosen the skin. This will probably be from two to three hours, according to the size of ham. When skinned, put in a dripping pan in the oven, pour over it one cup of vinegar and one of hot water, in which to dissolve a teaspoon of mustard, bake slowly, basting with the liquid, for two hours. Then cover the ham all over to the depth of one inch with coarse brown sugar, press it down firmly, and do not baste again until the sugar has formed a thick crust, which it will soon do in a very slow oven. Let it remain a full hour in oven, after covering with the sugar, until it becomes a rich golden brown. When done, drain from the liquor in the pan and put on a dish to cool. When it is cool, but not cold, press by turning another flat dish on top, with a weight over it. The pressing makes it cut firmly for sandwiches or slicing.

DRIED BEEF.—The most common way of serving dried or smoked beef is to shave it into thin slices or chips, raw; but a more savory relish may be made of it with little trouble. Put the slices of uncooked beef into a frying pan with just enough boiling water to cover them; set them over the fire for ten minutes, drain off all the water, and cut the meat into small bits. Return to the pan, which should be hot, with one tablespoon of butter and a little pepper. Have ready some well-beaten eggs, allowing four to a half pound of beef; stir them into the pan with the minced meat, and toss and stir the mixture for about two minutes. Send to table in a covered dish.

CODFISH CAKES.—First boil soaked cod, then chop it fine, put to it an equal quantity of potatoes boiled and mashed; moisten it with beaten eggs or milk, and a bit of butter and a little pepper; form it in small, round cakes, rather more than half an inch thick; flour the outside, and fry in hot lard or beef drippings until they are a delicate brown; like fish, these must be fried gently, the lard being boiling hot when they are put in; when one side is done turn the other.

BOILED SALMON.—The middle slice of salmon is the best. Sew up in a mosquito-net bag, and boil a quarter of an hour to the pound in hot, salted water. When done, unwrap with care, and lay upon a hot dish, taking care not to break it. Have ready one large cup of drawn butter, very rich, in which has been stirred one tablespoon of minced parsley and the juice of a lemon. Pour half upon the salmon, and serve the rest in a boat. Garnish with parsley and sliced eggs.

CELERY SALAD.—One boiled egg, one raw egg, one tablespoon salad oil, one teaspoon white sugar, one saltspoon of salt, one saltspoon of pepper, four tablespoons of vinegar, one teaspoon made mustard. Prepare the dressing as for tomato salad; cut the celery into bits half an inch long, and season. Eat at once, before the vinegar injures the crispness of the vegetable.—IDA M. B., Portland, Me.

CHEESE OMELET.—Separate yolks and whites of four eggs. Beat yolks well, add four tablespoons hot water, salt and pepper. Beat whites until stiff and fold into the yolks. Have pan well buttered or greased, heat and pour mixture into it. Let cook for two minutes and then place in oven to finish cooking the top. Fold and serve on heated platter. Just before folding sprinkle grated cheese over top. Jelly may be used in place of tomatoes.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Turn nearly all the juice off from a can of tomatoes. Salt and pepper this, and put aside in a cool place for some other day's soup. Put a layer of bread-crumbs in the bottom of a buttered dish; on them one of tomatoes; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and some bits of butter, also a little sugar. Another layer of crumbs, another of tomatoes—seasoned—then a top layer of very fine, dry crumbs. Bake covered until bubbling hot, and brown quickly.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—One can of salmon, crushed, one cup of milk, one half cup of water, one egg, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon melted butter and one half cup cracker-crumbs and flour to make medium stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls into melted butter (or any shortening that has been salted) and fry until brown. Serve hot with lettuce, using salad dressing if so desired.

COLD CREAMED SALMON.—Pick into pieces one can of salmon, and salt and pepper to taste. Whip a cup of cream (either sweet or sour) and flavor with salt and sugar to taste. Serve on lettuce leaves. Tuna fish may be served this way.—MARGARET SULLIVAN, Duke Center, Pa.

SCRAPPLE SAUSAGE WITH RICE.—Clean a hog's head by thorough scraping; split and remove brains and eyes. Put into a baking dish or kettle that can be tightly covered with cold water, and put into a slow oven for five hours. Drain in colander. Set liquor to cool. Remove bones from meat and chop fine. When the fat has cooled and hardened, remove, and put the chopped meat into the liquor. Season with salt, pepper and ground sage. Bring to a boil, and stir in corn-meal wet with cold water until, when cooked, it is about the consistency of mush. When cold, cut into thick slices, and when rice is soft, fry in the fat removed from liquor.

PLAIN RICE.—To three cups of boiling salted water, add half a teaspoon of salt and one half cup of washed rice. Boil hard for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Set on back of stove to steam, and when rice is soft, drain, and beat with fork to dry out. Put into buttered dish and set in oven to reheat. Turn out on platter, surround with sausage and garnish with slices of hard boiled egg.

SCRAPPLE SAUSAGE WITH RICE.

SALMON LOAF.—One can of salmon, two cups of cracker-crumbs, three tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of flour, two cups of milk or water, two eggs, one cup sweet cream and salt and pepper to season. Mix salmon and crumbs. Heat butter and add flour, let cook until brown; add water or milk, season and let boil a few minutes. Then pour over salmon and crackers, add eggs and cream. Put into buttered baking dish and bake half an hour.—MISS BERNICE RUMMER, Lowell, Ohio.

PEPPER HASH.—Eighteen green sweet peppers, eighteen ripe sweet peppers, eighteen small onions. Grind all together and salt to taste. Let stand half an hour then add two cups of sugar, one teaspoon of white mustard seed, one teaspoon of celery seed, and one quart of vinegar. Boil all together for five minutes. Put in glass jars and seal. This is delicious with sandwiches.—MRS. BLANCHIE JEFFERS, Shelbyville, Ky.

BANANA FRITTERS.—One cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon powdered sugar, one fourth teaspoon salt, one fourth cup milk, one egg, one tablespoon lemon juice, three bananas. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat egg until light, add milk and combine mixtures. Add flavoring. Slice fruit into batter. Stir well and drop by spoonfuls into lard hot enough to brown a crumb of bread in one minute. Any fruit may be used instead of bananas.

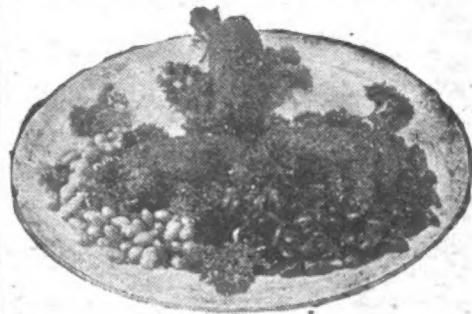
WALDORF SALAD.—Wash apple, remove slice from top, remove center, leaving the shell intact. Cut center into dice, mixed with one third as much celery, diced. Blend with cream salad dressing and refill the shell. Garnish with lettuce leaves and chopped walnut meats.

GINGERBREAD.—One half cup sugar, one egg, one half cup molasses, one half cup milk, one and one third cup flour, one fourth cup shortening, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons powdered ginger, one teaspoon powdered cinnamon, one half teaspoon powdered cloves, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream shortening and sugar together, add egg well beaten, molasses, milk, baking powder, flour, salt and spices. Mix and turn into buttered tin, and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes.—MRS. HARRISON, Boston, Mass.

APPLE RICE PUDDING.—One and one third cups rice, three teaspoons sugar, four teaspoons corn syrup, three apples. Wash the rice thoroughly and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and add the syrup and sugar. Pare and slice the apples. In a greased baking dish put alternate layers of the rice and apples; cover and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft. Remove the cover to brown. Serve with or without sauce.

BAKED APPLE WITH BANANAS.—Six large apples, one cup corn syrup, one tablespoon butter substitute, one and one half bananas, six marshmallows. Wipe, pare and core the apples. Place in pan and add the syrup and butter substitute. Simmer slowly, turning frequently until they are tender yet hold their shape. Remove to a casserole and insert one quarter of a banana in each apple. Place a marshmallow on top of each apple. Pour the syrup around them and bake until the marshmallows are puffy and brown. Serve at once.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Break macaroni into four-inch pieces and plunge into a kettle of boiling salted water, boiling twenty minutes uncovered. Drain in a colander and then plunge colander with macaroni into a pan of cold water to prevent it from sticking. Cut



MACARONI CROQUETTES.

into small pieces, mix with a little thick white sauce and heat. To every two cups, add the beaten yolk of one egg, three tablespoons of grated cheese, salt and pepper. When cool, shape, roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg and crumbs again, and fry in deep fat until brown. Serve with vegetables.

RICE CORN BREAD.—One and one half cups cooked rice, one and one half cups corn meal, four teaspoons baking powder, one cup milk, three fourths teaspoon salt, one egg, one tablespoon fat. Mix as ordinary corn bread. Bake in a loaf. Corn flour may be used in place of corn meal.

APPLE ROLL.—Two cups corn flour, one half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons fat, four teaspoons baking powder, two thirds cup milk, two cups chopped apple, one fourth cup honey, cinnamon or nutmeg. Mix and sift salt, baking powder and flour; cut in the fat; add milk to make a dough stiff enough to roll. Roll into an oblong one half inch thick and spread it with the chopped apples, honey and spice. Roll the dough up like jelly roll, pressing the ends firmly to keep it in shape. Cut into slices one inch thick and place in pan far enough apart to allow them to swell in baking. Bake in a quick oven.—U. S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Warm a pint of molasses and pint of milk, stir well together, beat four eggs, and stir gradually into molasses and milk; add a pound beef suet chopped fine, and Indian meal sufficient to make a thick batter; add one teaspoon pulverized cinnamon, nutmeg and a little grated lemon-peel, and stir all together thoroughly; dip cloth into boiling water, shake, flour a little, turn in the mixture, tie up, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and boil three hours; serve hot with sauce made of drawn butter and nutmeg.

SWEET MILK GEMS.—Beat one egg well, add a pint new milk, a little salt, and Graham flour until it will drop off the spoon nicely; heat and butter the gems pans before dropping in the dough; bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.—MRS. HARRISON, Boston, Mass.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Beat two eggs with one cup of milk; add one quarter of a pound of grated coconut; mix with it three tablespoons each of grated bread and powdered sugar, two ounces of melted butter, five ounces of raisins, and one teaspoon of grated lemon-peel; beat the whole well together; pour the mixture into a buttered dish, and bake in a slow oven; turn it out, dust sugar over it, and serve. This pudding may be either boiled or baked.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup corn syrup, one cup sour milk, two tablespoons cocoa, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon lemon, one fourth teaspoon grated nutmeg, one half cup vegetable oil, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one and one half cups barley flour, one half cup corn starch, one half cup mashed potato. Combine the corn syrup, milk and extracts and stir in the vegetable oil. Sift together the cocoa, nutmeg and remaining dry ingredients. Add the mashed potato to the first mixture. Beat well and then beat in the dry ingredients. Pour into a brick-shaped or tube pan which has been well oiled, sprinkle the top with a little coconut and some chopped candied fruit or nuts and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

FRENCH FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Prepare and fry the same as the white potatoes. Or they can first be boiled half an hour and then pared, cut and fried as directed. The latter is the better way to cook them, as they are liable to be a little hard if fried when raw.



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Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"Then sing the song we loved, love,
Love, just that one sweet song."

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CHAPTER I.

TWO MEN.

"I HAVE set my heart on the girl, and whenever Nicholas Berdyne sets his heart on any object, woe to him who would stand in the way!"

Two men were motoring through the beautiful Santa Clara valley in the late afternoon of a day that was well-nigh perfect.

Nicholas Berdyne, whose low-spoken but determined words have just been heard, was a somewhat stout, darkly handsome man, well on to middle age. His face, in spite of its strength and comeliness, was marked by lines of dissipation and fast living. Among his coterie of intimates, he was known as "Prince Nick"—a title that, in some ways, was most appropriate.

His companion, some years younger, and far from being so well dressed, carried himself toward Berdyne with a cringing deference that was most noticeable. About him, too, there was the same abandon, suggesting unsteady character and a reckless life.

"Of course, the girl is pretty?" observed the younger man.

"Of course, Hartley!" said Berdyne, as though annoyed that the other should think it necessary to put the question. "She was the prettiest girl in Denver."

"But a working girl, Berdyne! It seems strange that a man like you should choose a wife from the working class."

"Why is it the prettiest girls are often to be found among the toilers? Beauty and poverty seem to go hand in hand."

"The very fact that they do," said Hartley Trenwyck, with thinly veiled significance, "gives wealthy men like you their opportunity."

Berdyne indulged in a crafty smile.

"There are no such opportunities where girls like my peerless Beryl are concerned," answered Berdyne, a dreamy light suffusing his blue-black eyes; "she is my lady of the driven snows, more difficult to win than a princess of the blood. To clasp her in my arms, to feel the rapture of knowing she is mine, will be more than a sufficient reward for all my scheming. If you ever love as I do, Trenwyck, you will understand how such love justifies whatever a man may do to win the object of it."

Trenwyck gave a careless laugh.

"So far as I am concerned, Berdyne," said he, "whatever you do is all right. I stand or fall accordingly as I am high in your favor, or out of it. You have money and I have not; whenever I help you, you are always liberal—the game, for anything. You have found that I can keep my own counsel, have you not?"

"Otherwise," said Berdyne grimly, "you would not be here."

"Very good. I think you will serve your own interests best by being perfectly frank with me."

"I intend to be."

"And will you allow me to be equally frank with you?"

"Certainly."

"Have you thought of what Irma will do when she learns you have married Beryl Grayson?"

Berdyne's brow darkened. "Irma has no hold upon me," he returned; "she will have to make the best of it."

"She will be jealous, and a jealous woman is to be dreaded."

Berdyne shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the subject with a contemptuous laugh.

"Then," pursued Trenwyck, "there is Neil Preston, the man—"

Again the scowl came to Berdyne's eyes.

"Beryl has forgotten Preston," he interjected.

"She was engaged to him, and, if she is the sort of girl you say she is, I do not think she would so soon forget."

"Preston went to the Klondike," proceeded Berdyne irritably, "and met his death in the Copper River country a year ago."

"Did he meet his death?" asked Trenwyck.

"The man, Dave Gorsline, came back from Alaska and reported Preston's death to Beryl Grayson."

"Gorsline is one of the worst characters from the Barbary Coast, Frisco, and you had a talk with him before he saw Beryl Grayson."

"I am willing to be frank with you, Trenwyck," said Berdyne, "but I do not care to pursue this subject any further."

"Beryl is an orphan, but if what I can hear is true, she has not always been penniless. Her father was a wealthy mine owner; you and he had some business dealings before he died; and when Beryl was left alone, you had Grayson's mine and she had—nothing."

"Confound it, Trenwyck," cried Berdyne, "what are you digging all this up for?"

"Because I think it necessary for your interests that I should know." Never once did Trenwyck's air of cringing deference forsake him, although his words at times were at variance with his manner. "I have a knowledge of law—enough so that I have been admitted to the bar and have several times given you sound advice. I am seeking to be of help to you now, Berdyne."

"I have a trunk full of papers at my room in a San Francisco hotel," said Berdyne, after a few moments' thought. "Beryl and I will visit the city during our honeymoon, and you shall meet me there, and we will soon go over the papers together. I have long wanted to do something of the kind, and to destroy every document that is in any way incriminating. My man, Hargreaves, has charge of the room and the trunk. Does that satisfy you, Hartley?"

"Entirely, Nick."



The woman held aloft a small vial,
and Beryl gazed with horrified eyes.



A second more and the
scoundrel might have
accomplished his purpose.

"When we reach Sunset Ranch, you will please remember that the girl looks upon me as her benefactor, that in her eyes I am the good knight, sans peur et sans reproche; my goodness to her she is rewarding with her hand, and does not pretend to be giving me her heart. I am content to take her on any terms, and feel sure that in time I shall awaken her love."

"Few women can withstand you, Berdyne, when you choose to make yourself agreeable. And if Neil Preston should put in an untimely ap—"

"If Gorsline were wrong," interrupted Berdyne, with a fierce look, "and if Preston should prove to be alive, never would I suffer him to snatch the prize out of my grasp. Let him who would stand in my path beware!"

"Returning to Irma once more: Where is she now?"

"In Denver, I suppose."

"You came directly to San Jose from San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"How do you know that Irma has not followed you? How do you know she is not doing everything she can to thwart your plans?"

"Because, my dear Trenwyck, I have kept my plans to myself. You are the only person on earth whom I have honored with my confidence."

From that time on, Berdyne and Trenwyck relapsed into thoughtful silence.

The month of April was well advanced, and the rainy season—which corresponds with the California winter—was so nearly over that fair skies had all but become the rule. The air was balmy, and the avenues of pine and eucalyptus, the orchards and vineyards, were in almost tropical luxuriance after the rains.

The road which the two men were traveling led out to picturesque San Jose, winding upward by an easy ascent past rock, glen and rivulet to heights that seemed even fairer than those below. And over all was the brooding shadow of Mount Hamilton, sinister, silent, and, as it were, portentous of the evil days to come.

CHAPTER II.

SUNSET RANCH.

"Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love;
Ah, love is none too long."

"And when above my grave, love,
Some day the grass grows strong,
Then sing the song we loved, love;
Love, just that one sweet song."

"Ah, darling, I have made you sad! Indeed, I should not have sung it, but it came into my mind as I sat here, and you know that whenever anything comes into your Tonita's mind it is as good as out at the lips. There, there, dear; dry your bonny eyes, or I vow I shall never sing another song as long as I live!"

A lovely Mexican girl had been sitting in a hammock, her slim, brown fingers gliding over the strings of a guitar, and her voice drifting away in dreamy song. Near her, on the broad, low rail of the veranda, sat another—a girl whose wondrous beauty would have won instant attention anywhere.

Tonita, the Mexicana, was dark, with great liquid eyes, glossy blue-black hair, and rounded cheeks of the clearest olive; Beryl, on the other hand, had hair like the lily, and a form so perfect and full of grace it was at once the delight and despair of the artist.

The Mexicana, gazing off across the prune orchards to the misty blue of the mountains, had begun a sad little ballad. In the midst of it a stifled sob broke on her ears. Ceasing abruptly, she put away the guitar, went over to her friend, and put her arms around her neck.

"It is nothing, dear," said Beryl, turning her tear-dimmed eyes upon her friend's face. "The song awoke memories of one whom I loved better than life, and whom I shall continue to love as long as life shall last."

Tonita's head dropped lower, and her lips brushed tenderly against Beryl's blue-veined forehead.

"You are thinking of Neil," she murmured.

"Always, always," sighed Beryl. "Ah, why, why was he taken from me? It is a year, now, since I learned of his death, but I am no more reconciled to it than I have ever been. Time does not heal the wound."

"Does Senor Berdyne know this?"

A shiver ran through Beryl's slender form.

"Mr. Berdyne has been so good to me, Tonita. He has spent hundreds of dollars trying to learn my darling's fate. It was he, you know, who sent the man Gorsline to Alaska, and so discovered the dread truth. He has a noble heart, and worries so over my grief. Of course, I do not love him; how could I, when my love is all in that dreary Northland?"

"You would marry Senor Berdyne, querida, feeling toward him as you do?"

"Oh," cried Beryl, with a burst of tears, "I do not know what I should do! Was ever a poor, forlorn girl so woefully beset? Mr. Berdyne was a friend of my father's, and he was constantly looking after my welfare while I was in Denver. He would have done more for me had I allowed him."

"Did Neil know of Senor Berdyne, Beryl?"

An expression of pain crossed Beryl's face.

"Neil never liked Mr. Berdyne," said she. "In one who was always so generous with others this was something I could never understand. When Neil left to go to Alaska, to look after some of poor, dear papa's mining properties, he warned me against Mr. Berdyne. I wish Neil could have known him as I have come to know him during the past year."

"Perhaps," suggested Tonita, archly, "Neil was jealous?"

"He had no cause to be, dearest," said Beryl hastily, "not the least."

"Of course, he had not!" exclaimed the Mexicana; "but sometimes men are quite unreasonable when they love devotedly. It is their way, dear. Mr. Jackman, the owner of Sunset Ranch, was also a good friend of your padre's?"

"I had never heard of Mr. Jackman until he wrote to me at Denver, saying he had long owed papa a debt, and that he wanted to repay it through me. That was just after I learned of Neil's sad fate, dearest, and I was very sad, and very lonely. So I came here, to this beautiful valley, as you know, and the sweetest part of it all is that I gained you for a friend!"

The two girls by a mutual impulse, threw their arms about each other.

"I could not love you more, dear," breathed the lovely Mexicana, "if you were my own sister. But, come! I must be going home. You will walk a way with me, as you always do?"

They set out together, arm in arm, along a path that led away from the great ranch house, lost itself among trees and vines and roses, and eventually halted at Tonita's door. These hours of companionship were very sweet to Beryl, and they loitered along the path. When they had reached a great red boulder, about midway between Sunset Ranch and Tonita's home, they seated themselves upon it for a little time, as was their wont. Tonita's witching face had become quite serious.

"Would you be advised by me, dear?" she asked.

"What have you to say, dearest?" Beryl returned, taking one of the Mexicana's little brown hands in both her own.

"Do not allow any mistaken idea of gratitude toward Senor Berdyne to influence you in doing something you might live to regret," said Tonita, her voice throbbing with earnestness. "If you cannot give him your heart, then do not give him your hand."

"I have not promised—"

"Then do not! Be guided by me."

But—

Tonita, having eased her mind, withdrew her hand softly and arose.

"Think of what I have told you, querida," she interrupted, sitting down the path. "I will see you in the morning; and, until then, adios!"

Tonita vanished, and Beryl continued to remain where her friend had left her, thinking as she had never thought before.

Mr. Berdyne was so true of heart, and so devoted to her welfare, that he desired only that he might give her the luxury of his wealth, the protection of his close companionship.

As these reflections drifted through Beryl's mind, again she shivered. Once more the tears welled her violet eyes, and she bowed her face in her hands. In the midst of her sorrow, she felt a rough grasp on her arm, and sprang erect like a startled fawn.

A woman in a rich traveling dress stood beside her, and was just lifting a veil and revealing a face that might be described as coarsely beautiful. Just now the face was as hard as flint, and the eyes burned with cruel intensity.

"So you, with your baby face, are the one who would take Nicholas Berdyne away from me! Away from me, to whom he rightfully belongs!"

The woman's voice rang out with cutting clearness, and poor Beryl drew back in fear and wonder.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Whence do you come?"

"My name is Irma Lee," was the calm response, "and I have come from San Francisco, to tear the mask from a man who is seeking to deceive you!"

The two stared at each other for a few moments, and then the elder woman came a step nearer.

CHAPTER III.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Through Beryl's mind ran a host of surmises aroused by the woman's strange words. A bale-

ful light smoldered in Irma Lee's gray eyes, always relentless, but varying in intensity under press of her wayward temper. In one breath she accused Beryl of taking Nicholas Berdyne away from her, and in the next she accused Berdyne of deceit. Beryl hardly knew how to take the woman.

"I do not know you," said Beryl, straightening her lithe form and gazing steadily into Irma Lee's face, "and I do not recognize your right to come to me with such a subject as the one you have mentioned."

A bitter laugh greeted the words.

"I have the right of a woman whose love has been won, then trampled upon and cast aside," said the stranger; "the right to interfere, and save another from the same fate. Look at me, Beryl Grayson! I am no longer young, but I was no older than you when this man came into my life; now there are threads of gray in my hair, and my face is marred by sorrow. I have paid for the right to step between you and Berdyne with all that has made life worth living. Is it not enough? Would you ask more?"

Beryl listened in stunned bewilderment. Could Mr. Berdyne be such a man as this woman was picturing him? The girl would not have it so. This terrible woman must have some base design of her own to serve by thus traducing his character.

"I will not listen to you," said Beryl, and sought to turn and retrace her way to the ranch house. Before she could take two steps the other once more had her by the arm.

"You shall listen!" breathed Irma Lee's voice, with hateful insistence. "Hiding in the bushes beside the path, I overheard something of what passed between you and your friend. You are lovely, Beryl Grayson, but if you had said one word to your friend that would have led me to think you really cared for Berdyne, at this moment you would be hideously disfigured, and your loveliness a thing of the past. See? I had come prepared."

The woman held aloft a small vial, and Beryl gazed with horrified eyes.

"Enough of this!" continued Irma Lee, replacing the vial in the bosom of her dress. "You do not know Berdyne's hypocrisy; you have not sounded the depths of his malignant nature. You regard him as a noble gentleman, who, out of friendship for your father, has endeavored to advance your welfare. But I declare to you he has been serving his own selfish purposes."

Poor Beryl, ever loyal to those whom she considered her friends, felt that she should not remain and listen to Irma Lee's words. At the same time, notwithstanding Irma's remorseless jealousy, there was something about her that rang true, and influenced Beryl in spite of herself.

"A man came to you in Denver," proceeded Irma, noting with satisfaction the impression she had made on the girl, "a man named Gorsline. This was a year ago. Gorsline told you that, with his own eyes, he had seen your lover meet his death in the Copper River country, in far-away Alaska."

A moaning sigh burst instinctively from Beryl's lips, and she averted her face. Irma came to her side.

"What Gorsline told you," Irma went on, her voice full of throbbing earnestness, "was false! He had never seen your lover, he had never even been in Alaska! He was a San Francisco gunman, hired by Berdyne to go to you with a lie! Letters sent to you from the far North, and addressed to Denver, have been intercepted; not one has been allowed to reach your hands."

These amazing statements poured from Irma Lee's lips in a torrent. Beryl appeared as one in a dream, fairly astounded by the weight of the revelations. Her wide, wondering eyes were fixed upon the face of the elder woman, and her red lips moved, but no words came.

"It is true," proceeded Irma. "Your good and noble friend—her lip curled, and a fierce irony rang in her tones—"wanted you to believe that your lover was dead, so that he could encompass his own base designs. Nicholas Berdyne would inveigle you into marrying him—he is even now on his way to Sunset Ranch with this object in view—and he would accomplish this before your lover returns from Alaska."

"Oh, what are you telling me?" cried Beryl, passionately, springing forward and clutching one of Irma's hands in a convulsive clasp. "My darling, after I have mourned him these many months as dead, is still alive? For the love of Heaven, for the love of all that you hold dear on earth, do not deceive me!"

The next moment she had dropped Irma's hand, and pressed both her own hands to her throbbing temples. She reeled as though about to fall, and the elder woman caught her about the waist and supported her.

"Courage, Beryl Grayson," whispered Irma; "joy cannot kill! If what I have told you has gladdened your heart, what supreme happiness is yet in store for you—nay, on the way to you at this very minute."

Beryl's arms clasped themselves about Irma's neck.

"Truly," Beryl whispered, in a transport of joy, "you are my good angel! You have brought a gleam of sunlight into my darkened life, and I pray that God may bless and reward you!"

A look of pain crossed Irma's face.

"I have not come here out of any kindly feeling for you, Miss Grayson," said she sharply, "but simply to foil Berdyne; to keep him from entangling himself with another when he rightfully belongs to me. I am a selfish and revengeful woman, and have no desire to be regarded as an angel of mercy. Compose yourself, now."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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THANKSGIVING RECIPES TEN TESTED WAYS



TO USE APPLES

By Violet Marsh

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W E who live in the country are familiar with the sight of good apples going to waste on the ground. Those who happen to belong to the class who must buy this valuable fruit will wonder and ask themselves if it is neglect or lack of appreciation; or why the word is not passed along that the fallen fruit may be had for the picking up, or that it may be bought at a nominal price. I intend this as a suggestion, hoping in many cases it may prove a happy one, for in all the fruit families we have no better friend than the apple, which contains water, sugar, cellulose, mineral matter and vitamins all vitally important as body regulators.

Apples assist in neutralizing the excess acid produced in the body by too much protein, and the apple juices stimulate the flow of digestive secretions. Many find that eating one raw apple, skin and all, each morning before breakfast is very beneficial. To the invalid it should be served baked, on account of the starch and cellulose content.

Apples stored for winter use should be put in a dry place, and where it is very cold, but not freezing. Choice ones reserved to eat raw will retain their flavor and original freshness longer if each apple is wrapped in paper and put in boxes.

There are so many uses for apples, and the dishes prepared from them are so varied, that they may be served almost daily without the family tiring of them. Before apples are put in storage, the imperfect ones should be sorted out and made into butter, marmalade, pickle, jelly or boiled or bottled cider.

Apple Recipes

APPLE CIDER.—Press the juice from the apples, let it set twenty-four hours, and then bottle, or put into glass jars. If in bottles, use new cork stoppers and put them in lightly; if in jars, partially seal as in cold pack process, and put into cold water bath with water three inches from the top. Heat to 180 degrees, or the simmering point, and hold it there 45 minutes. Finish sealing the jars. Drive the corks hard into the bottles, cut off even with the tops, and when cold cover with hot paraffin or sealing wax.

A small portion of grape, currant or blackberry juice added to canned apple cider when it is served restores its pungency. Pouring it back and forth from one pitcher to another just before serving, so it can absorb air to take the place of that driven out by heating, also brightens its flavor.

PICKLED APPLES.

—Select three pounds of tart apples that are firm and sound; pare, quarter and core them. Cover the cores and parings with cold water and boil hard ten minutes; strain and boil the liquid down to one third of a cupful. Put the apples in a saucepan with one cup of vinegar; cover and very slowly cook one hour. Add the juice from cores and parings, three and one half cups of sugar, one teaspoon of powdered cinnamon, and one half teaspoon each of powdered cloves and nutmeg, boil ten minutes longer and seal in sterilized jars.

APPLE BUTTER.—Overripe apples are not desirable, but if they must be used, add a little vinegar to give some snap to the butter. Use only sweet cider. It usually takes about equal quantities of sweet cider and peeled and sliced apples to make butter of the right consistency. A convenient process is to boil five gallons of sweet cider down to two and one half gallons, and then add five gallons of peeled and sliced apples which have first been cooked into applesauce. Cook very slowly from five to six hours, with frequent stirrings. Sugar to suit the taste may be added when the cider and apples have

cooked together about three and one half hours. One pound to a gallon is the usual rule. When the butter is done cooking, add half a teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice for each gallon. Put boiling hot into sterilized jars.

APPLE MARMALADE.

—Cut whole tart apples, peel and all, into small pieces, add a little water to prevent scorching and cook to a pulp, strain and measure. To two quarts of pulp add two cups of brown sugar, two cups of corn syrup, and six inches of stick cinnamon and two dessertspoons of whole cloves, tied in a bag,

Cook about one hour, very slowly, stirring frequently. Remove bag of spices, add one half cup of good apple vinegar and cook ten minutes longer.

APPLE SAUCE.—This dish must be made according to the kind of apples to be used. The early apples are very juicy and require the addition of little water and quick cooking. Stewed apples may be varied by the use of different flavorings, such as a piece of stick cinnamon, dried orange peel, a little shredded coconut, or a little lemon juice, which is especially "tasty" with late winter apples that have lost their flavor. Apples cut into quarters and slowly cooked in a light syrup made from brown sugar will remain whole and have a delicious flavor. Apple sauce is also varied by baking.

BAKED APPLES.—Good-sized tart apples are cored, put into an agate or earthen dish with a little water, and the cavities filled with sugar and a pinch of cinnamon and nutmeg if desired. A few raisins or dates may be stuffed into the

cavities. Bake in a quick oven.

STEAMED APPLES.—Pare and core large tart apples. Fill the cavities with nuts and raisins, add a little water, a small piece of butter to each apple and sprinkle the whole generously with brown sugar. Cover tightly and set on the stove where they will steam cook for several hours. Serve with cream.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Core and pare six mildly tart apples, place on a plate and bake till soft. Bring to a scald one pint of milk and pour it over three egg yolks, five tablespoons of sugar and a pinch of salt that have all been beaten well together. Beat the milk and egg mixture and then pour it over the baked apples. Bake until it is firm, and test by inserting a knife-blade. Care should be taken that it does not bake too long. Beat the whites of three eggs until foamy, but not stiff; gradually add three tablespoons of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon extract and beat until stiff. Spread over custard and apples, return to oven and brown. It is well to set the dish on an inverted pan in the oven to prevent direct heat to the custard.

APPLE OMELET.—Peel and core and steam what will make two cups of tart apples and then mash smooth. Beat three egg yolks, add one cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and beat all together, and then add the well-beaten whites. In a saucepan put one tablespoon of butter, and in it lightly brown one cup of soft fine bread-crumbs. Butter a shallow baking dish and sprinkle over sides and bottom all the crumbs that will adhere; fill with the apple mixture, put remaining crumbs on top and bake

twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

APPLE JOHN- NY CAKE.

—Mix together two cups of fine corn meal (white preferred), two level tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one half teaspoon of soda, and one half teaspoon of salt. Mix fairly soft with sweet milk and lastly stir in

three apples that have been pared and sliced. Bake well in a hot oven in a thin sheet.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

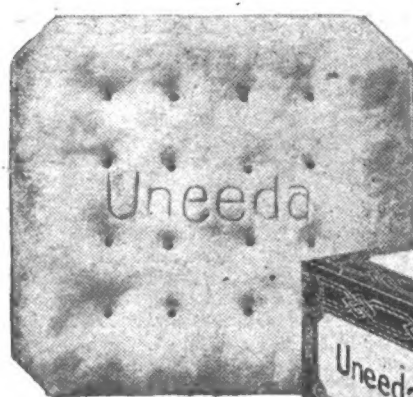
The delicious sparerib roast and boiled ham will undoubtedly replace to no small extent the Thanksgiving turkeys and ducks which have advanced in price until we have tried to forget all about them. However, we are going to tell how to cook the proud turkey, just the same, for the benefit of those who are fortunate enough to have raised their own flock, or can "draw" from their neighbors.

But back to the pork products: There is nothing more delicious than well roasted spareribs with the accepted accompaniment of apple sauce, or the home cured, boiled ham served with apple jelly; so with a homely atmosphere and grateful attitude of mind, we shall not miss the turkey.

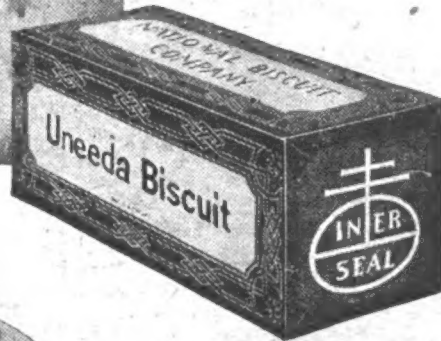
ROAST TURKEY.

Cock turkeys are usually better eating than hen turkeys, unless a hen turkey is young, small and plump. Draw and clean. Use enough stuffing to fill the skin, that the bird may look plump when served. When cracker stuffing is used, allowance must be made for swelling, otherwise the skin will crack when cooked. Lay turkey in roasting pan and rub entire surface with salt, brush with soft butter and dredge with flour. Place in hot oven, and, when lightly browned, reduce the heat. Baste with fat in pan, and add one pint of boiling

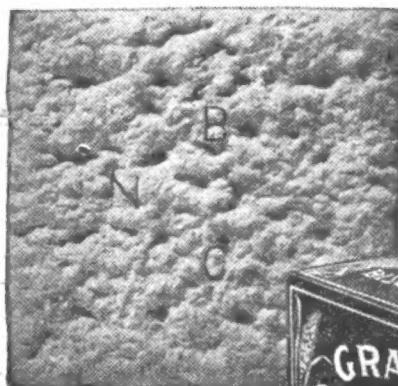
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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Cubby Bear Hears of a Landslide By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"CUBBY," said Grandma Bear one morning when she had rested from her journey, "I want you to invite your friends to call on me this afternoon. They were so friendly, being here to welcome me when I came, that I should like to see them all again. Perhaps I might tell them a story. I have lived many years, and could tell strange and interesting tales of the past."

"Yes, indeed, I will ask them," promised Cubby Bear, "and I know they will be glad to come. They will want to see you, and we all like to listen to stories."

There was a great splashing of water, and washing of fur and preening of feathers among Cubby Bear's friends when the invitations had been given, for all were anxious to look their nearest when they called upon old Grandma Bear.

That afternoon they met at Bunny Rabbit's house, and all came to Mamma Bruin's together, in orderly procession.

Shinyblack Crow tapped at the door. It was opened by Cubby Bear, and Shinyblack Crow bowed in his best manner, and said in a polite voice:

"How do you do?" We, inhabitants of the Pleasant Forest, have come to pay our respects to Grandma Bear, if she will graciously receive us."

Cubby Bear stared without speaking. Not that he meant to be impolite, but Shinyblack Crow was looking very distant, as though he did not know his friend Cubby at all. It was plain to be seen that the callers meant to be very formal indeed.

"Tell them to come in," called Grandma Bear. "Now," she said to them, as they solemnly walked in, "do not be so prim and so still. I want to see you have a good time. And do not be afraid. I may be an old bear, but I am not a cross one, and I do not mean to bite any of you."

"It is a fine day," said Shinyblack Crow. "It is!" agreed Grandma Bear. "All days are fine days, if you will only make yourself think so. Who wants to hear a story?"

Everyone did, of course. "Then settle yourselves comfortably, to listen," said Grandma Bear. "Now, the best story-tellers are (or should be) those who have lived longest, and I am very old. Today I shall tell you about something that happened to me when I was very small—much smaller than Cubby here—not much more than a baby bear. Gubby, Shinyblack Crow, and perhaps some of the rest of you, have seen the house I have just come from, on the other side of the mountain. That was my second home, where I have spent almost all my life, and this story tells you why, and how, I moved away from the place where I was born."

"My first home was on the mountain side, too, but further north. If you went there now, you would see just a long stretch of bare, gray rock, and you would wonder why anybody should want to live there. But long ago, that rocky space was covered over with good soil, and plants and bushes and big trees grew there. My father and mother had built a house in a pleasant spot. There were three of us little bears, and I was the youngest."

"One summer morning, my sister and brother and I were out at play together. They were larger than I, and their play was rather rough for me. They hurt me, though without meaning to. I dare say, and after a while I went off to play by myself. Not far from home, I found a hollow log, with room enough inside it for me to crawl in and stretch myself out. I thought

the others might hunt for me, so kept very quiet, for I was tired and did not want to play. How long ago it was! And yet, I remember it so plainly!

know as well as if I had stayed awake. "You have all seen dark clouds gathering in the sky when a thunderstorm is coming, until the whole sky is covered and the sky hidden



MY MOTHER TOOK HER TWO LITTLE BEARS AND RAN OUT OF THE WAY OF THE SLIDE.

"By and by I fell asleep, and slept very soundly indeed, as you will agree with me when you have heard all the story. My mother told me many times what happened afterward, so I

When my mother saw the bright space growing smaller and smaller, and darkness from the oncoming storm settling down, she was frightened, and began hunting around for her three little bears.

"My father had gone away that morning, down to the river a few miles from home. My mother found my sister and brother without trouble, but, as you know, I was hidden from sight in a hollow log. Only a narrow strip of sky was left in sight, and over that little ragged scraps of cloud were straggling.

"Then the two great, dark cloud-banks rushed together, blotting out the last bit of sky, and a terrible downpour of water followed—what is known as a cloudburst. Great gullies were washed out in the ground in no time, down which muddy, foamy water dashed.

"Then a louder sound was added to the roar of the storm. Up near the top of the mountain the cloudburst had loosened some dirt and rocks, and these, rolling down the steep slope, carried along with them more dirt, more rocks—more and more gathering all the way until bushes were torn up, then great trees, and, finally, all the layer of soil over the solid rock was loose, and tumbling, sliding down the mountain side.

"My mother took her two little bears and ran out of the way of the slide, but I was in the log, hidden away, and still asleep.

"Oh, Grandma Bear, were you killed in the awful land slide?" cried Cubby Bear in distress. Then, seeing what a foolish question he had asked, poor Cubby Bear stepped behind Grandma Bear's chair, and covered his face with his paws. No one laughed at him. They were all too excited and interested.

"This is better than Wise Owl's stories!" breathed Mollie Muskrat.

"Oh, keep still, as Grandma Bear can tell the rest!" said Busy Beaver.

"They were only just in time," went on Grandma Bear. "The land slide went tearing past them, carrying away our house, the log I was in—everything—leaving only a slope of bare rock behind. At the foot of the mountain the great mass spread out over the level ground, and stopped.

"Well, my mother and father found each other after the awful rain had stopped, and together they looked over the great rough piles of dirt and rocks and broken trees. I can remember the rest of it myself. It was along in the afternoon when I woke, feeling hungry after my long nap. My log seemed to be standing up on end instead of lying down as it had been when I crawled into it. I squirmed and struggled and at last got to the top of it. The lower end was stuck in a great pile of dirt.

"Looking out, I saw at a little distance my mother and father. I called to them, and they hurried to where I was. I was frightened, and thought I could never get down, but my father stood down below me and told me to jump. I landed on his back, and was not hurt.

"And that," ended Grandma Bear, looking around with a smile, "was how I first went down the mountain, and why I moved into a new home."

"I would not want to risk one of my Bunny Babies in a wild ride like that!" shivered Bunny Rabbit.

"Nor I, one of my children!" echoed Bettie Badger.

"I would like to have such a ride!" declared the oldest little Badger. "I would not be afraid, and I would stay awake, so not to miss the fun!"

They thanked Grandma Bear for her story, and she promised that some day she would tell them another one.

Crumbs of Comfort

Fear is faithlessness.

Even genius must have labor.

A man's heart is older than his head.

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

We must not expect our friends to be above humanity.

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.

Many men are like stone jugs and can be carried away by their ears.

All men would be masters of others and yet no man is lord of himself.

No genius has ever yet had the smallest success in explaining existence.

There are great helpers in the world who encourage others to do their best.

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All subscriptions will be cut short off on date of expiration, unless the subscription is renewed and paid for. Not even one copy can be sent, after expiration, until the subscription is renewed. If the number over your name on the wrapper on this paper is 373, or any less number, it means that this is the last copy of COMFORT you will receive until you renew. Renew today.

DECEMBER COMFORT

our Christmas Number, will be uncommonly bright and interesting. Beginning with the inspiring front cover pictures of sacred scenes of the first Christmas and illustrating one of our short stories, this December number will be full of the cheer that rejoices the heart and is good for the soul. The following are some of the

Special Features for December

"The Brigand that Followed the King" A wonderful story of the first Christmas, strong in religious sentiment and fervor that strengthens one's faith; the subject of front cover illustrations.

"How to Decorate for Christmas" Illustrated article telling and showing how to make pretty Christmas decorations for home and Christmas tree.

"Dorothy's Christmas Soldier" A charming Christmas love story connected with the great war.

"What a Ten-Cent Basket Will Do For Christmas" An illustrated article describing how pretty Christmas gifts can be made at small expense.

"The Real Santa Claus" A beautiful Christmas story that will do you good to read.

"The Christmas Dinner" Tells how to cook and serve a delicious Christmas dinner, and decorate the table.

"A Home that Demonstrates Friendliness" Tells about a mission home that radiates the Christmas spirit every day in the year.

"Cubby Bear Hears Wise Owl's Story" Wise Owl tells an Indian story that will please the children.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 373 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive December COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed.

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November, 1919.

Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.

A man cannot be said to succeed in this life who does not satisfy one friend.

Flowers are an assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world.

Take away ambition and vanity and you remove many that the world has called great.

The fate of a nation has often depended upon the good or bad digestion of a prime minister.

Nothing stands between us and starvation but the words "seedtime and harvest shall not fail."

Husbandry is more sure than the treasures of the great, because Nature is exhaustlessly reproductive.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium: if it be wrongly administered it will work harm instead of good.

A grave is a very small hillock, but we can see farther, when standing upon it, than from the highest mountain in the world.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1919.

State of Maine, _____ ss.
County of Kennebec, _____

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Guy P. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine. Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine. Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine. Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Sadie H. Gannett estate, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GUY P. GANNETT, Assistant Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1919.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER, Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap as I want to discuss with you something that deeply concerns the health and welfare of our nation. Directly I mention the subject, thousands of you will throw fits, which only shows that those who have a fit are unfit and need attention.

The health of a nation and its physical well-being should be the first consideration of those who are charged with its care and welfare. When the men drafted for the late war were examined by the surgeons, the authorities and all who knew what a terrific task we had before us were not only shocked but at times horrified at the physical condition in which they found vast numbers of those on whom the life of the nation depended. One out of three of those who ought to have been in robust health was unfit to bear arms. What was the use of boasting about the enormous fighting material we had to draw upon when practically one third of it could not shoulder a rifle? Now throw out the alien population, the cowardly conscienceless objectors, the draft dodgers, and those who must make guns, munitions and raise food for those in the field, and you will see the huge reserve of fighting material on which we could draw in case of war was no larger than that of Germany; though the German, with his horse, dog and sausage diet had nothing like the opportunity, as far as food was concerned, to build up a healthy body as we had. However, for fifty years he had at the most vitally important period of his life, been given a thorough bodily overhauling and then subjected to a physical and military training that put every organ in his body in splendid condition. He came to the barracks a hayseed and a boob with one shoulder knocking against the other, and he left for home so smart, erect and alert, his own mother could scarcely recognize him.

Dr. Eugene L. Fliske of the Life Extension Institute says: "We are wont to be proud of the health of the nation; our men were held up as examples of clean strength and proper living. In the boards investigated in Detroit, Brooklyn and New York, I found that out of the total number of 7,611 examined, the number rejected for physical reasons was 2,232, a rejection rate of 29 per cent. The rejection in the cantonments of those passed by the local boards has varied between two and 11 per cent. It is safe to say, then, that the total rejection rate for physical reasons would lie between 30 and 40 per cent, and this is the most favorable age group."

Dr. Fliske's figures show that even among our best fighting material one third would be thrown out on account of physical disability. Now there is only one remedy for these appalling conditions and that is to take our youths of 19 and give them at least six months' physical training for a year or two, with good nourishment and plenty of fresh air and exercise. During this period a certain amount of time should be given to military training, just enough to make a man physically capable of quickly developing into an efficient soldier should the need arise. The rest of the time could be given to building up both body and mind, to bridge building, road making, etc., and time should be given to acquiring a trade, technical training and education. This is not a scheme to make cannon fodder but an education in the school of good citizenship, an education that will make for character, and convert selfish, indifferent youth into the flower of American manhood. All those who have seen our boys come home from Europe in their smart uniforms have noticed with pride the wonderful transformation that has taken place in the appearance of these young men, who in pre-war days just hung around like a bag of meal with their chins scratching their chests and with a general air of slovenliness and slobbiness which made them look as though they were trying to give an imitation of a sick dog.

The physical condition of the girls is probably worse even than that of the boys. While a man wants good, substantial food and lots of it, if a girl can fill herself up with candy, cake and soda water abominations, she is perfectly happy. Also, she does not give her internal organs a chance, for instead of sticking out her chest and pulling in her stomach and throwing her shoulders back, she gives a fine imitation of a flour sack that is full in the middle and empty at both ends. Our girls, too must give the nation a few months of their lives, both for their own sakes and for the good of the race. Then they can learn to attend to their bodies, have their teeth fixed, adenoids removed and the paint scrubbed off their faces. They should also be taught nursing, so as to be able to care for the babies that may be theirs in after life; study hygiene, domestic science, the chemistry of foods, etc., and leave Uncle Sam's national university, worthy mates for the men, who, too, have been transformed from slob into gods and who will journey hand in hand with them along the pathway of life, perfectly equipped with the essentials for right living and right thinking; enlightened of mind, exalted of spirit, with a heart for any fate, and with a body and soul prepared to tackle any problem. The world is full of broken bodies, undeveloped minds and withered souls. Ignorance, stupidity, credulity, criminality and every form of depravity abound, and Death swings his scythe and gathers in men, women, boys, girls and helpless babes, just because nobody cared or knew just what to do at the vital moment when a little knowledge, skill, care, judgment and initiative were all that was needed to save the situation. This waste of life must stop.

At least a good third, or even more of our population, has not become Americanized, and talking will not Americanize them. Each racial group herds by itself and makes faces at other racial groups who all make faces at one another. We look like a happy family on the surface but when you probe beneath our national skin you find conditions that are appalling. The sons or daughters of people who have been here three or even four generations, people who had hardly a shirt on their backs or a shoe on their feet when they came here, and now have a different car for every day in the week, write me the most villainous letters of hate if I dare to hit their fatherlands or motherlands or remind them of their duties as citizens. Their bodies are here grabbing the dollars but their

hearts and souls are over in Europe. They tolerate Uncle Sam and wave the flag but in their hearts it is a Kaiser, a king or a spiritual head of some all-powerful religious sect or denomination, that deep down in their souls they worship and bow down to and are ready to battle for when they feel strong enough to grab the reins of government.

We have in this country today racial groups that can by combining their votes (and they probably will combine them) control Congress and run this country in the interests of their home-lands. They would reverse the policies of this government and involve us in wars that would make vain all the sacrifices of this late terrible conflict and involve the whole world in universal ruin. We drove Germany over the Rhine but in spite of defeat, Germany will in all probability win the peace which is tantamount to saying she has won the war. We will not keep watch and guard over Germany, and as England, France and Italy are weakened economically and financially, have lost the cream of their man-power and are torn with labor upheavals, Germany will, as sure as fate, arm again quickly and promptly, sweep aside the frail barrier of impoverished Poland, join hands with Russia, and make an alliance with Japan for the control of Asia. As we have twisted Japan's tail almost as often as we have twisted the British Lion's, such a combination is not unlikely, and then we should have our troubles, for in the next war there will not be a hole or corner as big as a pin point in which men can find protection. The whole earth will be swept by airplanes, dropping bombs that will poison people not by the hundred but by the tens of thousands. The indifferent North-west will not be able to snooze in security as it did in the late war while we on the Atlantic coast lived in daily dread of shell fire and gas bombs. I'm not an alarmist but the results of this war show that the human leopard has not changed his spots and partisan politicians are not likely to help change them to any great extent.

Only an awakened national consciousness, only the drawing together of the flower of our youth and educating them in the highest ideals of citizenship, only the threat to deport those alien parents and grandparents who insist on keeping their children American haters and fanatical worshippers of the lands of their ancestors, will give us a nation instead of a polyglot foreign boarding house. Citizenship implies responsibility, and if one refuses to fight, some other mother's son must protect the cowardly hide of the miserable parasite who won't fight. We have got to give the youth of our land healthy bodies and a training that will make them neither pro-German, pro-Irish or pro-Italian or pro-anything, but pro 100 per cent American. This is not militarism. It is common sense. It is the preparedness that makes for peace, puts sound minds into patriotic bodies, and eliminates the menace of the unabsorbed alien, makes the melting pot do its work and links all racial elements into one indissoluble bond of good fellowship and genuine Americanism. General Leonard Wood has already got this scheme going and Congress will do the rest. It will cost money to do this job but it will cost us our national life if it isn't done.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

KENOSHA, 751 N. Sheridan Road, Wis.
(Home Address.)

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

It was in April, 1918, I paid you that memorable visit previous to embarking for France, where I've been ever since. I have never missed a single copy of COMFORT since I have been there. I let the boys read what that bootlicking, Kaiser-lover, "Uter, Be Reader," wrote, and they say she should be deported to Germany without delay. Our boys know all about the Huns as they have seen too many evidences of their terrible crimes. A man stabbed by one of their saw bayonets, which no other nation used, is doomed. They set traps filled with explosives in their retreat, and left behind them imitation pencils which exploded, killing and maiming numbers of innocent little children who handled them. The Huns broke the terms of the armistice three times within 48 hours. While their delegates were signing the peace treaty, other Germans sunk six battleships in the Kiel Canal and sunk their fleet which they had surrendered to the Allies as part of the terms of the armistice. These were acts of war and all typically German. There was a foreign legion of Czech-Slovaks, about 140,000 men, fighting with the Allies. It was they who deserted Austria, their enemy, and went over to the Russians, who after the latter went Bolshevik, tried to hand the Czechs over to the Germans. These Czechs, quick to note the menace of Bolshevism, have been the mainstay of Kolchak's army fighting on the Siberian front to keep these vermin from overrunning Asia. My brother brought home an English bride from Liverpool and 27 men of Co. F, 162nd Inf., also brought English brides to the States. I am coming back alone. The Red Cross and other organizations did noble work for our soldier boys.

With best wishes to you, Maria and the Goat.
Your nephew, JOHN STERNCEK (HAPPY JACK),
Field Hospital No. 7, 3rd Division.

Delighted to hear from you, Jack, and to know that you kept your eyes open while in France and have familiarized yourself with some of the

vital facts of Hun deviltries and world conditions. The war has taught the Hun nothing, and if we don't develop a national spirit, and labor in this and Allied countries does not work more and strike less and quit allowing radical extremists and agitators to lead it by the nose, we'll be headed for ruin, and then little old Germany, planning and plotting, while the rest of us are fooling, will grab us by the throat and finish the job she started in 1914. We cannot trust either the German government or its people, for honor and sincerity are virtues they do not possess. By the terms of peace they were to have an army of 100,000 men, but they have already gotten together half a million soldiers camouflaged as semi-policemen or home guards, veteran warriors. They were to get out of the Baltic provinces but instead of going they have stripped the country of every movable thing, digging up even the caskets in the cemeteries and ripping off the metal ornaments. Before me is a picture of a French child with half its face blown off by a Hun explosive pencil. And then we are asked to buy their blood-stained toys! Ye gods, why can't humans be humans! Now note what is happening in the U. S. "Reading, Pa., May 28. William Burns, the first American citizen, not of German birth or origin ever elected president of this city's oldest and wealthiest social club with 1,000 members, today announced that he has resigned the presidency and that he will also give up his membership. Mr. Burns said he found the German flag flying from the staff when the Reading soldiers of the Rainbow Division came home and that he tore it down, putting up the only American flag in the house." Mr. Burns is quoted as saying that he was misinformed as to the real character of the club and the courts ought to close the place in view of what has happened in the past. Here is another: "Michigan City, Ind., May 28. Several hundred soldiers, sailors and marines last night unanimously adopted resolutions opposing official participation in July 4 honors for them, by Mayor Fred O. Miller, German born, the Mayor received his naturalization papers ten days ago. The soldiers declared he did not show the proper spirit toward them when they left for the war; that he embarrassed them during the war; and that the City Government displayed no kind of welcome when they returned." "Stamford, Conn., Nov. 21. The county commissioners denied today the application for a club license filed by the Arbeiter Maennerchor, a workman's singing society. . . . The organization gave as part of its purpose: 'the perpetuation of German songs, the German language, customs and sociability.' A big organization to replace the treasonable German-American Alliance is now being formed. The Hun is at his old tricks and if not closely watched all the sacrifices of our blood and treasure will have been in vain.

FRANSTOWN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Billy the Goat is a mighty pretty goat. I think she is about the sweetest little girl I ever saw. Uncle, what do you think about dreams? Of course I know there is nothing to these nightmare dreams only that one has eaten too much supper or is sick in some way. But it seems to me some dreams have a purpose. Please don't think that I am superstitious. I just want to know what you think. Prospects certainly seem brighter than at this time last year, don't they? I hoped last year that things would be better this year, but didn't expect such a great improvement. Brother is still in the navy. Some of you folks write me. We may move this winter and I'd like to hear from different places.

As ever your niece, NELLIE McLANE, No. 42864.

Nellie, if you want to know what the wise guys of science have to say about dreams, you'd better buy an encyclopedia. We dream because the suspension of mental activity is not complete. In fact, some authorities think that sleep is never so profound as to be dreamless, but this theory cannot be proved. For five months in 1918, Nellie, I did not dream at all and for very good reasons. During that time I didn't think I slept more than ten and a half minutes. I am, however, a good dreamer, a practical one while awake

and the usual kind of fool dreamer while asleep. Don't attach any importance to a dream as some superstitious idiots do. During the war, while the German subs were raiding our coasts and airplanes by the score were darting hither and thither in the skies overhead, I dreamed that the Kaiser was dropping bombs on my cocoanut I could not only see Bill throwing them down by the ton but I could feel them. Finally when I awoke I found that a heavy rainstorm was raging and the water had leaked through the roof and was dropping in a torrent on my balcony. On another occasion I fell asleep and had a most delicious dream. The daughter (the mighty potentate of some Oriental country) gorgeous and beautiful, was pressing her luscious lips to mine. Ah, me, those beautiful dreams never last long, but when I awoke I found that dog, owing to the high cost of living, was making a meal off my mustache. Don't worry about the night dreamers, but keep your eye on the day dreamers. They are the ones that need watching. The Kaiser dreamed of world domination, now he is sawing wood. Every good German dreamed of floating round in a sea of beer, now they have to suck loganberry juice through a straw or go thirsty. Bela Kun, the Jew Bolshevik fanatic, dreamed of a Bolshevik Hungary, now he and his brother revolutionaries are in jail or hiding in the grass. A lot of dreamers have been put to sleep and a lot more to work and they have been put where their dreams will no longer be harmful either to themselves or humanity. Sorry to say, Nellie, that I don't think the world is better today than it was this time last year. There are still about two or three hundred wars going on and three or four million strikes. Heroism, patriotism and self-sacrifice, which seemed to lift us and other nations out of the rut of selfishness during the war and which enabled us to have entirely disappeared, and we are all now engaged in a contemptible struggle to see who can drag the last possible penny out of the other fellow's pockets. If all humanity could only have an ice bag put on its head and be put to sleep for a couple of years until war hysteria and the grab mania have worn off, we could all wake up in a beautiful, happy, peaceful, contented world, a world in which we would find the lion lying down with the lamb without having the lamb inside him.

CENTER, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have read many letters from the cousins that are good, and many others, which I suppose were written by outsiders who were exasperated because you dare to reveal in their true light what the enemies of our country are doing, and these made my blood boil. I am no wonder that the Germans and Bolsheviks vent their spleen on you. It is because they know that you tell them the truth and it is always the truth that cuts deep and hurts the guilty person. If there were a few more people like you in the world it would be a place worth living in. I wish someone would come to this section of the country and try and bring home to the people here what kind of lives they are leading. They regard Sunday the same as any other day and they go from five to twenty-five miles away from home to dances, but will not go one mile to church or Sunday school. I can't get used to that sort of thing. I have lived on a farm all my life in the western country and love it. Can see the mountains around us stretching toward the skies with snow-white clouds floating about; it is so beautiful and the green fields, too, stretch as far as my eye can see. Am five feet, ten inches tall, have light brown hair and gray eyes and fair complexion, live on a farm and can do most any kind of work that is put before me. Am fifteen years young, strong and healthy.

Lovingly yours,

ALICE A. HUGHES.

Alice, your letter was a tonic. Thank God here and there scattered throughout the land there are a few girls who have sound common sense and character, and respect the Sabbath and are endowed with a goodly share of those Christian virtues which, alas, in this pleasure-loving, doll-chasing age of frivolity, insincerity and camou-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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EDISON AMBEROL RECORDS For NOVEMBER, 1919

THERE is music on this new November List for you and your whole family. Music for your wife and children; music for your help and your friends. Music to cheer you up; to make you laugh; to drive dull care away. Just look at the splendid new music! Play No. 3849, "Kilauea"—Hawaiian Patrol—a wonderful Hawaiian piece played by that world-famous Conway Band. Then hear No. 3851, in which the Rev. Morgan reads the beautiful "Twenty-third Psalm," followed by the Calvary Choir singing that favorite old hymn, "He Leadeth Me"—all on the same record. Then have a big laugh with "Uncle Josh," No. 3845, or play one of the biggest dance hits of the year, No. 3850—"The Vamp," a toe-tickling selection that will make you sit up and take notice. These are records that you will never tire of. Look over the rest of the list.

No.	TITLE	TALENT
29038	Melodie—Violin	Kathleen Parlow
29039	Smilin' Through—Baritone	Thomas Chalmers
3843	Foot Warmer—Fox Trot—for Dancing	Louisiana Five
3844	Col. Stuart March	Conway's Band
3845	Uncle Josh in a Cafeteria—Rural Story	Cal Stewart
3846	Sipping Cider Thru a Straw	Collins & Harlan
3847	You're Making a Miser of Me—Soprano	Rachael Grant
3848	Song That Reached My Heart "Home, Sweet Home"—Tenor	Lewis James
3849	Kilauea—Hawaiian Patrol	Conway's Band
3850	The Vamp—One-Step	Green Bros. Orchestra
3851	Twenty Third Psalm and "He Leadeth Me"—Scripture Lesson with Hymn	Rev. W. H. Morgan, D. D. and Calvary Choir
3852	Today, Tomorrow and Forever—Baritone	Edward Allen
3853	Peter Gink—One-Step	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3854	Shake, Rattle and Roll	Al Bernard
3855	I'm True to Them All—Baritone	Arthur Fields
3856	Auld Lang Syne—Mixed Voices	Old Home Singers
3857	Race for a Wife—A Racetrack Sketch	Ada Jones & Len Spencer
3858	I'm Sorry I Ain't Got It, You Could Have It If I Had It—Blues	Vernon Dalhart
3859	Echo—Flute and Cornet	Moor & Capodiferro
3860	Wooing Hour—Serenade	Peerless Orchestra

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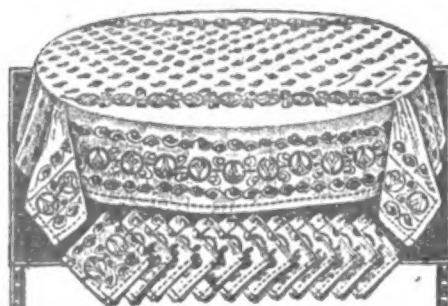
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RELIABLE TAILORING CO., 345 S. Peoria St., Chicago

A Silhouette Party

By Ella Gordon

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Silhouette Making



AN OLD SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT.

time France was in a state of great exhaustion due to a war which had just terminated. To correct the evils of the situation, Silhouette established the most rigid economies, which lasted nine months, when he was obliged to resign his office. To economize cloth, coats were made without folds, plain wooden snuff-boxes took the place of those made from the choicer materials, and among all forms and kinds of restrictions, the making of painted portraits was prohibited for a time, and in their place outlines only were drawn in profile. All these fashions were called "a la Silhouette" at that time but soon passed into oblivion except that



OLD SILHOUETTE—ILLUSTRATION OF STORY FOR CHILDREN.

the profile shadow portraits still bear his name. We find a parallel at the present time in our newly coined word "Hooverizing."

The ease with which the Silhouette was produced recommended it to public favor before the discovery of photography had provided an inex-

pensive method of portrait making. The Silhouette soon became popular in England and America, where it continued in vogue even up to the time of our great-grandfathers.

The usual way of making a silhouette is to have the subject stand or sit so as to throw a clear, well-defined shadow on a sheet of paper fastened to the wall; then with pencil or crayon the artist traces the outline of the shadow,



A MODERN SILHOUETTE.

and following the tracing cuts it out with the scissors. The outer part can be used as a mat pasted on black paper. The skilled silhouette artist of old usually reduced the size, frequently to that of a modern post-card photo. Moving silhouettes are a new and popular feature at the motion picture theaters.

Silhouette Game

Any one in search of a lively evening's entertainment will do well to try this game, for it furnishes boundless merriment and matches up the skill of the participants.

An equal number of ladies and gentlemen should be invited. The name of each lady is to be written on a card and placed in a box from which each gentleman is to draw, and the lady whose name he draws becomes his partner. At the sound of a bell, it is announced that each lady in turn will pose so as to cast her shadow that her partner may draw her silhouette. Right here a great opportunity presents itself for fun-making, for a slight variation in position may cast a shadow not at all flattering to the one whose silhouette is being drawn, and suggestions for improvement by the guests are likely to provoke much wit and merriment.

A given time is allowed for the drawing. When the ladies' portraits have all been drawn, the gentlemen pose in turn to have their silhouettes drawn by their respective partners. Each silhouette is cut out and the mat is pinned on a black cloth curtain hung on the wall.

In regular order the guests are asked to name the person whose likeness each silhouette is supposed to represent, and the one giving the largest number of correct answers receives a prize. A prize is also given for the most perfect likeness.

Another element of fun may be introduced by having the ladies' silhouettes cut and passed upon before the gentlemen's are drawn, for in case of neglect to make pronounced any special point of beauty, the ladies have a chance to "get even" with their partners when drawing the gentlemen's silhouettes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

agony I cannot describe. At first he was in a stupor and I watched the pink fade from his cheeks and lips, and his eyes faded until the light went out and he grew weaker and weaker. My every breath was a prayer, "O God, save my baby," but a little later, when the spasms came on, he grew cold in my arms. No one knows what I suffered but when we laid him away in his little white casket I knew only his precious body was there, while his soul was safe in the Home where no harm can touch him and yet my cry was and is yet, "I want my little son." God has given me another baby. She was only three weeks old when I found her and her sweet ways and lovely self have been a great comfort to me and her care has kept me busy but I still think of that terrible time and wish I had been more careful or else not had the dreadful stuff around the house. I thought it was out of his reach and that I was careful enough but I wasn't and my boy paid the penalty with his life.

Please forgive me for writing this, but if I can save one little child, keep one bright-eyed baby alive, by telling my Billy's story, I shall be glad.

Mrs. JOSE LEE.

Mrs. Lee.—A story as sad as yours must necessarily be depressing; your plea is too strong to be ignored and if your letter will make other mothers more careful it shall have a place in our corner. I am so very sorry for you. Every household should have a medicine closet and in it the necessary antidotes, with directions for using, for the common poisons.—Ed.

GOD'S COUNTRY—THE GOLDEN WEST.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: As I have been reading *COMFORT* and listening to the sisters' letters, some of happiness and some of heartache, I want to say a few words in defense of the husbands. I have not been married very long, but I have the kindest, most considerate husband in the wide world. For years before my marriage I gazed upon men with horror, almost. Why, you ask? Because of the tragic stories related to me by unhappy

wives,—some blaming the men for unfaithfulness, some for being (excuse the slang) tightwads, and the thousand and one things that women said fault with and for which blame the men. Then I began a search—the hearts of my neglected friends, and to my surprise found at least three quarters of the sad-hearted ones—with unfaithful husbands, to blame for their own trouble. The world goes round at a rapid pace, times change, as do the ways of the world with every season, but I have never yet met the man that will stand true to a woman who will encourage the attentions of other men. You who have trouble and always compare your husband's faults with other men's virtues, search out your own heart and see if you do not need to set a good example before the erring one. And you, dear sisters, who have stingy husbands, were you saving with the weekly wages? Did you offer any encouragement to the hard-working man or did frugality and avarice, and the many things that delight the heart of a woman, take the bulk of the pay envelope? I always loved pretty clothes, etc., but my dear father died while I was in school. I worked, earned fair wages, but never saw the time when I could spend my money for foolish, girlish knickknacks. No one hindered, but I had a poor, tired little mother that I felt it my duty to share with and now that I am hundreds of miles away from her, I can thank God that I did what I could for her while I was in the old home. The way taught me to be a partner with my husband. The weekly pay is brought to me, not at my request but because he trusts me and knows I will care for it. We have a lovely little home, and to "Sally Ann" of Illinois, I will say that "the little grey home" is all that I dreamed it would be, of every comfort, plenty to eat and something laid by for a rainy day. I am happier than I ever thought it possible to be and there is only one regret and that is that when hubby is at work during the day I cannot have a little chat with mother and loved ones at home, for I do miss them all. I am doing what I can to help those around me that are in distress and think, "What if it were little mother." God grant that someone will stand by her while I am away.

We have started life together, Hubby and I, and we mean to live and devote our lives and time to God and each other and when night falls, and before we retire, we kneel with arms around each other and thank God that we are together and for the faith and trust we have in each other. No matter what misfortune comes, so long as you breathe the Holy name of Jesus and keep Him by you, you can conquer the most dangerous foe.

I will bring this to a close by saying, sisters, for your own and your husbands' sakes, lead a pure, true life and let the world know that so far as men are concerned, there is only one to be loved and interested in and that is your husband. For, after all, men are just big babies, and a loving word and a caress, a kiss of greeting will go a long way toward keeping hubby home evenings. Try it and see, and please pardon me if I have offended any.

With love and best wishes,

Mrs. C. A. M.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you please print my letter in the Sisters' Corner? So much good advice is given to those who ask for it, that I am writing hoping you and the sisters will help me. My letter may seem silly and insignificant, but really, the answers I get will mean much to me and I hope Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters will give me their views.

When I was fifteen years old, my mother was sick and I overheard some ladies talking, and they said that her life was in great danger; I was so frightened I thought my mother would surely die. I prayed to God to let her live, that if he would save her, I would never get married, but stay at home and care for her always. My mother got well, and is living now; that was eight years ago. I think I have kept my promise. So far I have given up all the good times a girl likes, and have stayed at home and done nearly all the work that is to be done where there is a large family. I never had any friends, neither girls nor boys. I never went to a party or talked to a boy five minutes in my life. I want friends, and I cannot make them at all. It is seldom I see any young people with whom to make friends, as I never go where they are. The only time I meet any one is some of my younger sister's friends and that is very seldom. I am getting away off my subject. I would like to talk to you all and ask so much. I make it a habit to ask my mother what I want to know, but there are some things I can't ask her and this letter deals with one of them. One

thing I am most anxious to know about is this: Do you think that the Lord would hold me to that promise? I have prayed to be forgiven for it, but I do not know whether I am or not. I try to be a Christian but I guess I am not good enough to know if my prayer is answered. Won't the sisters tell me what they think?

Do you think it silly to want young men and women friends? No one seems to think I want to go with young people. I have been at home so long, I really feel backward and bashful. When I do happen to get with a person I am miserable. I am not pretty, neither so ugly that I am repulsive. I try to do the right thing but I cannot make friends. No one wants my friendship and I want theirs so much. I have never been able to dress pretty because I did not have it to dress with. I do not mind doing the work at home for I think it every girl's place to help. I do most of the work, besides caring for the children as if they were my own. My parents are good to me, in a way; papa doesn't think I want to go anywhere and mamma tells me to go with my sister sometimes (I never tell her how much I want to go but I guess she just knows). My sister treats me as though I were ten and crazy at that; she is eighteen and I am twenty-four. She is the pet of the town. I am not jealous of her. I would rather she should have the friends than I, but I do not think she should treat me so and especially in company. Can you give me any suggestions so I can get out of the rut and over being so sensitive?

Please answer my letter through *COMFORT*. Although I would enjoy receiving letters, I would rather not because I do not wish any one to know that I have written it. No one knows I ever made such a promise as I have never told it and no one knows how lonely I am for friends.

Won't C. A. M. of Nebraska, who wrote in answer to A Motherless Girl, give me her views? I enjoyed her letter.

I will greatly appreciate any advice given, more than I can tell.

ORANGEBURG, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been reading how you visited Uncle Charlie and Miss Fischer. And I envy you. It would be pleasant to visit Uncle for I live scarcely twenty-five miles away and possess a couple of letters that came from "Maria" several years ago. But I know it is a tax on his feeble strength to see so many people and I'm cursed with a silent tongue in most strange places, especially in a sick room.

Some time ago my name appeared under letters in the Corner and the C. L. O. C. and I wish to thank everyone for their kindness even if some of the letters had to go unanswered. Since then I've lost a dear "mother-comrade" and changed my residence from Rose Cottage to the beautiful old stone house next door to where mother was born. It came to my sister and me after mother's death and we knew she would be glad. The house was built in 1752 and for seven generations it has come from father to son or to daughter and now from cousin to cousins but always into hands of a descendant of the original Dutch farmer. This is historic country where Major Andre was executed and history made so long ago. So, even if the once big farm is cut and sold, there's a touch one can't quite forget in the old homestead. It has been changed very little except as to comforts of running water and a telephone. The latter was my addition for grandmother is old and my work takes me out several hours a day. My sister lives in the next town with her uncle to be near her work.

I wish, Mrs. Wilkinson, you could have come out here, too. Better luck next time. Perhaps editorial

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Alone with Her Conscience

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

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Test—I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.
—Clifford Lanier.

A HUSBAND and wife walked home together one afternoon from a church wedding where the daughter of an old friend had been the bride. It was not a pretentious wedding. The girl's father was a kindly, upright, old business man, who had more friends than money. While he gazed down at the beautiful girl clinging to his arm, his face had glowed with love and pride. She was as fair, as sweet, as beloved a bride as the sun ever shone on. His eyes had turned from her to smile in happy confidence at the tall young bridegroom who waited at the altar. He was deserving of the girl, who had grown up in the old town from babyhood to a gentle, generous womanhood, which gladdened hearts and won love wherever she went.

On their way home the elderly couple gossiped as wedding guests do of the lovely bride, of her stalwart young husband and of what the future held for them. Suddenly the wife asked: "Did you notice a woman there who seemed shaken by grief? She was not among the guests, she wore deep mourning and sat in a far-away corner under the gallery."

"How did she look?" asked the husband, curiously.

"I never saw such sorrow in a human face, such longing, such starvation for love, or such loneliness as filled the dark, sad eyes. She sat gazing at the bridal party as if there was no one else in the church. Then she caught my eye, dropped her veil and bowed her head in her hands."

"It was the bride's mother," said the man slowly.

"The bride's mother, William; why, she died when Miriam was an infant!"

"She did not die." The old lawyer spoke slowly. "Long before I met you, when I lived in California, her family and ours were close friends. It was my eyes she met, when she dropped her veil. She recognized me. She was one of the most beautiful girls I ever knew. I was a guest at her wedding, she and David were poor in those days. They went straight to a little home he had furnished with much love and pride. A year later came a baby, the girl who was married today. One night, when Miriam was five months old, David went home, to find a note lying on the table beside the sleeping infant. His wife did not try to exculpate herself, she did not ask forgiveness or throw herself on his mercy, she merely said that after a terrible battle between her heart and her conscience, she had gone away with a man, whom she loved devotedly. David came to me heartbroken. I adjusted affairs for him before I came East. Later he moved here and started life all over again. We let the child and the world, when it chose to ask questions, think that the mother was dead. I am the only one here, who knows what happened twenty-six years ago."

"Who is the woman?" asked his wife.

"You do not recognize her from pictures you have seen?"

"She is the widow of Broughton, the millionaire who died a few months ago."

"Oh," she cried, for back to her memory thronged a pageant of a funeral, a magnificent place on the Hudson, and a mansion on Fifth Avenue, which held one of the finest picture galleries in America. They all belonged to one woman, a lonely, childish woman, who had loved her husband so, the papers told, that she was grieving herself to death in her vast, splendid homes. She was a woman of large charities but with few friends, and the wealth, which seemed to pile up before her as by a miracle, failed to bring happiness."

"Can you imagine," asked the lawyer's wife slowly, "what the woman's thoughts were today, as she sat among curious-eyed strangers, not even an invited guest at the wedding of her own child?"

"I cannot," answered the man gravely. "It seemed to me, while I watched her, that nobody could fathom those thoughts except—God and her own conscience."

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Gentlemen: Please send me full particulars of your Makafone proposition, without obligation to me.

Name _____
Street Address _____
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

More About Our Hair

NEXT to putting on pounds where pounds are needed, and taking off pounds where pounds are too plentiful, it seems to me that my girls, big and little, old and young, maidens and brides and "old married folks," are most interested in the hair. So let's talk about it a little once more.

You all know how I believe you should shampoo your hair—with a liquid shampoo made by shaving half a bar of white soap into a quart of boiling water, thoroughly dissolving over the fire, then cooling. And you are fully aware that I believe you should shampoo your hair, if naturally oily, once in two weeks, and if dry once in three or four weeks. Because your scalp must be kept clean, if your hair is to be healthy.

Massaging the scalp is one other method good for all hair alike, for it keeps the scalp loose on the skull, allows the blood to circulate and stimulates the little hair cells.



PASS YOUR BRUSH ACROSS IT A COUPLE OF TIMES.

But, with all this, you have to do more. You have, first of all, to feed your body well, so that all impurities are carried away daily, that the skin is kept clean, the pores open, that you are rested and mentally undisturbed. Seems funny, doesn't it, that all these things affect the hair? But not funny, either, when one realizes that hair is a part of the body, and we are all willing to admit that we can't confine the ills of the body to definite localities; if we have anything the matter with us, the whole body suffers.

Pretty hair is a real beauty, and all that we can do to make it glossy, lustrous, healthy, abundant, is well worth doing. Each month I tell you in my "Answers to Questions" different

Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Multisided coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you. Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. MAHLER, 3481-1, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE But Your Nose?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory. M. TRILETY, Face Specialist

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare. Upon the impression you convey rests the future or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper, "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. It is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

1296 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

ways to secure all these things. But besides the things which have to do with the health of the hair, there are lots of little "tricks of the toilet" well worth practicing, because they lend some little added attraction.

For instance none of us uses strong perfumes, because we have been taught that this is not in good taste; but we do like a faint fragrance to cling round us. How to obtain it, is the question. Sachet pads laid among our clothes leave fragrance behind, but here is something else we can do to advantage. Get from our druggist a tiny bit of oil of geranium or some other perfume in oil form—which means in the most condensed and strongest form. You need not get more than half an ounce—or even less if the druggist will sell it. Keep it in a little vial on your dressing table, and every time you dress your hair, after you have brushed out the dust, and combed out the snarls, and it is all ready to put up, put just a drop of the perfume in the palm of your hand and pass your spotlessly clean brush across it, back and forth a couple of times. Then brush your hair with it. There's your fragrance, girls!

By the way, in brushing your hair, do you brush back from the ears, I wonder? Don't do it any more. By brushing back from the forehead or from the ears, you wear away the hairs and make your forehead higher. Brush down, not back, from the part, on each side. That will mean brushing down over your ears instead of back away from them. It helps!

Answers to Questions

WILLORD.—Yes, you weigh altogether too little for your height; you are forty or fifty pounds below weight, and that is why your hair is brittle and scanty—it isn't nourished enough. And your skin is sallow for the same reason. You must get to work and build yourself up to 140 or 150 pounds. Read last month's COMFORT and see what I said to "Working Girl" about the kinds of food that would make her gain in weight, and the way she ought to live. Follow these directions, and see that you drink plenty of water and have enough sleep at night—eight or nine hours. Choosing foods that make fat will build up your weight; and letting alone those which are not easily digestible—such as pork, veal, pastries, greasy foods, fried foods—will do even still more. Good luck!

A BRUNETTE.—Don't use soap on your face, nor hot water—that's the first thing you need to keep in mind, if your skin is rough and the pores large. When I say don't use soap, I mean do not rub soap on the skin, and do not even use it in the water more than once a day. At night wash the face with warm soapy water, then rinse many times in warm water, and finally in cool, and last in cold. This will close the pores. A good cream can be rubbed well into the face, after it is thoroughly dry. Do not use much cream—just a little, but massage it in. In the morning wash the face with tepid water, and dash cold water on it at last. Do this at any other time in the day that it needs freshening up, but don't wash just for the sake of washing. You should take an all-over bath every day of your life. Stand on a folded bath towel if you have no tub, and briskly cleanse one portion of the body at a time, rinse and dry. Do this before you go to bed at night, and, as a matter of fact, it would be a fine thing for your skin, if, besides, on rising in the morning, you would sponge off the body quickly with a cloth wet in cold water. It only takes a minute and you start the day fresh and clean. When you are not feeling well, you should not use cold water.

TOUGH HANDS.—Try the hand lotion and other directions I gave in the last issue of COMFORT. There is no liquid I can recommend to "peel off" the skin of the hands, as you suggest, but it will soften and whiten under proper treatment. See what I said to "A. G. M." in last issue. About the "crow's-feet" and the verticle wrinkles on the forehead. It is possible there is something wrong with your eyes and that you therefore frown in an attempt to focus them. Massage will not keep away wrinkles if the habit of frowning is continued. If it is merely a habit with no reason, then you must train yourself to keep your brow calm. To massage these wrinkles, dip the fingers lightly in cold cream, then with the two forefingers, one just above the other, massage across the verticle wrinkles. Start at the top of the wrinkle, and massaging in this way come all the way down; then repeat. A rotary motion with the tips of the fingers is the correct one to use on the temples and for crow's-feet. Any good massage or face cream will do. I am sorry I cannot recommend any in these columns, as that is against the rules.

ELK.—At sixteen, I shouldn't use face powder, or, if I did, only a very tiny bit on the end of my nose or wherever else I happened to be scaly shiny. You still have "the bloom of youth" and ought not to cover it up. You should weigh more; one hundred pounds for five feet two is too little. See my answer to "Willford." Your hands, which you say are too large compared with the size of your arms, are probably in perfect proportion only your arms are a little too thin because you are below weight. Whatever you do to build yourself up will take care of this question, too. If your hands are "always red," the reason is probably either that you are wearing clothes that are too tight—corsets, shoes, waistbands, collars, sleeves—and so your circulation is interfered with; or else you use too much soap too frequently on them and roughen and redden the skin. I gave some good advice to "A. G. M." in last month's COMFORT. Read and follow it, won't you? I shouldn't use a hair tonic at present on my hair, but build up my weight. Hair will fall out if it is not receiving proper nourishment, and since you are below weight it can't be properly nourished. So get to work and add those necessary pounds!

IOWA.—I wonder if you read last month's Pretty Girls' Club? One young girl was very disconsolate indeed because her bust was so slim, and now here you come with a bust too large. It is a little too large, my dear, but I am inclined to think it will reduce as you get older, and that by the time you are eighteen it will be at least two inches smaller and perhaps more. Along about sixteen, the figure is not normal; there are many changes taking place in the body, and in many girls the bust is one of the parts of the body to feel the changes most. Don't rub the bust in an attempt to reduce it—indeed, handle it as little as possible. Splashing cold water on the bust and chest has a firming effect but not a reducing one. Wearing a strip of rubber cloth bound about the bust and fastened with adhesive tape that it may be firm and tight, induces perspiration and therefore is apt to break down some of the fat; but it is quite uncomfortable, and for what I believe is only a temporary condition with you, I hardly think it worth while to bear the discomfort. Lead a sensible life—with much



Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

outdoor exercise—avoid too many love stories and too much thought of that side of life, for, strange as it may seem, the various parts of the body are pretty closely connected and a feverish sort of mental attitude might have a good deal to do with making a large bust. Funny, isn't it? Do you play tennis? Do you swim? If you have any opportunity for either of these sports, take it, for both require exercise with the arms, and arm exercises will help to reduce your large bust, just as it helps to develop a thin bust. I gave a good arm exercise in last month's COMFORT.

SHERIDAN.—You do not give me the size of your bust, but first let me say that you are a little overweight, in any case, for your height. Why not cut down on your diet a little? Go a little slow on potatoes and sweet things, for instance, and be sure not to eat between meals, and perhaps eat just a little less at every meal. Try it. About your bust, I quite appreciate the trouble of wearing a brassiere when it must be worn so tight. One good way of keeping a large bust firm, without wearing the kind of brassiere which has straps over the shoulder and so cuts into the flesh, is to have a corset-cover made of heavy drilling, very tight. The arm size goes over the shoulder, and there is no strap, though the front of the corset-cover can be cut as low as one desires. But—



BRUSH DOWN, NOT BACK, FROM THE PART, ON EACH SIDE.

toned up the front, it holds the bust perfectly firm, and while it is as warm as one more article of clothing naturally would be, it doesn't tire the shoulders. Remember, it must be heavy, firm material. Now, about reducing: I suggest you try the rubber band I mention in answering "Iowa" above. It is uncomfortable, but it helps. It should be cut wide enough to extend above and below the bust, and should be wrapped firmly about the body below the arms, and held in place with strips of adhesive tape. Keep it on and perspire! Another thing which might help is to dissolve Epsom salts in cool water and bathe the breast with the solution. It is astringent in quality. I am sorry there is no short cut to reduction of the bust.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum; a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv't.

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New Crochet Book of Beautiful Models 15c Postpaid.
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Gives that subtle charm to skin and complexion that attracts and captivates. All tints 50 cts. plus 2 cts. war tax at toilet counters, miniature box mailed for 4 cts. plus 1 ct. war tax.

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Gray Hair Disappears In From 4 to 8 Days

Science has discovered the way for restoring hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. In from 4 to 8 days it will end every gray hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results, and the pleasure of using, with the old way. You'll not have gray hairs once you have tried this scientific hair color restorer. Write now.

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Have a Rose-Like Complexion

Rose-Glo Complexion Cream leaves a wonderful rose glow upon the cheeks.

Rose-Glo is an entirely new scientific vanishing cream which nourishes, protects and beautifies the skin—prevents unsightly blotches, blackheads, chapping and keeps the dust from the pores.

It takes but a moment to apply leaving the skin soft and velvety and produces a wonderfully healthy pink glow upon the cheeks. The face can be easily powdered after using Rose-Glo as it holds powder firmly until washed off.

Beware of cheap creams for the face as they may ruin your complexion.

Sold only by the manufacturers in large \$1.00 tubes.
HISCOX BROS. CO., Dept. C, Patchogue, N. Y.
Makers of Lloyd's Cocoa Butter Cream.

Ferns, Palms and Pines to Brighten Your Home

By H. G. Wentworth

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ALL ferns are not easy to grow. The Boston and other sword ferns can be managed by the average housewife without difficulty, however, the glossy holly fern, driving with ordinary care. Maidenhair ferns are also popular, but the kind which the florist usually displays is not the kind for the amateur to choose. The hardy Farquhar's is the variety to select for house culture, and it is most important that it should never be allowed to dry out. If this should happen, the plant may as well be retired for the season. Fern balls from the Orient are highly decorative when suspended from the ceiling or the top of a window, provided they are well-grown specimens. The fern balls often seen are far from ornamental, but usually because the owners do not know how to care for them.

Fern balls should not be exposed to the rays of the sun, a point overlooked by most house-

keepers who try to grow them. When the ball is to be started into growth, it should be soaked for several hours, being completely covered with water and afterward hung in a warm room. This treatment must be continued every second day until the plant begins to grow, and after that it must be watered often. The best way to give water until the plant becomes too large is to put it into a pail or tub of lukewarm water. It takes from one to four weeks to get a fern ball well established.

Most ferns do not thrive in low temperatures, so that it is not advisable to attempt growing them unless the temperature of the room can be kept up to fifty-five degrees at night. Ordinary living-room heat is right for the daytime. A light window which receives little direct sunlight satisfies ferns better than any other situation. A rather light soil is preferred. Over-watering is a common mistake, and yet the soil must never be allowed to dry out. Some people seem to know by instinct just how much water to give plants while others must learn by experience.

If the room is dry and warm, as those heated by steam or furnace are likely to be, it is well to set the pot in a large jardiniere and pack moss around it. If the red spider gives trouble—and he is a most common pest—the leaves may be sprayed with water by means of an atomizer, care being taken to drive the water against the under side of the leaves with considerable force.

Of the palms, the two most safely recommended are the curly and the thatched-leaf, both being known as Kentia palms. Although very much alike, the former is more erect in form, the thatched-leaf variety having a drooping habit. These palms are highly decorative and very easily grown. A north window satisfies them and they will thrive in the conditions to be found in the average living-room—conditions not at all conducive to the health of plants in general, on account of gas and lack of ventilation. Although requiring only a moderate amount of water, they must not be neglected and it is advisable to sponge off the leaves once a week to remove the dust which is sure to accumulate there.

The India rubber plant is found everywhere. While possibly less ornamental than the graceful ferns and palms, it makes a fine show and thrives where many other plants would not survive a month. It needs good soil to start with and plenty of water, for it takes up moisture very rapidly, especially if the plant is a large one.

In spite of the rubber plant's possibilities, many specimens are not decorative to any degree, simply through lack of training. Left to itself, a plant is likely to become "leggy," to use a florist's phrase, and top heavy. If taken in hand when small, and the terminals pinched off as necessary, the plant may be grown into a very attractive specimen.

If a rubber plant gets too much water, some of the leaves will turn yellow and drop off. Much less water is needed when the plant is resting than when it is making vigorous and rapid growth. If the growth seems to be unsatisfactory, the application of manure water about the color of weak tea once a week will help to start it growing.

Being very large, the leaves of the rubber plant need to be sponged off frequently. The dustless dustcloth, which most housekeepers use nowadays, is excellent for this purpose, but the use of milk or oil is a mistake. These things may make the leaves shine like polished furniture at first, but the grease adhering to the leaves causes them to catch more dirt and dust than before, the pores becoming clogged.

Rubber plants grow rather rapidly, often becoming so large within a few years as to be little less than a nuisance. This condition is easily remedied, however. The plant may be cut off two feet above the pot, after which it will throw out side shoots and soon assume the appearance of quite a different plant.

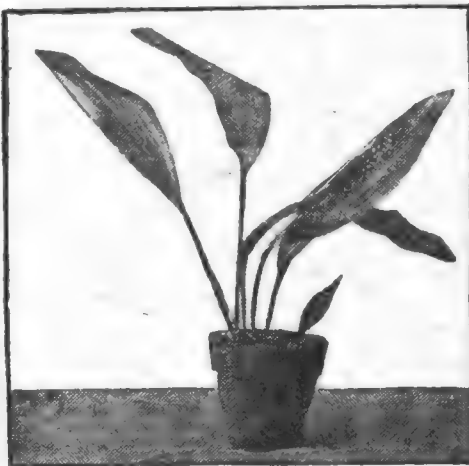
To divide the plant so as to have two small specimens instead of a single large one is easily done. First secure some sphagnum moss of the florist around the corner. Then select a point on the stem of the plant some distance from the top, having in mind that the portion cut off will make another plant. Then make a slanting cut in the stem at this point, slip a sliver of wood into the opening and tie some damp moss around it. The moss must be kept moist but not wet for two or three weeks, or until roots are seen coming through the moss. Continue for a few days longer until a mass of roots has been formed. Then cut the stem off below the new roots and pot the new plant, putting the moss into the soil with the roots, as it cannot be easily disentangled. This is a very simple way of securing a new rubber plant.

If it is ever necessary to cut out a branch which is in the way, or if a leaf is knocked off and bleeding follows, it is a good plan to cut a small potato in halves, scoop out a little of one half and bind the hollowed part over the wound. The Norfolk Island pine resembles a perfect little evergreen transplanted from the woodland and is highly decorative. It is very easy to grow, provided it is not given an over-abundance of dry heat. The soil should be kept moist but by no means wet, and frequent showering or spraying must not be overlooked. Some people fail to realize that the red spider attacks this as well as other household favorites and so neglect their pines until this pest has been at work for some time. When summer comes it is advisable to sink the potted plant in the garden in a shaded place. Frequent applications of water must not be forgotten if the season is dry.

Probably the aspidistra is the easiest of all decorative house plants to grow. If something which will endure neglect and flourish in spite of adverse conditions is wanted, the aspidistra is by all means the plant to choose. If a plant is needed for a window into which the sun never shines, or for a room in which there are wide

The strong, rapid growth of the aspidistra is a source of satisfaction to the plant lover, but when the plant becomes too large it can be divided with the greatest ease, it being necessary only to divide the root ball with a sharp knife. Probably February is the best time to make this separation, for then the plant will be making but little growth.

Another good decorative plant is the screw pine, which finds favor particularly with people who like variegated foliage. The graceful green leaves have wide white stripes lengthwise and are



ASPIDISTRA.

set with spines. New plants are secured by the simple method of potting the suckers, which appear in considerable numbers.

Although smaller than the plants mentioned, the Rex Begonia should surely have a place among the decorative plants for the house. There are several varieties, and the broad, heart-shaped leaves are richly ornamental. Given plenty of rich soil they are very easily grown.

Decorative plants for the dining-table must needs be small and dainty. A simple centerpiece consisting of asparagus plumosus, with a few low-growing ferns grouped around it, is distinctly ornamental if the plants are kept in good condition. In fact, the asparagus fern grown alone is highly pleasing, for the delicate, feather-like foliage is very beautiful. The plant is thrifty and not hard to grow.

The tiny partridge berry grown in a finger bowl, with another bowl inverted over it, makes a table ornament not to be despised. Rich soil, preferably with a little leaf mold added, is needed, but water will not be required oftener than once a week so long as the plant is kept covered.

If plants for the dining-table are purchased of the florist in winter, he should be asked to harden them off for a week or ten days before they are taken home. Then they will be much more likely to live. Moving delicate ferns from the humid atmosphere of a greenhouse to the dry, hot air of the ordinary dining-room is a pretty severe shock.

The dish for these plants should always be at least two and a half inches deep, with straight sides. If the florist fills it, he will use the right kind of soil, as a matter of course, otherwise it is well to buy a few cents' worth of potting soil. If this is not feasible, a good substitute may be found by digging up a few sods and scraping off the turfy substance found on the bottom, mixing it with good garden soil.

The dining-table ferns seldom get sufficient light if allowed to remain on the table all the time. A better practice is to move them to a window between meals, without exposing them to a great amount of strong sunlight, and occasionally the foliage should be taken to the bathroom and given a thorough spraying.

As a rule, the decorative plants named require less attention than a window full of flowering plants, and are recommended to housekeepers who have but little time to give plants and yet love them.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

vacations, like railroad vacations, are merely aggravations—so brief. Mine at any rate are a minus quantity. It will not do to talk much longer. I'm only twenty-three, not much for size and it's hard to say which is the worst,—to see me or hear me. There's no comment to be made on all the nice letters, only I don't see why Helen Rasmussen doesn't speak out loud once.

Sincerely, (MISS) EDNA COUTANT.

TOMPKINS, BOX 140, SASK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: Will you allow a sister from far-off Saskatchewan a little room in your corner? "COMFORT" was a welcome guest in my father's home when I was a little child. Many years have passed since then but upon renewing my acquaintance with it lately, I find it still true to its name. The "Sisters' Corner" is splendid and I love to think of the good done by the League Shut-in and Mercy Work Department.

If this should meet the eyes of any sister (or brother) who knew Wm. M. Dail of Oswego, Kansas, I would be much pleased to hear from them. We left there when I was but nine years of age, but the memories of my childhood's home and the little playmates I had are pleasant ones.

Are any of the sisters familiar with the "Decker Educational Cards"? They are very instructive for young and old and I would like to know where they can be obtained. If any one knows and would send me the address I would be grateful.

If we can be improving our minds at the same time that we are amusing ourselves, it seems to me it is much better than spending hours in pleasures which leave us no richer in knowledge, and, what is worse, they may leave an influence, which, in the cases of some, will lead only to ruin. What a wonderfully solemn thing is this thought of influence!

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean will leave a track behind forevermore; The lightest wave of influence set in motion Strengthens and widens to the eternal shore."

And: "We change by beholding the lives that are fair, By Providence sometimes thrown round us; We love them the more because they are rare, Like the perfume of flowers that has found us."

Dear sisters, shall we not seek to live, by God's help, in such a way that any one who is morally lost may not be able to point at us and say, "It is because of your influence that I am here?" With love and best wishes from

Your Northwestern Sister, ALPHAD A. ARMENEAU.

WALHALLA, N. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND BROTHERS: I always think of you, Mrs. Wilkinson, as one of the sisters, so I need not address you separately. Although I have read COMFORT for nearly as long as I can remember, this is my first letter to the sisters. As so many of them describe themselves, I will do likewise: I weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, five feet, four inches tall, with dark brown hair and eyes and am twenty-one years of age. I am a farmer's wife and am endeavoring to raise our little son, Cecil Ray-

mond, to be as healthy and happy as lots of fresh air and exercise can make him. He is now a year and eight months old.

Before going any further I want to ask the sisters if they have ever tried making dust caps for their children, to keep their hair from becoming sunburned? They are very simple to make—just a round piece of cloth (I use percale) and drawn in with a string or elastic. They are no trouble and I consider them indispensable. My boy never thinks of going out of doors without asking for his cap.

Many of the letters give advice as to the care of children. This is very hard to give as hardly two children have the same disposition. I do not believe in harsh punishment, although I think some parents are too indulgent. I like, above all else, to see obedience in children. The best way to accomplish this is to study the character and temperament of the child, and find out the right way of going about it. One fault so many have is being strict to start with and in the end letting the child have his own way. If you say one thing stick to it and soon the child will learn that you mean what you say; then there will be no misunderstanding. I agree with Mrs. Farley when she says children should be taught to save. My little boy has a savings bank but as yet he is too young to know the value of money.

The Sisters' Corner was always interesting but I think you will all agree with me when I say that it is more so since the gentlemen have called on us. Even though Bachelor Bill is very sarcastic, he has some good ideas. We all know it is very disagreeable, not to say embarrassing, to have to ask our husbands for money when we need it. I do not complain, however, because my husband and I take turns handling the purse.

I am sure we are pleased to have you come in for a chat, Mr. Garrison, and we will be glad to have you call again if you will. Your letter was so full of truth and sympathy, and surely Bertha Curtis, as well as some of the rest of us will be able to take life and her queer capers more cheerfully.

Bonnie Bovell, I quite agree with you on the subject of discussing our husbands' faults. We would not like to have the tables turned, and I must say that some husbands have the most provocation.

I hope some of the sisters will write me. My love to you all, Mrs. W. H. FITZSIMMONS.

ADRIAN, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I enjoy COMFORT very much and have taken it over twenty years, and I especially enjoy the sisters' letters that tell of their homes and children. The brothers' letters are interesting also.

I sympathize with all who have lost little ones as after being married seven years a dear little son came to our home but he stayed only a few short hours. That was three years ago and last April another dear little son came to gladden our home. He is a fresh



TAKEN WHEN HE WAS TWO MONTHS OLD.

air and water baby and weighed seven pounds at birth and 14 pounds at four months. He is very good natured and has never been sick or had the colic. Am sending his photograph, taken the day he was two months old.

I've never seen a letter written from Adrian, although I know it comes to a great many homes here. Adrian is a factory town of about 14,000 inhabitants.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and we will ship direct from our factory at our expense on your approval this stunning **SERGE SKIRT**, made of the finest mixed **WOOL**. Pay only **\$3.49** on arrival. This skirt is of the latest style. Just notice the belt lined with satin and the beautiful patch pockets trimmed with buttons and silk fringe.

The skirt is cut full and is gracefully gathered with double row of shirring, so as to make the hips extra full. Colors: Navy Blue and Black. Sizes: 22 to 40 in. waist, 38 to 42 in. in length. Extra sizes in waist 32 to 40, 35 cents extra. Return this skirt at our expense if you are not convinced that you have saved big money through buying direct from us.

WAREWELL CO.

Dept. A-40, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send NO Money!

Simply send your size and these Growing Girl's and Women's Genuine Indian Elk Storm Shoes will come to your home ON APPROVAL. You will be delighted with their wonderful quality and beautiful style. That is why we send them to you, no money in advance. Real oak leather soles. Comfortable military heel. Genuine elk leather uppers in rich dark tan. Soft, durable, beautiful! As nearly waterproof as shoes can be. Just the thing for storms and bad weather. Snug, trim and neat fitting. "Repaid on approval to you from the Oldest and Largest Shoe Selling Direct from the Shoe Market of the world." That is why the price is only \$4.85 on arrival. Send NO money—simply mail coupon—order at our risk.

GUARANTEE: We guarantee that these shoes are \$10 value. They will give satisfaction, factory wear, or we will send a new pair FREE.

Wonderful STORM SHOE Save profits. Buy Direct from Factory Headquarters. **SIXTY-ONE EAST WASHINGTON ST., DEPT. 715, BOSTON, MASS.** Send Women's Storm Shoe ON APPROVAL. I wish nothing!

Name.....Address.....

Don't Send a Cent

You will say that this is absolutely the biggest shoe bargain you ever heard of. So sure are we of this that we will send you these wonderfully comfortable and good wearing shoes without a single cent in advance. Just send the coupon stating style, size and width wanted. Your shoes will be sent by return prepaid mail. Try them on. Examine them. Compare them with higher priced models. Then decide if you wish to keep them at our bargain price. **You take no risk.** If you don't agree that this is the most remarkable shoe offer ever made, return shoes at our expense. Isn't that fair? Not a single cent of expense to you.

Durable Work Shoe

Made in dark brown only of selected materials on the U. S. Army Munsion last, adopted by the Government because it proved so comfortable for our boys "over there." Only solid leather is used throughout. Made to give comfort. Needs no breaking in. We have named this shoe our Roomy Toe Last because it is so comfortable; made of solid leather which is especially treated so as to stand all kinds of hard wear. Dirt and dust-proof bellows tongue, blucher style. Solid oak leather soles and heels which are sure to wear well. Reinforced shank, broad heel, sizes 6 to 12. Widths—Medium, Wide, Extra Wide. Pay \$3.85 on arrival. Order by style number. But you must use coupon now.

Remember, You Don't Send a Cent

Remember you don't send a single cent in advance. We won't let you take a bit of risk. We take it all. Send coupon at once and enjoy real comfort at our bargain price.

Send Coupon

Sign and send coupon at once. Don't send a cent with it. In a few days you will receive the shoes. If you are not entirely pleased with them don't keep them. We will cheerfully refund your money—every cent of it, including return postage. Be sure to state size and width. Send now before the coupon gets away from you and you miss this wonderful bargain.

FIFTH AVE. BARGAIN HOUSE Dept. AF127 New York, N. Y.



No. AF297

\$3.85

We Pay Postage
Send Today

Fill in, Bargain House, Dept. AF127, New York, N. Y. Send the shoes advertised at \$..... No..... Size..... Width..... I will pay for shoes on arrival. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return them and you will refund my money, including postage, immediately.

STRIPES

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PART ONE.

ROY Hodge was a very ordinary young man till he met Theo. True, he held a diploma from the State University and a license to practice law; yet he was a young man without a path in life, without a landmark or a goal-post. Old Hodge, who was only a cotton farmer, had put up the money for Roy's education as he had for his other sons, but when Roy was once out of school he had refused to advance another cent. So Roy had returned here to Pecan, had taken over a little vacant store and hung out a tin sign, *Roy Hodge, Attorney At Law*. But Roy had by day just three occupations. He played checkers, he read popular fiction, and he fished. By night his occupations were said to be more shady. More than one poker club in Centrailla knew him for a successful player; and it was told of him that he was not above sitting on the pine straw by a pitch pine fire and throwing dice with negroes and poor whites. Sorry! Yes, that is the word that described Roy in those days—he was sorry. And soon he lost the sense of pride even in his dress. His hat went to seed; his best suit became threadbare, and his collars and cuffs sadly frayed.

Then to our town came Theodosia Byrrell—you pronounce it with the accent on the last syllable. No one who saw Miss Byrrell would have thought of putting it on the first. Theo came to our school as the music teacher, and on Thursday night before the school was to open she gave a little concert in the school auditorium. I shall never forget how the girl looked. She was beautiful with a sort of Celtic beauty—the blackest of raven black hair, deep, liquid eyes, and such a neck and head, such shoulders and such a poise! Please do not think she was of the Spanish or Italian type. She was Irish with a dash of French; but she was more than that—she was one of those rare stars that rise in an American community once in every two or three generations. She came here from a little college town in Mississippi, and her family were—well, we have a saying here in the South that people are "folks" or they are not "folks." Her people were certainly "folks."

She played the violin for us that night; and she wore a dress with pointed sleeves that opened just below the elbow, and to the bottom point of each sleeve hung a bangle. As she moved the bow to the music those bangles swayed and glittered in the lamplight. Also she wore upon her forehead a little affair like the cavaliers that ladies wear at the throat, and as she moved her head to music the central brilliant of that brow piece gleamed and flashed. We are simple country people here in Pecan, and I am sure she seemed to every one in the audience almost like a creature from another world.

And then she was so gracious. You know graciousness is the true precipitate of a good family and a clean heart.

I had come home and gone to bed and was just dozing off to the sound of Schubert's Serenade, which still rang in my ears, when I heard a knock at the door.

"Dr. Elgin, are you in bed?" called a voice. It was the voice of Roy Hodge.

"Yes, I've just lain down; but come in, Roy," I answered.

My medicine shop was just next to Roy's office, and we were rather good friends. I had seen the boy grow from the knee breeches age, and my heart went out to him in spite of his sorrows. I got up and lighted a lamp and he came on into my bachelor quarters and flung himself into a chair. As he lighted a cigarette his hand trembled as if he had been drinking heavily.

"Dr. Elgin," he said. "I've decided to leave Pecan for good and I want you to do something for me—lend me fifty dollars."

"What's up, Roy?" I asked. "Are you in trouble?" I knew that playing dice with the negroes was a dangerous pastime, and I had not seen Roy at the concert that night.

"No, I'm not in trouble," he said slowly; "I'm going to Centrailla to make good. I need fifty dollars to get me some decent clothes. If I should go to Dad for it he'd think I was just going over there to gamble—Doctor, if you'll let me have this money I'll give you my word of honor I'll not touch another dice, card or drink of liquor this year."

I wrote him a check and laid it upon the table between us.

"Now what is your plan?" I asked.

"I'm going to Mrs. Manley's to board."

"Good."

"I'm going to try to get a Monday job collecting weekly bills."

"Good."

"I'm going to try to get two or three fire insurance agencies."

"Fine."

"And later I'm going to try to get a desk in Judge Hanby's law office."

"That's fine—does the smell of liquor bother you?"

"Yes."

"Well, stay off Broussard Street except when you absolutely have to go there, and then go on business and come away at once. And listen, when you get to feeling that you just can't get over the hours from supper to bedtime, hop on a train and run out here, and I'll play checkers with you till time for the ten-thirty

back to Centrailla. If the feeling is still too strong for you I'll let you bunk with me and go back to town in the morning."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Roy, with tears in his eyes. His cigarette had gone out just after he lighted it, and he threw it into a corner without relighting it. "I must go home and pack," he said; "I'll be off early in the morning."

As he reached the door it occurred to me that he had been to the concert after all.

"Were you at the concert tonight, Roy?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered shortly and disappeared into the darkness.

A month later a well-dressed young man stepped off the afternoon train from Centrailla. There was no droop to this person's shoulders and no slouch to his gait. His complexion was good and his eye clear. I should not have recognized him at any distance as Roy Hodge. He came directly to my office and sat down for a talk.

"How are you making it?" I queried.

"Just squeezed through this month. I have paid my board and have a return ticket to Centrailla, and it's only three days till Monday and collections."

"That's fine!" I said. "And the dice and cards?"

"Don't touch 'em."

"And the drink?"

"Don't touch it either."

"Well, listen then, I'm going to take you into the swamp after bears next week. You're about due to have some excitement or you'll blow off a cap. Do the lights and movement bother you much at night?"

"God!" he said, and bit his under lip. Then he added: "There's a damned jazz band, and a good one, too, at Looney's beer garden. I can hear it every night and I can see the heads of the people when they stand up or walk about."

"You'll have to move your boarding place," I advised.

"But come on now and take supper with me at Mrs. Hargreave's. Three of the teachers are boarding there."

I could see the young man start with eagerness.

"Who are the three?" he asked in a low voice.

"Two of them are Miss Hecklar and Miss Rose—you know those two; and the other is the new music teacher, Miss Byrrell."

At supper that night two of the teachers feigned headaches. As we sat down to table I heard Miss Hecklar say to Mrs. Hargreave: "You know what he is—what an awful reputation he has!" and I could see poor Hodge turn pale and look as though he could fly from the spot.

But Theo was graciousness itself, as I knew beforehand she would be. And the two talked interestingly. The talk ran on Tennyson and the music of Tennyson's verse. Roy said he did not see why some one had not set more of Tennyson to music, and then he quoted:

"The torrent brooks of hallowed Israel
Through craggy hollows pouring late and soon,
Sound all night long in pouring through the dell,
Far heard beneath the moon—far heard beneath the moon!"

And Miss Byrrell, acting upon an impulse, got up and took her violin and began to play. She played a little introduction that as like water falling over craggy cliffs, and then nodded brightly to Roy, and in a clear baritone, following the lead of the violin, he sang. I saw at once that here were met two kindred souls; and of a sudden I suffered a pang of regret for my lost youth. There are moments when a bachelor of middle age would commit murder to gain his young manhood back again.

The next morning there was an acrimonious discussion at our breakfast table. Miss Hecklar, who spent her days expounding the three methods of eliminating Y from an algebraic equation and her nights dreaming of a time when she should be principal of our school, was of the opinion that Roy Hodge was a loafer and a scoundrel; and the fact that he could sing a little was nothing in his favor—she didn't think much of music anyway. Miss Rose elevated her chin and tossed her blond head and said she had nothing to say against the young man, because she knew that tastes differed.

When every one else had had a rather lengthy say, Theo added cryptically: "A one is just a unit; but write some other figure after it, and you have a number, even though the number be thirteen."

That afternoon she said to me with tears in her pretty eyes: "If I had to spend many moons with just those two and with some of the others like them over there at school, I should want to put on scarlet tights and walk a slack rope over Niagara, or drink a dozen cocktails or do something equally desperate."

During the winter Roy came out once or twice a month; and when he came he always brought headaches for Misses Rose and Hecklar, but he often brought candy or roses for Miss Byrrell. Even an old bachelor like myself could see that the friendship between them was rapidly ripening into something more intimate. And the people of Pecan, with that ready charity that is so willing to boost any one who is trying to get on, began to say that there was a good deal more to young Hodge than they had ever supposed. They knew very little of his success except from hearsay, but never spoke of him except in praise; and so Miss Byrrell heard on the whole a good report of him.

At Christmas she went home for a visit and he called upon her in her home town. In March he told me that his law practice and other activities were bringing him more than a hundred dollars a month. Then one Sunday in April he came out to Pecan, and as I was returning from a call and passed Parson Mabrey's, the two came running out to me hand-in-hand. I saw by the girl's face what had taken place, and I think I said a little prayer in my heart. The two were married.

"Congratulations, us, Doctor!" cried the girl.

But I didn't. I was choking with rage at Roy for marrying her before he was absolutely sure of himself.

"Boy!" I said, looking at him straight in the eye, "if you ever give this girl cause to be sorry she married you, I'll—punch your face for you if it is the last thing I ever do! Gliddap!" This last, to the horses, was accented with a sharp blow of the whip.

I locked myself in my room that night and held a lengthy session with myself. I had never dreamed of making this girl my wife—I was too old and staid for that. I knew, but I had planned and dreamed vaguely of a great future for her, in which I might have some humble part—and she had done this thing so suddenly. It gave me an ague to think of that glorious creature reduced to actual want or with her pride broken. She was a song bird that could never live except in the sunshine and open air,—this I knew, and I knew that Roy Hodge was by no means over the divide to safety.

The new Mrs. Hodge resigned from our school the next day and took a private class in Centrailla before the month was out. I heard in June from Roy's father that the two of them were making a hundred and sixty dollars a month between them. I visited that month. They were boarding at a very handsome house on Hironde Avenue, and I must say I have never visited two young people who seemed happier in one another's society.

There is just one name for Roy Hodge's attitude toward his wife at that time. He worshipped her. She never ceased to be a creature

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of beauty and wonder to him. She never became credible to him. He walked about with his good fortune on tiptoe, as it were, as if he thought he were dreading and might wake himself up. He loaded Theo with costly presents. He bought her bonbons and flowers and jewels; and I began to fear that he might be making debts that he could never pay.

In the fall I asked Judge Hanby how the boy was doing, and he told me of one case from which he had got six hundred dollars as a fee. He said the boy's knowledge of law was uncanny, and that if nothing happened to him he would be the foremost lawyer in Centrailla before two years.

That winter he and Theo bought a two thousand dollar touring car and took apartments for light housekeeping. They had brought her piano from her home in Mississippi and had bought other furniture. One notable object was a thousand-dollar cabinet graphophone. But the girl's clothing and jewels were what struck me most. She got herself talked about by dressing more elegantly than some of the richest young women in Centrailla.

But she loved these things. Beautiful objects belonged with that child as perfume belongs with a rose. Had she been my wife I feel sure I should have bankrupt myself in a year buying her pretties. Still I felt afraid for the two of them, and one day I went to Roy and protested.

He only laughed and said: "Why, Doc, I'm making plenty of money. Last month I made an even nine hundred dollars. I tried to tell him the fable of the ant and the grasshopper, but he would not listen to me, although once or twice his face went dead serious as I talked."

On another occasion I was present when he brought his wife a diamond-encrusted bracelet. I have no idea how much it cost, but I am sure it was worth a great deal.

"Roy," she chided, while her eyes crept from his face in spite of her to devour the bracelet, "you ought not buy these costly things for me. It's you behind the gift that I care for. If you bring me some simple thing like a box of candy or two or three roses I'd care just as much for it."

"Listen, dearie," he said, laughing. "The other day I was standing inside Leob's Jewelry Store when you passed by, and I saw you looking at this and saw the expression on your face through the glass. Here, put it on. Ah, your wrist adds beauty to the bracelet." Roy was a genuine lover. I have never seen one like him.

It was the succeeding November, on a dreary midnight following the dreariest of days, that I heard a feminine step on my front veranda and a timid tap at my door. I thought it must be that Mrs. Lane was dying and that one of her big girls had come for me. I had left the woman at ten o'clock and told her husband that if she took a turn for the worse he could send for me. But I was not prepared for the shock I received when I opened the door. A mud-draggled, tragic creature stood before me in the rain, and so wild was her expression and so haggard her features that I did not at first recognize Theodosia Hodge.

She spoke first: "Get your car, Doctor; I have come to you for help!"

I hurried out and cranked my newly purchased Ford and ran it round to the front gate. My mind pictured an auto accident with Roy Hodge lying unconscious or dead beside the road, for I knew how both he and Theo loved speed. By the girl's appearance she had walked for some distance.

"Shall I need my surgical instruments?" I asked, as I picked up my medicine bag.

"No, nor that either," panted the girl.

"What then, I began."

"It's Roy," she answered hardly above a whisper. "He's done something—taken money that didn't—didn't belong to him, and he's done—disappeared completely."

I choked back an oath.

"Where do we go?" I asked.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Buffalo's Hump Brings Beef Type

By Carol C. Crain

C. A. GOODNIGHT, the grand old man of Texas and the owner of the largest group of buffalo in the United States, says that the longhorn must go. According to his viewpoint, ranchmen of the West and South are losing money as long as they stick to the time-honored type of the plains.

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The longhorn is destined to vanish from his haunts if the "Catio" catches the fancy of the Texas landowner and the ranchmen of the West. There are many points in favor of the new breed, but the fact that the "Catio" is a fourth larger than the Hereford commands attention. If the breed could be substituted throughout the world

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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Have you money?" she asked.
"I have forty francs, signorina. I have saved for eighteen months every sou I could get." Eighteen months saving eight dollars!
Violet regarded the girl with sorrowful astonishment.
"That is very little; let me give you some more," she cried, and eagerly opening her well-filled purse, counted out some gold-pieces amounting to fifty francs more.
"No, signorina, not a sou," Lisette returned, firmly, as she waved back Violet's extended hand. "My heart is heavy now with all you have done for me—giving me these beautiful clothes in exchange for a poor peasant's dress. I cannot take your money."

"Please," persisted Violet. "I have plenty, and can easily spare you this."
But the girl made a proud gesture of dissent. "The signorina must go; and I must get on, also," she said, gravely. "Keep to the straight road until you come to the track in the village. You can get no ticket, but the guard will charge you a couple of francs for your fare. Adieu, signorina."

She was about turning away, when Violet stopped her.

"Lisette," she said, holding out her hand, "good by. You have been very kind to me, and I shall always remember you kindly. I hope we shall meet again some time."

Tears were in Lisette's eyes as she responded in a similar strain, and then led Violet from the shed.
"That way, go; adieu!" she said, pointing eastward; then raising the hand she held, she pressed her lips impulsively to it and dropped it. With a softly breathed farewell in response, Violet turned and walked quickly away, while Lisette went back into the shed, put out her candle, and threw the end away, after which she turned in the opposite direction and began to climb the steep hills or cliffs, along which the highway led to Mentone.

Violet went on her way in the darkness, her heart beating rapidly with fear lest she should encounter some rude fisherman or peasant who would stop and question her.

She was footsore and weary long before she came in sight of the village, for a mile was a long distance to her unaccustomed muscles, while Lisette's heavy shoes hurt her tender feet sorely. But, guided by the lights along the railroad track, she found her way to the crossing the girl had told her about, and, sinking down upon a pile of sleepers by the road-bed, she uttered a sigh of relief that she had reached the end of her long walk.

She did not have a great while to wait, for presently the cars came thundering along, and soon she was on the train for Nice, whence she took an express for Paris. Now she felt safe from pursuit, as she was being whirled northward at the rate of forty miles an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

VIOLET RETURNS TO AMERICA.

Meanwhile the kind-hearted peasant girl, Lisette, feeling as if she had been suddenly changed into another being by some good fairy—and she certainly looked like a different person, clad as she was like a lady—was walking at a swinging pace toward Mentone, and—her doom.

She intended to walk until the day began to dawn, and then beg a ride to Monaco in one of the market-carts which made daily trips from the country to that city.
It was still very dark, and the road, which lay up a steep hill, was very narrow, and ran dangerously near the cliffs which overhung the sea. The girl had worked very hard the previous day, while she had slept none that night, for she had been too much excited, over the thought of leaving her home, to rest, and she now began to experience a feeling of weariness and languor stealing over her. It was the reaction coming on, while added to that was a feeling of dread and loneliness over the uncertainty of the future.

More than this, she found the boots, which Violet had insisted must go with the rest of her costume, were too tight to be comfortable, and this greatly impeded her progress.

She climbed to the top of the cliffs and there sat down by the roadside upon a huge boulder, where she had rested many a time before, to recover herself a little before going on.

The stone was an irregular one, with a projection which formed a support for her back, and leaning against this, she was overcome by weariness before she knew it and fell into a sound sleep.

It did not seem as if ten minutes had elapsed since she sat down, though in reality it was more than half an hour, when the sound of a galloping horse aroused her.

She started to her feet, a cry of terror and dismay breaking from her. It was still so dark that she could see nothing any distance away, but the sound of that swiftly advancing horse made her heart beat with fearful throbs.

Was it some pursuer coming in search of her? Had her flight been discovered at home, and was her tyrannical stepfather coming to force her back into wearisome servitude? Or, worse yet, to sell her to another man equally brutal and unkind?

She started to flee, but, not being able to clearly distinguish the road, while she was sadly bewildered by having been so suddenly aroused from her sleep, she turned in the wrong direction and made straight for the edge of the cliff.

It was very strange—as familiar as she was with every inch of the ground between her home and Mentone—that she should have become so confused and lost as to her location, and it was only when she caught the ominous sound of the washing of the waves against the rocks below that she became conscious of her danger.

But she was rushing at such headlong speed she could not save herself; a low shuddering cry of terror burst from her lips as she suddenly lost her balance; there was a short interval of silence, followed by a heavy splash in the waters below, then the waves closed over the unfortunate girl, and the ocean held the secret of her fate, as well as of Violet's mysterious disappearance.

The cliff was very high at that point, and projected considerably over the sea, which was very deep just there.

The girl sank at once to the bottom, and, her clothing probably becoming entangled among the rocks, her body was held there for some weeks, and only disturbed and washed far below to the point where the fishermen had found it after a storm of considerable violence.

It was, of course, unrecognizable, but every article which she wore tended to prove that she was Vane Cameron's lost bride-elect. As such he claimed her, without a doubt as to her identity, and, as we already know, laid her to rest beneath the shadow of the venerable beech in one corner of the churchyard at Mentone.

Lisette's parents never once suspected what her fate had been.

Upon discovering that she had fled, her iron-hearted master had started in search of her, vowing that she should pay dearly for daring to run away from him, and the future that he had planned for her.

He learned that a peasant girl, answering to her description, had boarded the westward-bound train at the village, in the early morning, and had left it again at Nice.

He hastened hither at once, and was told that such a girl had been seen in the waiting-room of the station; but further than that he could

get no trace of her, and was finally obliged to return to his home, where, upon the other members of his family, he vented his disappointment and anger over the loss of such valuable help.

The mother, who was far superior to her husband in every way, grieved long and bitterly over the loss of her first-born, but it was many months before she learned the truth regarding her untimely end.

Violet's journey to Paris was accomplished with very little weariness and nothing of incident. Her first business upon reaching the French metropolis was to go to a lady's furnishing house, where she purchased a simple but comfortable outfit, after which she proceeded to a respectable pension, which she had heard highly recommended by some Americans whom she had met in London.

It was fortunate that she had a liberal supply of money in her possession. She had never been stinted, for it was supposed that she was the heir to a large fortune, and a certain income was paid to her quarterly. Since she had been joined by her sister and her husband she had not had occasion to use much money, as Mr. Mencke had settled all her bills, and she had several hundred dollars in her possession at the time of her flight.

This fact, together with the discovery that she could find a very safe and pleasant home for a time in the pension, where she was stopping, somewhat changed her original plan of returning directly to America, and she resolved to remain in Paris a while for the purpose of perfecting herself more fully in French, and also to take a few finishing lessons in music, for she had determined to make use of these branches in supporting herself in the future.

She threw her whole heart into her work, and few people would have recognized in this grave, studious girl, the bright, laughing, care-free Violet who had been such a favorite among her friends in Cincinnati the year previous.

She put herself under the best of teachers, and made the most of her time and opportunities; thus nearly four months slipped by, and then she resolved to go home to America.

It was the last of September when she left Paris for London, where she remained several days to make preparations for the voyage, before proceeding to Glasgow to take the steamer, she having decided to sail from there, because she could obtain a comfortable passage at cheaper rates on the Anchor Line, and it was now becoming necessary for her to husband her funds a little.

It was the fifth of October when she left London for Glasgow, and it was her face that Wallace had seen looking from the carriage window as he was detained for a few minutes by a blockade in the street.

Violet, however, was wholly unconscious of her proximity to her lover—or her husband, as we now know him to be. She was deeply absorbed in her own thoughts, and was gazing at nothing in particular; therefore, the carriage that she was in had passed Lord Cameron's without her having a suspicion that she had attracted the attention of anyone.

She was driven on to the Midland Grand station, where she took a train for Glasgow, and that evening boarded the C. & A. for New York, where she arrived eleven days later—three days after the return of Wallace, who had sailed on a faster vessel.

One can imagine something of the loneliness and desolation which this young and delicately reared girl experienced upon finding herself adrift and an utter stranger in that great city and with but little money in her purse.

She longed to learn the circumstances of Wallace's supposed death, her grief over which had been newly aroused on returning to her native land.

She had known before leaving for Europe that he had received an offer of partnership with some New York architect; but he had not mentioned the name of the gentleman before she left, and not having received any of his letters, she did not know whether he had closed with the offer, and, therefore, did not know where to go to make any inquiries relative to his movements after her departure.

She dare not go to Cincinnati to ascertain—she dare not write to ask anything about him, for she was determined that her sister should not know where she was. She had become entirely alienated by her unkindness, and felt that she would much prefer to toll for her daily bread than to go back to her and be subject to her arbitrary control again.

"There are hundreds of girls as young as I, even younger, who have to support themselves, and I believe I am just as capable of earning my own living," she mused, considering her future. "At any rate, I am determined to make the trial, and if I find I cannot earn a living there will be time enough then to appeal to the court to appoint a different guardian for me, and demand my money from Wilhelm."

The poor child had yet to learn that there was no money to demand.

She found a quiet, respectable boarding place a few days after her arrival in New York, and then took time by the forelock, by inserting the following advertisement in two of the daily papers:

A LADY, JUST RETURNED FROM EUROPE, and fitted to teach music and French, would like a few pupils. Address H., at this office.

Two days thereafter Violet received a single letter in answer to her advertisement, and it read thus:

"If H. will call at No. — Fifth Avenue, she may learn something to her advantage."

Violet was greatly disappointed to receive only one response; but she argued that one pupil might open the way for others; so she dressed herself with great care; took her music-roll under her arm, and made her way to the address mentioned.

"No. — Fifth Avenue" proved to be a palatial residence, with the name Lawrence gleaming in silver letters upon the door, and Violet's heart sank a little as she mounted the marble steps, for she feared that she might not be competent to teach in an aristocratic family such as doubtless inhabited this elegant mansion.

Her ring was answered by a colored servant, in livery, to whom she stated her errand, giving him her card, whereupon she was ushered into a reception-room upon the right of a magnificent hall.

Everything about her bespoke unlimited wealth, while the most perfect taste was displayed in the harmonizing tints of everything, the costly pictures, statuettes, bric-a-brac, and curios.

Ten minutes elapsed. It seemed an age to anxious Violet; then the rich draperies of the archway leading into the hall were swept aside, and a tall, finely proportioned man of perhaps fifty years entered her presence.

He was distinguished-looking, with clear-cut

features, an intelligent, expressive eye, and a grandly-shaped head; but there was a worn look on his brow, a sad and anxious expression on his face that bespoke care and sorrow.

"Miss Huntington, I presume," he remarked, bowing gravely yet courteously to her, as he glanced at the card which she had sent him by the servant.

"Yes, sir," Violet replied, and taking the letter, which she had received that morning, from her hand-bag, she passed it to him, while she added: "I have come to inquire if I am to find a pupil here. I judged that such must be the fact, since the letter was in response to my advertisement."

Mr. Lawrence did not reply immediately; he seemed to be studying the beautiful girl before him—the sad though lovely face, which was crowned with such a mass of gleaming gold; the graceful figure, in its simple but tasteful costume, while the small hand, so neatly encased in its perfectly fitting glove, and the little foot, in its natty walking-boot, did not escape his observation.

It was easy to perceive that he was favorably impressed by his fair visitor, for when he did speak he was even more kind and courteous than before.

"I was impressed, Miss Huntington, when I read your advertisement, that you were a young lady in search of employment," he said; "and as I am also looking for some young lady to fill a vacancy, it occurred to me that, although you had advertised for 'pupils,' you might be persuaded—if we should be mutually pleased with each other—to devote yourself to one, provided the remuneration were sufficient."

"Ah, you are looking for a governess," Violet remarked, with a quiet smile, and in no wise displeased by the proposition.

"Not a governess, according to the common acceptance of the term," the gentleman returned, in a sad tone. "But let me tell you exactly how I am situated, and what I desire; then you can decide as to the desirability of the position. I have a daughter," Mr. Lawrence resumed, after a moment of thought, "who is in her twelfth year. She is blind—"

"Blind!" repeated Violet, in such a tender, sympathetic tone, and with such a compassionate glance that her companion's face lighted with a grateful smile.

"Yes," he answered, "she was born totally blind. It is a peculiar case, and I have been told there is only one other on record like it. It is called cataract of the lens; but when my child was nine months old, a noted oculist, whom we consulted, thought that an operation might be performed which would at least give her a portion of her sight. Of course, I was willing to consent to anything that would mitigate, even to the smallest extent, her heavy affliction. The cataracts were punctured through the pupils, and she saw, very faintly at first, but as time elapsed, and the cataracts began to be absorbed, her sight strengthened somewhat. Her sight is very limited, however; she can see to get about the house, and distinguishes objects of any size with the aid of glasses, but not well enough to read, and whatever she learns is taught by reading aloud to her. She has a remarkable memory, as most blind people have, I believe, and she is extremely fond of music, both vocal and instrumental. Do you sing, Miss Huntington?" Mr. Lawrence asked, suddenly breaking in upon his account of his little daughter's condition.

"Yes, sir, I have spent more time upon vocal culture than upon instrumental music," Violet responded, and this assurance drew forth a smile of approbation from her host.

"I have had many governesses for her," the gentleman resumed, "and she has spent two years in an institution for the blind, though for the last six months I have been obliged myself to teach her all that she has learned. And now I come to the most trying portion of my story." He added, a slight flush tinged his face. "I feel it is only right that I should be perfectly frank with you in the matter, and so feel obliged to tell you that Bertha possesses a very strong, an almost indomitable will, and there are times when she becomes sullen and unmanageable. She will not study, she will not practice, or do anything which she imagines is required of her; and thus, for a time, the whole household is in a most uncomfortable state; for, while she refuses obedience to others, she is equally insistent upon requiring instant compliance with all her demands. When the fit passes, she is again gentle, merry and lovable. Now, my object in sending for you, Miss Huntington, was, providing I was favorably impressed with you, to ask if you would consent to devote all your time to one pupil instead of several. The position will require a steady, persistent, even temperament—one of mingled gentleness and firmness—and I believe I see lines of decision in your face; you have a strong will, have you not?"

"I have been told that I have," Violet replied, smiling, "but—growing very grave again—whether I possess firmness sufficient to cope with the will you have described, I cannot say. I have never had any experience in the government of children; but I should say that tact would prove more effective in the management of your daughter than an obstinate insistence regarding obedience."

Mr. Lawrence's face lighted at this remark. "That is the wisest observation that I have ever heard any governess make regarding the control of Bertha," he said. "Miss Huntington, will you make a trial of it for a while?"

Still Violet looked grave. She felt that the responsibility would be a great one, and she trembled for the result.

Yet her sympathies were enlisted both for this careworn, perplexed father, and for his afflicted child, while, too, the idea of a permanent, pleasant home was an attractive feature to her. "Money would be no object," Mr. Lawrence continued, as she did not reply, "if the right person could be obtained, and if you could but achieve a strong influence over the child and sway her by tact, or by any other method, I would gladly give you any price you choose to name. Somehow I feel impelled to urge you to come to us—the very fact that you hesitate to accept the position assures me that you are wise in the consideration of all projects."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Better Than Turkey

by W. W. Hatfield



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TURKEY and Thanksgiving, like liver and onions, Mutt and Jeff, and Capital and Labor, have become inseparable in our minds. The annual feast of the gobble is an institution as old, almost, as the Plymouth Rock itself. Most restaurant turkeys are older. For upwards of three centuries, now, the habit has grown upon us, until, at length, we have learned to take an inventory of our castor oil and dyspepsia tablets on the Wednesday before the last Thursday in November. Thus far have we wandered from the truth, which is, dear friends, that thanksgiving is an expression of the heart and not a depression of the stomach. Only dogs and little children—as you shall see—understand this.

There was sorrow in the heart of Jake Smith, gloom, black gloom, upon his brow, and in his hands an evening paper, whose bold headlines carried the annual information that the President had set aside the morrow for a Day of Thanksgiving, in commemoration of a custom inaugurated by somebody or other who had landed on a rock or something in 1620. Jake had landed on many rocks. There were words of bitterness on his tongue and seventeen cents in his pocket. Seventeen cents to buy turkey and cranberry sauce!

"Huh!" grunted Jake, with surreptitious glances at Mrs. Jake and the boy. "Fat chance!" Mrs. Smith was washing the supper dishes in grim silence and a tin dishpan. She was built on the angular plan, and suggested gauntness and starvation. Much work had roughened her hands, while its twin sister, worry, had wrinkled her face. Just now one of her cheeks was wet. She was looking at Buster.

Buster, being five, and blissfully ignorant of the great hiatus between seventeen cents and a turkey, was the only happy member of the family, except Fuzzy.

Fuzzy had been in the family three days. He had adopted Buster. Indescribably dirty, towed, frowny as to his long, mud-matted hair, ludicrously ugly as to his little, wrinkled, black face, there was, nevertheless, something about Fuzzy's great, pleading eyes, his superlative gravity of demeanor, his joyous bark and the wag of his bushy tail, that went straight to your heart. "Peak for it, Fuzzy, peak for it," gurgled Buster, holding up an imaginary wing of tomorrow's turkey.

Fuzzy balanced himself on his hind legs and barked.

Gloom settled more heavily on Jake. "That's the worst of it," he told himself, "disappointment! The kid, 'Tain't so bad for ma and me—we can understand—but it's gonna be dang hard to make Buster see why he's got to eat bread and molasses tomorrow, when—"

He gritted his teeth and went to the window. Twilight and a light snow were falling. Lights gleamed merrily from the huddled hundreds of cabins and shacks in the valley. A mile away, to the left, the stack of a great smelter reared itself four hundred feet into the air, belching its foul smoke in a far-flung stream that threatened to engulf the purity of the distant, snow-capped mountains. Beneath the stack sprawled the smelter itself, a monstrous machine, of which Jake was a cog—a vast, indiscriminate crusher of ores and men's lives, a soulless producer of wealth, wealth that, in utter defiance of the law of gravity, poured up the hillside on the right, where, as the eye traveled upward, it saw the houses grow finer and the lights grow brighter, until, arriving at the very summit, it rested on the mansion of Adolphus Bartlett, owner of the smelter.

"Dang him!" muttered Jake. They ain't no sufferin' in his house."

Jake was wrong. At that very moment, there was suffering in the great house on the hill. There was grief, deep grief, in the heart of Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett, and gloom, black gloom, upon her brow. Sobs shook her plump body. Plump is the aristocratic substitute for the plebeian word fat. Tears and rouge stained her cheeks. Her Algernon was gone. Childless, she grieved sorely. For three days the search had been in vain. None came to claim the reward she had offered.

Wearily, Jake had resumed his chair and his evening paper. Listlessly, he turned the pages, until, at length, there came to his eye this boldly captioned item:

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS' REWARD,

and no questions asked, for the return of the Pomeranian puppy, lost, strayed or stolen from the Bartlett grounds, November 24. Wears silver collar engraved with his name, Algernon. Mrs. ADOLPHUS BARTLETT.

Jake threw down the paper in disgust, to the exuberant delight of Fuzzy, who immediately seized upon it as raw material for the manufacture of ribbons and confetti. Smith placed a gentle hand on the dog's neck to restrain his devastating proclivities, and encountered a hard, circular object that had hitherto remained hidden in Fuzzy's mud-matted mane. Thus did the secret come out. Fuzzy, the tramp, was not Fuzzy, the tramp. He was an aristocrat in disguise, a scion of nobility incognito. The hard, circular object was a silver collar, and it was engraved with the name, Algernon.

Gathering the dog in one arm and the paper in the other, Jake executed three steps of a Choctaw war dance.

"Lookit, ma, lookit!" he whooped.

"Ma looked."

"A hunner dollars!" she breathed, faintly.

A wet saucer slipped from her fingers and shattered into a thousand pieces on the floor. She sank limply into a chair.

"A hunner dollars!" she whispered. "My Gawd, it can't be!"

But Jake was gone. Through the window she could see him plunging up the hill, the dog in his arms. Fuzzy was struggling furiously to be free, pouring out his dog heart in yelping rebel-

lion against being thus heartlessly torn away from the master he had adopted. Mingled with his wails were the sobs of Buster, who rolled upon the floor in ecstasy of grief and a puddle of dishwater.

On up the hill Jake trudged, through the gathering storm and darkness, mindful of nothing but the hundred dollars which was to bring peace and plenty and Thanksgiving to the Smith cabin. The yelps of Fuzzy sounded in his ears as something far, far distant. To his feet, the thirty minutes of strenuous climb up the hill were but as many seconds in the winged slippers of Mercury.

A perspiring plebeian, he rang the doorbell of the mansion on the hill. The pompous menial upon whom devolved the duty of opening the door eyed him with doubt and disfavor, and, but for the mud-stained letter of introduction which barked and wriggled in his arms, would have turned him away. As it was, Jake was admitted to a great hall, a vast, high-ceilinged, tomb-like cavern, dimly magnificent with a soft glow from hidden lights. The pompous menial left him there. Then came Mrs. Bartlett, frowny with so gorgeous a scantiness that Jake blushed, studiously fixed his eyes on an imaginary point in the floor, and wondered what kept her from catching cold. Algernon, dirt-encrusted as he was, was gathered into the plump, bare arms and bosom of his ecstatic mistress. A polished secretary drifted in on noiseless pumps, counted into Jake's hand ten ten-dollar bills, inclined one eye meaningly toward the door, and vanished. The pompous menial opened the door, fixed his own commanding optic on Jake, and swept him out into the night as one flecks a crawling beetle from a white tablecloth.

There were turkey and cranberry sauce galore in the home of Jake Smith on the morrow. There was joy in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Jake, smiles on their faces, and a feeling of great fullness and satisfaction in their stomachs.

But in the heart of Buster was a sadness no turkey could dispel, a vacancy no cranberry sauce could fill. Joy, appetite and Fuzzy had gone out of his life together.

There was happiness in the heart of Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett, also. Smiles wreathed her face. Algernon, once more white and beautiful, was cuddled to her bosom.

"Oo's 'tittle ootsum-toodlums is 'oo?" she cooed.

Algernon growled. There was sorrow, deep sorrow, in his heart, and gloom, dark gloom, sat upon his little, black countenance. No longer did he find delight in these sweet, inane nothings murmured to him by his ecstatic mistress. The perfume in his nostrils strangled him. The pulverized meat which he was fed from a dainty plate at the table nauseated him. The pink ribbon tied in a bow on his bushy tail irritated him. He wanted to roll in the dirt, to sit at the feet of Buster and bark for the bones of the turkey, to drag the bones out and bury them in secluded corners, to chase cats down alleys and bark at automobiles. He moped and sulked, hung his head, and refused to eat.

"Oo's 'tittle ootsum-toodlums is 'oo?" gurgled Mrs. Bartlett, kissing him on the nose.

Algernon growled again and snapped viciously at his mistress. Alarmed, she dropped him to the floor. Then, cautiously, she removed his silver collar, put him to bed and sent for a doctor.

The doctor came. Not being a dog doctor, he scratched his head in perplexity when he saw his patient; but he was equal to the occasion. He took Algernon's temperature, gave him a harmless pill—which was refused—talked learnedly for five minutes on the subject of rabies—the only dog disease he knew of besides mange—rendered a bill for ten dollars, and went his way.

Algernon still sulked. His mistress, after a while, began to wonder if there could be anything in this talk about rabies. She examined Algernon's jaws for signs of froth, and found none. Still, there was a slight, morose redness about his eyes that might savor of approaching madness. So she consigned him to the care of a maid and hid herself to safer quarters.

Now, the maid, having an inherited distaste for dogs, especially mad dogs, was not over-strict in her attentions; so it chanced that Algernon, after a while, wriggled unobserved from his bed to wander about the house. He was hungry, though not for worlds would he have accepted food from the hand of Mrs. Bartlett. In the bathroom he found a cake of soap. Being young and ignorant, as well as hungry, he helped himself to a large mouthful. The result was electrifying. Nauseated, with soap suds slaving from his jaws, yelping with indignation and disgust, he tore down the hall, down the stairs, dashed in and out of doors, searching frantically for somebody, anybody, from whom he might expect solace and alleviation of misery.

In the library he encountered his mistress. Straight for her he headed, looking, as he ran, howl upon agonized howl.

Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett took one look at his foaming jaws and mounted a table. Gathering her skirts about her, she lifted her voice in a long-drawn, terror-stricken, rat-like scream that drowned the howls of Algernon as a steam calliope drowned the sound of a Jew's harp. Servants came running in from all quarters.

"Help! Mad dog!" she screamed.

Like snowflakes touched by boiling water, the servants melted away as the words fell upon them.

All the while, Algernon was leaping for the table, falling short, and leaping again, his dismal yelps increasing in volume at each failure.

Again the shrill, soul-congealing screams of Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett filled the house.

"Help! Mad dog!"

Armed with a revolver and a riding-crop, there entered the room the imposing menial who had opened the door to Jake Smith on the previous evening. Cautiously, he circled about the yelping, leaping Algernon.

At sight of the revolver, whose muzzle pointed in divers directions and shifted its viewpoint

erratically, Mrs. Bartlett's terror broke out afresh. "Don't shoot!" she squeaked. "Don't shoot!" Thus adjured, the menial aimed a careful blow with the riding-crop. The lash caught Algernon on the tip of the tail, a tender spot with well-bred dogs. Pouring out the remnant of his soul in one protracted howl, he dashed for the door. Fortunately, it was open. All the doors in the house were open. Those who had gone through them had sacrificed all things needless to haste. It was no time for closing doors.

When Algernon emerged from the kitchen door, a streak of white mingling with the falling snowflakes and the shades of evening, flapping skirts and coat tails were disappearing towards all points of the compass. But for the pink ribbon, which had come untied, and now floated behind him in two long streamers, his own speed would have rendered him indistinguishable. In lumbering, undignified, yet rapid pursuit came the pompous menial, firing wildly at the twin streamers. At each successive shot, the screams of the freshly-affrighted, fleeing men- and maid-servants broke out anew. No one had any confidence in the butler's shooting abilities.

One hundred yards behind the house bubbled a giant spring, feeding a creek which coursed down the hillside. At the brink of this creek Algernon paused, still yelping. It was too wide to leap. Besides, he had been reared in the sheltered life, and the water was cold. Growing, he turned upon his pursuer. He was only a little dog, but, brought to bay, his *alter ego*, that part of him which his fat, perfumed mistress had sought vainly to squelch with coddling and cuddling and fond, inane pet names, asserted itself. Indignation swelled him into bigness and bravery. Had he not, day before yesterday, made one of those big, lumbering automobiles run for its life while he barked at its rubber heels?

The butler, thoroughly frightened, stopped, ten feet away, and dropped his riding-crop. There were still two shots left in his revolver. Grasping the weapon in both hands, and swallowing a bewildering succession of Adam's apples, he took careful aim. The gun roared. Algernon rose to his hind legs and staggered, yelping with pain. Again the butler fired. Algernon awayed, wildly, for a moment, then tumbled backward into the creek. The swirling, icy waters closed over his head.

Cautiously, the menial approached the bank. He saw a little pool of blood where Algernon had made his last stand, and a fleck of foam where the suds had dripped from his jaws. But of Algernon, though his assassin waited, with reloaded revolver for five minutes, nothing further was to be seen. Not caring to delve into the chilly creek for the remains of a mad dog in whom life might not yet be totally extinct, he returned to the house and reported to Mrs. Bartlett that he had slain the beast with his trusty revolver. Whereupon, Mrs. Bartlett rewarded him, literally, with gold, and, figuratively, with a hero's crown; after which she dried her eyes and bade the secretary bring her the dog catalog, that she might pick out another child to console her in her bereavement.

Thirty yards down the creek, Algernon came to the surface and scrambled out upon the bank. The pink ribbon was gone. So were three inches

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Thanksgiving Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

water. Bake every twenty minutes until turkey is cooked, which will require about three hours for an eight-pound turkey. While cooking, the turkey should be turned frequently.

GRAVY.—Four liquid from pan, and return to pan about five tablespoons of the turkey fat, and into this work five tablespoons of dry flour and stir as it bubbles and browns. To this add the cooked giblets chopped fine and the water they were cooked in, which should measure about three cups; also return to pan the turkey drippings. Stir and cook ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

STUFFING.—Use soft bread-crumbs or cracker-crumbs highly seasoned with sifted sage, thyme, salt and pepper; or use prepared poultry dressing. Moisten with half a cup of melted butter and enough of boiling water slowly added to make quite moist. Add one beaten egg.

ROAST DUCK.—Pick and singe thoroughly to remove down. Draw, wash and wipe dry. Prepare the same as turkey and roast in hot oven about thirty minutes, then reduce heat and cook half an hour longer. Baste and turn frequently.

STUFFING.—Soft bread-crumbs, finely chopped celery and tart apple in equal quantities gives the finest flavor to duck. Add a little hot water and one beaten egg. Flavor with melted butter, pepper and salt.

ROAST SPARKLES.—Rub well with salt, finely ground sage, a little pepper and flour. Keep a very little water in the pan—just enough for basting, which should be done frequently. Have a slow baking oven, and cook twenty minutes for each pound of pork.

BOILED HAM.—Scrub well and soak three hours in cold water if very salt. Trim off any hard black parts, cover with cold water and simmer slowly, allowing half an hour to the pound. Remove kettle from the stove, but let the ham remain in the water until nearly cold, then remove the thick skin and sprinkle with brown sugar and grated bread-crumbs, and put into hot oven to brown. While hot stick whole cloves into the fat.

THANKSGIVING CAKE.—Beat together one half cup of molasses; one half cup of sugar, and three tablespoons of butter. Add one half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of cinnamon, and one fourth teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg and beat again. Add one well-beaten egg. Dis-

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MADAME.

MANY and, indeed, varied the experiences the veterans of World War have for relating; not alone now, when the war is not such long time over, but, chances are, all the rest of their years; none, however, more entertaining—particularly to the husbandman and those interested in farm life otherwise—than the stories of what Sam saw of farm-life in France!

Soldier Sam, overseas—that's to say, in many cases—was billeted squarely in the homes of the habitants; and where, as so very frequently, these habitants were real French farmers, they saw to it that Sam had no few peeps at their farm lands besides.

The better to get the real savor of those days of billeting in the French Republic, one needs resort to letters Sam wrote of it at the time. Thus, for one, an interesting bit of correspondence from a young corporal with a supply company at St. Gervais, Sarthe, France.

"Fall," he wrote, "has been arriving and has been making its coming known by the smells arising from the hemp.

"All the stagnant little pools we had noted all about on the farms,—reminding one of the quiet ponds within the rock-wall closures of the farms of our own Kentucky,—are now filled with the sheaves of hemp. This is put here to soak and decay, and then, smelling as unto heaven, it is laid out in the fields to dry!

"Being away out in the country, so to say, with the nearest city, Le Mans, quite so far away that one can visit only when on a pass of some period, the only new event of real interest, aside from actual soldiering, is our contriving with the farmers hereabouts for the acquisition of a pig,—a really, beautiful, French pig!

"With Thanksgiving beginning to loom on the horizon, the company,—that's to say, has introduced a farmer to part with a pig, for a com-



THE VILLAGE STREET.

sideration; said porker to be fattened for that festive day. French pigs, somehow, are cleaner,—or at least look cleaner, than ours do; and, again, have abnormally long ears. The little stranger is now housed in our corral and is already being very generally regarded as a friend with whom one shares all he can.

"By the same post I am sending some of the charming embroidery that peasant women do, off-hours, in their homes,—a sort of dolly (or it could be used for pillow cover), which is typical and yet so very different from the quiltings and other forms of home needlework we find in our own farms at home!"

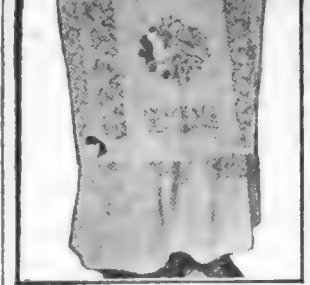
It is just a vignette,—a peep into Sam's own especial form of country-life, far overseas there, but it interests, none the less.

Even more so is the picture of French farm-life,—farmer life from within,—which Sam sends from the same town in a shortly-subsequent note.

"It has turned colder with October," he writes, "and it is almost like winter here. Last night, with the cold wind blowing in, we were in fact, decidedly glad that the Demenceau family,—our billeted,—had moved out the house-proper (removing to their beloved Compiegne, from which the Allies have expelled the Boche) and that we might move into the real farm dwelling-rooms in a day or two ourselves!

"Today I rode out to the Bousard farm and got the key to the residence, and this afternoon several of our 'fusiliers,' as they're called, were busy cleaning it out; so that I hope by tomorrow, at least, we will be able to en-suite ourselves in a real high-grade French farm-home. I don't know for how long this luxury will be mine, however, for from the present look of things, I may move up here, at town-heart, to Battalion Headquarters, where I shall be a little nearer my work.

"It seems a little odd without the Demenceaus in the billet! The children were usually playing around,—typical little French country lads,—and Madame was ubiquitous. By this time, I presume, they are safely back in their 'dear Compiegne,' and Madame is walking her thirteen kilometers a day, delivering the letters to French soldiers located in the country, and who, according to her statement, oft-repeated, are 'pas bonne' (not nice) to a lady under the circumstances.



THE EMBROIDERY.

"Meanwhile, the meek Gustave is doubtless riding his bicycle and also executing rural delivery in such wise.

"We shall also miss Madame Juliet,—or 'Bange,' as the men called her, for the way she wore her hair,—who was a regular visitor to the billet. The good French country-folk, you know, have not been slow in making 'first calls' on their American guests. She was one of the few good-looking women of the locality, and did not look at all like the mother of the two impish children that were generally tagging at her skirts.

Madame has a husband, tucked away somewhere in Paris; which doesn't bother her much. He appears about once a month or so,—a rat-like little man, who looks like an Apache.

"In fact, as a rule, the 'chicness' of the French women, if it is to be judged by the country folk, is not all that it is 'cracked up to be!' Perhaps it exists in the big cities; but back here in the country the peasant lasses do not at all come up to the standard that romantic fiction has set for them. Dainty, certainly, they are not.

"Most of the farmers' daughters are sturdy female Hercules, who work in the fields all day and live in the upstairs of cow-stables, for a very very large part;—and who really look the part! They appear to be much older than they actually are and seem to mature much earlier than do the women at home. A girl of fifteen here seems far older, indeed, than would an American young woman of twenty.

They walk to field with a stiff, swinging, masculine stride, and would, at times, seem almost ludicrous, were they not so uniquely astonishing. Their sense of proprieties, as well as their moral code, is French, in all that the word implies. I would call them largely unmoral (if one wished to go so far) rather than immoral. They will talk to you, in the most matter-of-fact way, and in fullest details, of things that would never be mentioned at home. Yet, on the other hand, they will consider little things that we deem perfectly proper as not so at all.

"Almost all are most careful of appearances, especially when in the town proper.

"I remember one moonlight night of the past summer, when one of these sturdy young ladies, with whom I was promenading, told me that the town was very straight-laced, and that, if once gossip got started, it might ruin her chance of securing a husband for ever! She discussed securing a husband in much the same manner as American girls would 'buzz' over the purchase of a new winter hat.

"They certainly differ a lot from the 'goose-girls' and the peasant maids of France of the novels and the motion pictures.

"They certainly aren't romantic,—at least not in the scenario-writer's way!

"In a story, on the stage, or on the 'movie'-screen, if a French country lass saw you coming, and wished to attract your notice, she would perhaps accidentally drop a rose. One of these Amazons, wanting a word with you, will pick up a rock, or a clod of mud, the size of your head, and playfully whale it at you! It takes

not alone a sense of humor but good ability to dodge, often to escape their friendliness unscathed!

".....Have been riding about, on my work, on the bicycle I have here.

"It is quite cozy tonight, in the billet; for we have a crackling wood-fire in the old French grate, with its head of Napoleon at center of the arch, and its irons. The orderlies have left, with their various reports, for the night; and Sergeant-Major O—— and I have the place to ourselves.

News of "things doing," out here in the country, and so matters to talk of, are slight and, really, rare.

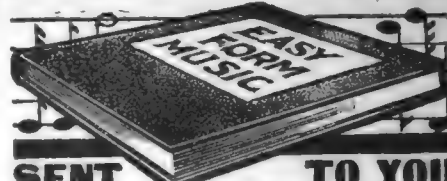
Today, though, there was another peasant's funeral in the little country town, and through my window I could see the simple little funeral cortege enter the church, with the priest, chanting prayers, at front; the women,—dressed in black, and wearing the small, white Puritan caps,—behind; each woman bearing a taper; and then the casket and immediate mourners behind.

Such, then, some of Soldier Sam's impressions of the day's work and play,—the pleasures and sorrows,—of our good Gallic Allies of the country. They're not the stories of battles, victories, truces, things of that sort, very true; but Soldier Sam, now he's home and his trials over, if not forgot, is apt to revert to them with every bit as keen zest as he does the most thrilling, dangerous, or soul-stirring phases of his particular part in the war!

To do your work because you must, to do your work as slavery, and then, having got it done as speedily and as easily as possible, to look somewhere else for enjoyment, that makes a very dreary life.—Phillips Brooks.



FRENCH PIGS.



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solve one half teaspoon of soda in one tablespoon of water and stir it into one half cup of thick sour milk, and beat this into the other ingredients. Add one and one half cup of sifted flour and beat hard; then one cup of seeded and chopped raisins which are lightly stirred in. If it is desired to make a more decorative cake, cut good-sized thin slices of citron and nearly line a round buttered cake tin with them, pour in the batter and on top of the slices of the citron as shown in picture. Bake in a moderate oven one hour. In frosting do not fully cover the citron.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Roll six crackers fine and pour over them one cup of cold water; stir and let it stand fifteen minutes, and then add one cup of molasses and one half cup of brown sugar and stir well together. Soak one cup of seeded raisins and one half cup of currants in one half cup of cider and add to other ingredients with five chopped tart apples, one half teaspoon of cinnamon, a pinch each of cloves and nutmeg, one half cup of melted butter and two eggs. Bake with under and upper crust, or with under and strips of crust across the top. Bake about an hour in moderate oven.

THANKSGIVING PLUM PUDDING.—Three cups of soft, grated bread, two cups of chopped suet, one cup of cleaned currants, two cups of seeded raisins and two thirds of a cup of citron shaved thin, one cup of sugar mixed with three even tablespoons of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of grated nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Mix together and add six well-beaten eggs and half a cup of milk. Put into buttered mould, cover and steam four hours, then remove from mould and bake half an hour in moderately hot oven. Serve warm with hard sauce.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



Cordonnet Silko Crochet Cotton

Three Protected Crochet Needles

FOR A CLUB OF THREE

THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the best of everything to work with. In this outfit, we give you any desired quantity of Dexter Cordonnet "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than Dexter "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With Dexter "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful than those made with cheaper grade cotton. Dexter "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, deep blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 60 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—5, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of Dexter "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of Dexter "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8563.

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of 10c for each ball for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of 10c for each ball for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Talcott Treasure

By Anne McQueen

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Colonel Talcott, before the beginning of the Civil War, converts his securities into eagles and double eagles. Trusting his overseer, who is also a soldier, and confiding the secret to his wife, the men leave the town for the plantation, where he intends to secrete the treasure. Both men are killed in a skirmish and no trace of the money is discovered. Fifty years later, Eleanor Talcott and Nancy Dare, working in New York for the same firm and discussing the possibilities of the future and longing for a home, are surprised by Eleanor receiving a letter. Her father's great Aunt Talcott, whom she has never seen, leaves a plantation to her great nephew or his heirs and assigns, Nancy, who is practical and engaged to John Carr, realizing the expense of keeping the plantation up. Eleanor, with memories of sunshine, flowers and mocking birds, is anxious to go, provided Nancy will make it her home. Both girls go to Georgia, where they are driven from the station to the plantation ten miles distant, by an antebellum negro, who announces their arrival to the old negro servants, Brer Silas, Daphne, and Bahama, her husband. Going into the old house, whose doors swing on rusty hinges, Nancy wonders if Eleanor will live in this forsaken place. Daphne takes them to a chamber, from whose walls the paper hangs and the ceiling showing bare laths, then hurries to prepare supper. The next morning Bahama shows the girls the premises, which are sadly neglected, and repeats the desire of the half-strangers, who own a beautiful plantation adjoining, to buy old Miss's land. Eleanor realizes the need of general repairs but cannot consent to part with the Talcott heirlooms. Writing to Mr. Warner, her lawyer, and father's old-time friend, Eleanor goes down the road to mail the letter and, pausing beside a wire fence, attempts to pull down a branch twined with a vine, upon which grow luscious grapes. She is surprised by a friendly voice and the offer to reach the grapes for her. Retaining a picture of the stranger, she queries whom he can be. Eleanor finally decides upon repairing the roof where it is absolutely necessary, buying an incubator and a mule. After going all over the house and seeing the rare old china and silver and wondering will she ever use them, she packs them carefully away, seeing only the face of the young man who gives the grapes. Mr. Warner, Eleanor's attorney, calls and wants to know what they intend to do. He gives his advice freely—better think twice and go back North. From the incubator set with two hundred eggs, fifty chicks come forth and with the New Year a northern which freezes them. While Eleanor and Bahama straw leaves over their bodies, a man in livery and on horseback appears with a bag filled with quail and mallards from the lake, presenting them with Mr. Muir's compliments. Eleanor refuses the gift—not knowing Mr. Muir, and later she sees through a tangled hedge a man pass on horseback. It is Mr. Muir, whose picture is printed on her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG Mr. Muir sent no more gifts of game for a while. Nancy thought Eleanor's frigid reception of the friendly bag of birds had put a stop to any more attempts at friendship. Possibly such would have been the case if David Muir had not met his new neighbor—of whose identity he was quite unaware—one day on the road, and immediately recognized her as the girl for whom he had gathered the wild grapes in the autumn.

In an instant a beautiful smile flashed over the young man's frank face; his hand went at once to his cap, and his sunny blue eyes sought his new neighbor's appealingly.

The delicate coloring of Eleanor's fair face deepened into a most becoming rose, and her eyes, brown, glistened with gold-lit star-dust, looked from their delicate, deep-fringed lids straight into the blue ones that looked down so eagerly; straight into them, and through them, as if she saw, not the man on horseback, but the woods and fields beyond him!

Straight on she walked, without turning her head, without sign or token of possible recognition—the stubborn pride of her race, bitter from supposed humiliation, refused to know the alien who had come among them to flaunt his fortune in the faces of the poverty-stricken owners of the land.

Young David Muir—a simple soul, without a hint of snobbery in his wholesome nature, looked wistfully at the graceful, erect figure as it moved, with the mien of a princess of the blood royal, down the road and out of his sight behind a bend of overhanging trees.

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the "rich Yankee," with a little whistle of subdued amazement. "She is a beauty, all right—and proud as Lucifer, evidently. I've seen that face in my dreams ever since that day I picked those grapes—thought she was some city girl that I'd never see again. And then she looked so—so different, somehow. By George! If I could just see that charming, altogether adorable smile she gave me when I broke those sour little fox-grapes! And she's the heiress of that old rat-trap—and she sent back my game—too proud to accept favors, of course. Well, we'll see!"

And he rode on, whistling a lilting little tune that was very joyous and hopeful—characteristic of the nature of David Muir of Green Lands, which was the happily named estate of the "half-strainer."

It was not long after this before the entire household of the big place came down from the North in a hurry, heralding the arrival of the mistress and the guests she usually brought with her. And, shortly after her arrival, accompanied by the usual retinue of the rich, Nancy had some exciting news to write her John, who, from a perverse change of territory, found that he could not work his way up to the Talcott plantation till later: Nancy found much consolation in writing to her sweetheart a full account of everything that took place—it took her mind away from brooding over her surroundings, she declared to him as an excuse for her voluminous missives.

"John o' my heart" (wrote Nancy), "we're sure had happenings, or, to speak correctly, a happening, since I last wrote you (having nothing else in the world to do, and being deadly tired of the monotony). The Lady of Green Lands has called upon us—or, properly speaking, upon Eleanor, the Chatelaine of Castle Talcott."

"She came in style—of course, stupid, I mean Mrs. Muir, the lady who lives upon her mammoth estate next door, so to speak, and not Eleanor, poor child! In a limousine which, I am credibly informed by Mr. Jake Louder, who was himself credibly informed by the chauffeur, cost, f. o. b. Paris (of course in France!), twenty thousand dollars, and some odd ones that Mr. Louder frankly acknowledged he couldn't recollect."

"It had rained and rained and then rained some more. Everything was sopping, and in the big old drawing-room there were tubs and buckets set galore to catch the drippings—it would have been plumb (note the word, please) suicidal to take guests in such a place, and our only fire was in the bedroom we occupy—a big, sunny—when there is sun—room, fairly cheerful even when the skies have been weeping for weeks."

"We were engaged in mending and darning our tablecloth—only one we have for possible company—which never comes—we eat on some powerful (note) pretty crocheted mats, ourselves, when Aunt Daphne, who floats when she moves, being positively buoyed up by fat like a cork—came drifting in and informed us that the rich Yankees' big car was right at the door and Mrs. Muir and young Mr. Muir getting out! And where in name o' sense was Daphne to take 'em, seeing that the dro'-in-room was sopping, and my spark o' fire in the dining-room."

"Then my Eleanor, palely beautiful, her queenly head erect, spoke calmly—positively calmly,

though I was all of a flurry, I'll frankly admit. 'Aunt Daphne, bring them in here,' she said, in that sweet voice of hers that is a most excellent thing in a woman, as Shakespeare and I both agree."

"Eleanor!" I gasped, 'right in our bedroom!' 'Certainly,' said Eleanor, smooth as silk, 'where else are we to take them, Nancy? It is not hospitable to let people freeze—we must give them the best we have—since they have come!'

"Aunt Daphne ushered them in, both rather bewildered, but Eleanor received them like a young princess in her throne-room—she positively did, John! The lady—a middle-aged, rather nice looking person, dressed quietly but, oh, so richly!—graciously introduced herself and her son, who is a dandy looking fellow, and a good pal, I know; he and I grew quite chummy while his mother was trying to be gracious to Eleanor and finding the tables turned, for it was Eleanor who was gracious to her, in that same young-princess-in-her-ancestral-halls manner with which she greeted her guests."

"Mrs. Muir was cold, one could see at a glance, and she held out her hands with a grateful little shiver toward the blaze. Eleanor poked the fire and calmly reached for a big log in the wood-box, quite as a matter-of-course, but young Muir sprang like an arrow from a bow and forestalled her; the Suzeraine of the Chateau allowed him, as she would have allowed Uncle Bahama, and thanked him just as she would have thanked our ancient servant—she didn't so much as smile the teeniest, weeniest smile, though he looked at her as if he quite expected it. Indeed, she looked right through him all the time of the visit, which was not prolonged beyond the requirements of etiquette."

"Mrs. Muir's eyes roved covetously towards our big, ten-acre bed, and our high-backed chairs, and our chest of drawers and our fine old brass fender, and the things that are worth good money to the rich, but nothing, alas, to us!"

"She did so in a quiet, unostentatious manner, while talking smoothly about how glad she was to have young neighbors, and how pleased she and her son would be to have us visit them, and how if there was anything she could do, to please let her know. And wouldn't we come over, just at any time, and take pot-luck with them?"

"She said that in the way I use my Southern words (if that's one I never heard it), as if she wanted to be thought to the manner born, though she did originally come from the great Empire State of the Union, and ought to have been proud of the fact. 'Just in the delightfully unconventional manner of Southerners, you know,' she smiled at Eleanor, who gravely and with simple dignity thanked her. Just thanked her, and nothing more! I knew in my mind, alas! that we'd never, never go and take pot-luck at that bountiful table, and taste once more before we die real, red meat, and real hothouse fruits, and real, wild-wood's game, and other things too numerous to mention—maybe including real ice cream!"

"They went out and got back in their luxurious limousine and purred softly down the avenue of ragweeds, and out on to the road, while we, dazed and overcome with the mere atmosphere of their vanished presence—at least I was overcome—sat and stared into the fire, and looked at each other to see if we were dreaming or awake."

"They're nice," I finally uttered, emphatically. "I don't know what you think, Eleanor, but they are nice people, those two. And we ought to be friendly with them."

"The poor little thing looked at me with such anguish in her eyes that my heart ached. 'Nancy, oh, Nancy, can't you see how it is?' she kind of moaned, 'if it was like the old days—if we had a decent, well-kept house, and plenty of food, we could afford to be friendly—even with them. But I can't—bare self-respect prevents me accepting their favors, and returning their visits. They don't care for us—it is all just condescension—they don't think we are their equals. Nancy, honey, I just can't be patronized by anybody. As things are now, we and the Muirs can never be friends and neighbors in the real sense of the word. They'll just live near us—we can't help that—but we won't see any more of them, I hope!' And John-dear, she positively sighed in the most heartbreaking way when she said it. I believe in my soul she'd be glad to know 'em, if she wasn't so—excuse the word—darned proud!"

"Well, in a day or two after this visit there came more offerings—game, fruit from the hothouses, early vegetables, crisp and melting—my mouth just watered at the bare sight of them, for my prophetic soul told me that I'd never, no never, taste one of the strawberries, or a leaf of the lettuce, or a melting mouthful of red, ripe tomato, or a bite of delicious duck, or a—quid of quail, or anything else alluring or alliterative in the line of gifts."

"She sent them back! So she did, every

blessed one of 'em, with a pale little smile of renunciation that showed how much she suffered in doing so—not for herself, but for me, and Uncle Bahama, and Aunt Daphne, whose souls, she knows, hunger after fleshpots (if you dare to send me a box of eats I'll murder you on sight!)

"I can't accept gifts when I have nothing in kind to return," she said, with such an imploring, please-forgive-me look in her eyes, that I hugged her on the spot, and we went in to our lunch of young greens—our garden patch is great on greens, which is about all that Uncle Bahama seems able to raise in the way of truck—hock-cake, sweet potatoes and boiled middling. Oh, Lord—when I think of those ducks and quail!"

"But something tells me—I think I inherited the gift of second-sight from some unknown Scotch forebear—that we shall see more of that young man, Mr. David Muir, Millionaire. He has a wishful look in his eyes, and they were turned Eleanorward, my Jo-John, if you have any doubts as to the direction of their gaze. Yes; I certainly feel that we shall know more of him."

"Your hint of a raise in view does not tempt me, John, darling, one little bit—I'm not going to leave Eleanor till I know there is no chance of persuading her to give up this life and go back with us to the city, where we belong. Still, I don't mind telling you, before I forget it, that I'm wearying for a sight of a certain roly-poly (somewhat) jolly, big-hearted, altogether adorable drummer-man by the name of John Douglas Carr, and that if the aforesaid J. D. C. ever comes up this way the latch is on the string of the temporary abode of

"His own, forever and always, 'NANCY DARE.'"

Nancy's prophetic soul had told her truly—she saw David Muir upon the very day that she went down the road to the mail-box to drop in her letter to John Carr.

He was walking leisurely along the tangled wire-grass that bordered the roadside, his hands in his pockets, a stubby black pipe in his mouth, and rather a dolorous expression upon his handsome face.

"Good morning," greeted Nancy, with the "come hither" smile in her eyes that was irresistible to both sexes—men and women naturally fell in love with Nancy at first sight; to both she was "a jolly good fellow."

"I hate these 'misty, moisty mornings,' don't you?" she queried, as the young man, visibly brightening, approached. "I want sunshine—though Uncle Bahama does say it's good to get

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Powerful "16" Racer Auto

Many a boy is going to be made happy with this Powerful "16" Racer Model Auto. Here's a gift for red-blooded boys, full of "pop" and speed, who like to run out in the open and fill their lungs with pure, clean, fresh air. Has every earmark of a regular automobile. Larger, smoother running, more easily operated than any toy automobile made. Sturdily built. Strength is riveted and bolted into every inch of its construction. So handsome and powerful that the lucky boy who owns it will want to keep right on playing with it hour after hour!

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Boy's Real Farm Wagon

See, fellows, isn't it a dandy? A fine, big wagon made just like a regular farm wagon.

\$1.00 Down

All kinds of fun! Can be used in many ways as seat, ends, sides and bottom are removable. The body is 18x35 inches over all; hardwood frame. The gearing is made like a farm wagon, with bent hounds and adjustable reach. All parts are ironed and well braced. Diameter, front wheels, 14 inches; rear wheels, 20 inches. Richly Finished. Half-inch rim; pressed steel hub caps and steel bushing inside hub; heavy welded firs, shrunk on and riveted; heavy steel axles. Stakes fitted with rings and trimmed with hand iron. Attractively painted in bright colors, gear in red with black stripings and box in dark green with yellow stripings. These wagons are made to use, they are very strong and are thoroughly suited to the rough and tumble play of a growing boy or a whole family of them. No. N4637A, \$1.00 down with the coupon; \$1.25 monthly. Christmas price, complete, \$1.98. No discount for cash. No C. O. D.

Operates with Dry Batteries or Any Electric Light Socket



Ives' Third-Rail Electric Train

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A Reason for Thanksgiving

By C. L. Chapman

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FOR what we are about to receive this Thanksgiving Day let us be truly thankful. Let us remember all the reasons we have for being thankful and forget all the reasons for being anything else.

A large part of the world is in a period of gloom, but we in America have much to be thankful for. An unprecedented era of prosperity is dawning on this country and will burst upon us as soon as our people settle down to business and accept the wonderful opportunity that is knocking at the Nation's door.

In the year 1799 America was taking a very gloomy view of itself. Times were hard, money scarce, some people could not earn a living, and as our own philosopher and economist, Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Be quiet and thankful."

What we need now is to stop industrial strife, be thankful and go to work, producing instead of striking.

Thanksgiving has ceased to be the day of solemn religious ceremony observed by the Pilgrims. If, with its ceremony, it has lost the old spirit and has become merely an occasion for feasting in pleasant company, then it is a change to be deplored. If, on the other hand it has become a day not only to count one's own blessings but to give a few to those less favored, we need not feel ashamed of the modern method of celebrating Thanksgiving.

It is the day for the most generous hospitality, the day not only for delightful family reunions, but for gathering in a few lonesome souls who no longer have families or who are stranded too far from home to make the journey a possible one.

To those who add to the hospitality of their own tables by sending baskets groaning with the good things to families who might find it difficult to discover a cause for gratitude otherwise, should express their prayers of thanksgiving in terms fraught with blessings to themselves as well as to others and have fully earned the privilege of enjoying their family dinners with their loved ones about them.

The origin of Thanksgiving may be traced back through the ages to the land of the Canaanites, for they gathered in the harvest and celebrated it by eating and drinking.

The same festival was celebrated by the Hebrews, they calling it the Feast of the Tabernacle, it being the principal celebration of the Jewish year.

The harvest festival of ancient Greece was much like the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacle and was celebrated by women only.

The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

the ground's face washed before you put in the cord."

"Fine weather for birds," replied young Mr. Muir, with a critical glance at the sky. "I say, Miss Dare," he continued, with frank abruptness, "why does Miss Talcott treat us poor Yankees with so much frigidity? Why does she scorn us as neighbors, who'd be neighborly, if she'd let us; and flout us as friends, when we're trying to carry out the Apostle Paul's precepts to show ourselves friendly. Can you tell me?"

"Why—er—" hesitated Nancy, stumbling for an answer to this impetuous demand, but he interrupted her.

"Do you know when I first saw Miss Talcott? It was away last fall, when I had run down to the place for a day before leaving for the West. See that vine hanging down—measly little fox-grapes? Well, she was trying her best to reach 'em; I saw, and—naturally—stopped and broke off a handful of bunches for her. And, Miss Dare, I swear to you it doesn't seem possible, after the 'splendidly null' face with which she greeted mother and me, but she smiled like—the sun. She was radiant, and beautiful, and altogether adorable looking. I'd give a good bit to see that look on her face once more. Reckon I can ever make it come back?"

"For pity's sake!" cried Nancy, "did you see her last fall? Why, she didn't say a word about you—not a word."

"Didn't make enough impression for her to remember me," gloomily observed David Muir. "But I remembered her, all right! Thought she was some city girl—who could see she was a city girl by her manner, and the graceful cut of her clothes, you know, and I didn't think I'd ever see her again. But I tell you I've thought of her a—"

"A right smart?" dimpled Nancy, with a twinkle in her eyes—the eyes that looked like his own. "That's what Uncle Bahama or Aunt Daphne would say, when doubtful about a choice of words to express what you evidently want to say. You know, we Yankees—I'm sure that my appearance must suggest 'baked beans, Boston and culture to everybody—we Yankees, when we come down South, are mighty apt to pick up the darkies' sayings as belonging to the F. F.'s—the Fust Families."

"Yes; I may say I've thought about that face a right smart," nodded David Muir, with an answering twinkle. "And the sight of you suggests a very lovely young lady, who is also a mighty good pal to the friends she chooses."

"Thanks," acknowledged Nancy, gravely. There was not a hint of the coquetry of which Eleanor accused her in eyes or voice, "I like for you to say that!"

"And I'd like—oh, immensely, to be honored with your friendship," continued David Muir, eagerly. "Even though Miss Talcott will have none of me," he added, wistfully.

"All right," agreed Nancy, holding out a friendly hand which he grasped heartily, "I'll promise to be—an ally? Is that what you want?" And she smiled understandingly. "But I don't know that I can be of much use, in that way. You know, as old Bahama says, 'We quality-folks is powerful poor, but we's powerful proud!' I find that the same applies to 'quality-folks' of a different complexion."

"I won't dare come a-visiting again," smiled the other, "and I won't dare send gifts—to Miss Talcott, that is, but mayn't I to you?"

"No—mercy me, no!" cried Nancy, in dismay. "Because, you know, it would just break poor Eleanor's heart to know how much I'd enjoy 'em."

"Then, maybe I could come to see—you?" hesitated David Muir, but Nancy promptly and decisively shook her head.

"You can't do that," she said, "greatly as I'd like it. For I don't mind telling you that I'm engaged to a man in the hardware business, who's merely waiting for a raise—a drummer, in other words, and the dearest fellow on this terrestrial ball. Eleanor'd never forgive me—she'd think I was false to poor John, and utterly unworthy of his heart! But I'll meet you clandestinely. Mr. Muir, whenever I can, so long as it is on the public road and in the broad daylight," and Nancy laughed at the thought of such meetings being termed clandestine.

"I think that drummer-man is to be greatly envied," said Mr. Muir, with a smile of congratulation. "I wish I knew him—and I wish I were in the hardware business, so that I could give him the necessary raise. And I sincerely appreciate the 'clandestine' meetings you're to allow me!"

Lifting his hat with rather a rueful smile, David Muir passed on to where his groom awaited with horse and gun, and Nancy, sighing a bit

The Romans worshipped their harvest deity Ceres.

In England the autumnal festival was called Harvest Home, which has been traced back to the time of the early Saxons. In addition to the fixed autumnal festivals, extraordinary festivals were proclaimed in England upon special occasions such as the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the discovery of the Guy Fawkes "gunpowder plot," and the recovery of George III from his fit of insanity. In fact, the days of thanksgiving grew so numerous and so hilarious as to interfere with the more serious affairs of life.

"There is a tradition, that in the planting of New England," wrote Benjamin Franklin, "the first settlers met with many hardships, many difficulties, as is generally the case when a civilized people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, in laying their wants and distresses before the Lord, in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented, and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, when a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened, that the earth began to reward their labor and furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy, and, above all, that they were there in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious. He, therefore, thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable as tending more to make them contented with their situation, and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed the Divine Being if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving."

"His advice was taken, and from that day to this they have in every year observed circumstances of felicity sufficient to furnish employment of a Thanksgiving Day, which is therefore constantly ordered and religiously observed."

The same spirit should animate our people today, and they have far greater reason for it, for the only troubles that face them now are of their own making. The world markets are calling for our products and every industry is prospering except those that are tied up by strikes.

for the flesh-pots of her neighbor, slipped John's letter in the rural delivery box, stuck up the flag, and went back to the pleasant fire which Daphne, the light-footed, managed to keep glowing brightly and warmly, with the twigs and rotten branches of the old trees in the grove. Daphne was a treasure for which Eleanor and Nancy gave daily thanks.

Mrs. Muir, as a matter of course, called no more during her brief stay at Green Lands, for Eleanor did not return her visit. The mistress of the big place returned, with her retinue of servants and her household of guests, in a few weeks, to her home in the North. David Muir stayed on till the hunting season was over, in the early spring.

Many times he and Nancy met "clandestinely," holding pleasant converse in friendly fashion about many topics of common interest, and always ending by discussing Eleanor, and her stubborn pride which was, declared Nancy, ruefully, getting stronger all the time.

"I wonder," wistfully pondered David Muir, "how long it will be before she'll meet me as an equal? Just now I feel immeasurably her inferior—and I think she so considers me."

"Don't you believe it," declared Nancy, "she'd be only too glad to meet you as an equal—to have you and your mother for friends, if she could do so without realizing her poverty. If she were as rich as her folks were in the old days—my sakes! we'd surely have good times, for Eleanor is the soul of hospitality. But you know, my dear child, that one naturally doesn't want to dine with Lucullus on mallard and quail, and invite him to a feast of rabbit and corn-bread."

"She needn't invite me to dinner, if you consider she a Lucullus—all I want is to see her and talk to her—evenings would be fine. And, now that the mater's gone home, of course I can't invite her to dine, you know."

"Oh, you literal young simpleton!" sighed Nancy, with an affectionate pat on his coat-sleeve. "I like you a heap, boy, but I can't give you any encouragement in the matter of Eleanor—not unless a miracle were to happen."

"Well, I'm obliged to go home tomorrow," the young man replied, soberly. "But I'll come back—and I'm thinking maybe I won't wait for the shooting in the fall. Maybe something'll happen to soften the princess—I'm a great believer in the old adage: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!' I learned it at school, when I was six, and it's the only poetry I can remember—I try to live up to it, too."

So David Muir went back to the North, and the days passed uneventfully on the Talcott plantation. But at last something happened that was, Nancy declared, the very last straw—the camel's back was smashed to smithereens!

Neddy, the mule, feeling the springtime in his veins, leaped friskily over the frail fence that confined him, one beautiful night when the moon was bright, and wandered abroad to seek new forage, finding it in the greenly growing fields belonging to the Muir estate!

When Bahama went to his stall next morning, he found Neddy in the throes of acute indigestion from the unaccustomed diet of the night.

Bahama trotted to the house as fast as his old legs would carry him, to tell the woeful tidings to Eleanor. "Dut muel is done eat sump'n didn't gree wid him, Miss Eleanor, and he powerful bad off wid de colic," panted Bahama. "Don't you reckon I better run down to Mr. Jake Louder's store and ax him for some pain-killer?"

The two girls were at breakfast; Daphne, drifting in with a plate of delicious corn-meal batter-cakes, promptly responded.

"Mr. Louder don't know what to do for mules no more'n me," quoth Daphne, the capable. "I'll go fix up a drench right now—red-pepper tea, gunpowder and bakin'-soda. Ain't you got no sense, Bahama, dat you done forgot how we-all used to doctor our stock—when we had stock on de plantation?"

"Been so long I done forgot," declared the relieved Bahama. "But you better hurry up, ole 'oman, for dat muel is powerful bad off."

"You kin rub him id a rail whiles I makin' de drench," calmly informed his spouse, as she glided lightly away in the direction of the kitchen.

"Nancy, oh, Nancy, do you reckon Neddy will die?" whispered Eleanor, with tragic eyes. "What would we do if he were to die right in the beginning of the season?"

"Well, seeing that he's only making corn for his own forage, I don't know that it would matter greatly," said Nancy, with what Eleanor considered unkind flippancy. "It might prove to be a blessing in disguise, honey!"

But Neddy did not die, though he came pretty close to the danger line, Bahama—who tried osteopathy upon him with a rail—declared. Daphne's drench was so horrible that Neddy—after his head was tied up with a rope, and the bottle containing the drench forced between his teeth by Daphne, who had to stand in the feed-trough to reach him—forgot his stomach-ache in the greater pain of the awful dose.

"He's all right now," declared Daphne, as she climbed warily down from her perch in the feed-trough. "He'll be as good as new in about an hour or so."

"Thank heaven!" breathed Eleanor, relievedly. She and Nancy had stood near, watching the administering of the dose with fearful interest, but powerless to aid. "But what in the world gave him the colic, Uncle Bahama?"

"Dis here fence is done smashed in where he jumped over," decided Daphne, critically viewing the demolished rails that had kept Neddy within bounds. "I reckon he done got in somebody's field and eat too much green stuff."

Bahama scratched his head thoughtfully. "De Lord knows I hope he ain't got into none o' dat Yankee white man's patches," he exclaimed, with fervor. "I ain't got no use for a poor-white Yankee like dat air overseer what Mr. Muir got, dat I ain't! I hope Neddy done gone on down to Mr. Jake Louder's, caze he won't be apt to charge for de corn, or whatesoever he eat up."

"I'll certainly pay damages," declared Eleanor, and Nancy averred that if such were the case, it would be the first time Mr. Louder didn't charge!

But alas! as Neddy already knew, and Bahama's guess proved true; it was not in the patch of Mr. Louder but in the highly-titled fields belonging to the Muir plantation that the damage was wrought, as Eleanor was soon to know.

The manager of Green Lands rode over as soon as he had visited his fields and found out the extent of Neddy's depredations. He was not a gentleman, by birth, breeding or instinct, this "poor-white Yankee," but he was a most excellent employee, and he looked well after the ways of the plantation, and the interests of his employer.

Eleanor, watching the languid Neddy convalescing in his lot, beheld the approach of the overseer, Bahama, trailing at his heels, with severe dismay, though her delicate face betrayed no token of her feelings. The dainty head held its usual proud poise, the velvet-brown eyes looked calmly upon the irate overseer, who briefly informed her that he came to say the damage her mule had done to the young crops amounted to at least a hundred dollars!

"The old rascal got in the garden," explained the manager, "and has devoured young vegetables that can't be replaced—too late to replant. We raise them early to ship North, to Mrs. Muir. Lettuce, young peas, carrots—everything in ruins, for what he couldn't eat he trampled on, so that they are crushed and useless. What are you going to do about it, ma'am?"

"She certainly is not going to take your appraisal," flashed Nancy, fire in her eyes and wrath in her heart, "which fluttered with fear at the thought that perhaps Eleanor would take the man's valuation of his crops, after all—Eleanor had such quixotic ideas of right and wrong! 'Somebody else will have to set a value on the things, of course.'"

And then Eleanor did just what Nancy, in her secret heart, feared she would do!

"I take it for granted that you speak the truth," she said, in calm, icy tones, "and that you have set a just value on your vegetables. Wait here, and I will write you a check for the amount."

And, just as though she had a fortune in the bank, Eleanor walked calmly into the house, wrote the check, and—oblivious of Nancy's pitiful protests, handed it to the man with the air of a royal princess who bestows a favor upon a subject!

The manager received it in much the manner a subject would have done, for he, amazed at the sight of the check—which he had not the slightest idea of receiving—felt that this graciously proud lady who gave checks so readily, must be masquerading—she must have money, even though she chose to live in such a forsaken hole as the old Talcott house.

But Eleanor, knowing the pitiful balance left when the hundred dollar check should be cashed, knew that the end was in sight—sooner or later she must tell Nancy to go away to her John, and her work in the big city, and leave her alone—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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24x4 1/2	.. 12.75 .. 4.08	24x5	.. 15.90 .. 4.22
24x5	.. 11.95 .. 3.79	24x5 1/2	.. 16.50 .. 4.28
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Types of Clutches

BECAUSE the power must be applied gradually, friction type of clutches are generally used in connection with the gasoline internal combustion motor. A few types of magnetic clutches have also appeared on some makes of cars. However, this type might be considered as in its experimental stage and, therefore, will not be taken into consideration at this time. The friction clutch may be found in various forms. The type is considered ideal as it permits a certain amount of slipping before taking hold, thereby applying the power or drive gradually. On the other hand, if the clutch did not yield to a certain extent and applied the load immediately, the result would be hard on the entire driving mechanism and objectionable to the occupants of the car. The effect obtained with this type of clutch could be compared to the bucking of a bronco. The cone clutch is the simplest of the friction series. It consists of a large cup, sometimes formed in the flywheel, and a cone to register with the cup. The cup is referred to as the female member and is always attached to the engine. The cone is referred to as the male member and is coupled to drive the transmission. Usually the cone is fitted with a leather facing which is treated to insure gradual engagement with the cup. When the clutch is in the driving position, the two members (cup and cone) are held together by spring tension. When the clutch pedal is depressed the linkage moves the cone away from the cup, thereby allowing the engine to turn over without transmitting the power through the gear set to the rear wheels. The disc type of friction clutch is the one most generally adopted by automobile engineers. This type usually consists of two sets of discs, one set having a facing on each side of the disc and

is possible to use the tire until its fabric is worn through. In most instances the liner may be removed and cemented into another casing. It is also claimed that due to the extra thickness of fabric a tire equipped with an inner liner is almost immune from punctures.

Loss of Power

When loss of power is noticed, any of the following may be the cause: brakes set, improper carburetor adjustment, carbonization of the cylinders, excessive heat, lack of oil, flooded carburetor or lack of compression.

Engine Overheating

Should the engine have a tendency to overheat, any of the following might be the cause: fan belt loose or broken, driving with retarded spark, ignition incorrectly timed, valves incorrectly timed, carburetor out of adjustment, sediment in radiator, water pump impeller broken, obstructions in front of radiator, lack of oil, dragging brakes, slipping clutch or racing engine on low gear. To determine whether the water is circulating, remove the radiator cap and while the motor is running, see whether there is a good delivery into the upper tank of the radiator.

Ammeter Troubles

In case the ammeter should show a flow of current (the indicator finger is not at zero) when all the switches are turned off, it is always advisable to determine first if the ammeter is at fault. This is accomplished by disconnecting all wires attaching to the ammeter and noting whether the reading continues the same or if the finger returns to zero. If, when the instrument is taken out of the electrical circuit, the reading is not changed, the trouble lies in the instrument and should receive expert attention. If, on the other hand, the finger returns to zero, the trouble does not lie in the ammeter and the car wiring should be examined thoroughly for short circuits.

Should the ammeter ever show a discharge reading when it should be showing a charge reading—that is, the reading is discharged when the generator is running and charge when it is idle—the indication is that the connections somewhere in the circuit have been switched. It may be that the wires were not attached to the proper terminals at the ammeter. Although such a condition can do no harm, to avoid confusion it is better to locate the switched wires and correct the difficulty.

Stubborn Valve Cap

Many times a valve cap which has not been disturbed for a long time will resist all efforts to dislodge it. One of the easiest methods for handling a stubborn valve cap is to run the motor until it is thoroughly warmed up and then pour cold water in the cup portion of the cap. The water causes the contraction of the cap and if a wrench be applied immediately the cap can be turned out.

Magnetized Tools

Even the small boy knows that a piece of steel or iron will stick to the end of the horseshoe magnet. It therefore will not require much thought on the part of the motorist to understand that if certain tools be magnetized much time and temper can be saved when doing certain work on the automobile. For example: rub a strong horseshoe magnet over the end of a long screw-driver, which will instantly become magnetized. Small screws difficult to handle with the fingers will adhere to the end of the screw-driver, also small metal parts dropped in the underpan can readily be extracted without waste of time or soiling the workman's clothing.

Questions Answered

I am troubled by the water boiling in the radiator of my 1916 model Chevrolet car. Is it caused by imperfect circulation? If I should install a new radiator would it remedy the difficulty?

G. D. C., Denver, Ill.
There are several probable causes for the overheating of your motor. Perhaps the most common is due to the distributor being timed late. The distributor should be timed so that the breaker points open at the exact time the piston reaches its uppermost position on the compression stroke. The fault is sometimes found due to the carburetor being adjusted for too rich a mixture. However, if the motor operates properly, the chances are that the trouble is not due to the carburetor. Make certain that the fan belt is tight. It might be advisable to bend the fan blades a trifle so as to cause more cool air to pass through the radiator. Care must be exercised, however, not to bend the blades to the extent which will allow them to strike the radiator. It might be to your advantage to remove the pet cock at the bottom of the water connection and after the water is all drained out to thoroughly flush the radiator and water jacket in the motor with pressure from a garden hose. This would remove all sediment which might collect in the radiator. After this is done, the pet cock should be replaced and the radiator filled with water. Start motor and allow it to run until water at top of radiator becomes hot. If the water does not circulate properly it would remain cold at the bottom of radiator for a long time. In case the water does not circulate through the radiator, the radiator should be removed and sent to the manufacturer for repair. The manufacturer's name is stamped on the metal plate on the back of radiator.

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Easy Seller—Big Profits
Work spare time or full time. Every man or woman, young or old, can sell this wonderful line of guaranteed hosiery.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

There are factories where they make fences, furniture, screen doors, baskets, suspenders, gloves and knitting mills.

Wishing good luck to all of COMFORT's readers,
Mrs. Wm. FIDLER.

WALKER, ARIZONA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and talk with you for there are many things I want to say. I should like to discuss the beauties of nature with Busy Girl for I love nature in all her moods. When a child in the east (New York) I, too, loved the old orchard. I live now in the mountains of Arizona with a creek singing its song just below my house—which I am building myself. Busy Girl, if you live up to your letter your life should be filled with happiness.

The request in March COMFORT from the editor: "What did you with little money do to make your home more beautiful?" I got a hammer and saw and went to work. Were you ever in a mining camp? Do you know the kind of cabins most of the families live in? Have you seen the countless thousands of tin cans thrown in most of the back yards? If so, then you know what I mean when I say I went to work. One of our richest blessings is home and we can't do too much to improve and beautify it. Our homes show our personalities, the outside even more than the inside is seen by many and they get their impressions from it. If you own your home you can work wonders at small cost. Look the house over and see where you can build a porch or screened living-room for there is nothing which appeals to me more than a cozy, open living-room, free from flies, with a few comfortable rockers, an easy couch and a table for books and papers. If you have no fireplace, build a big chimney of rocks on the outside of the house and use rocks inside if you are where rocks "grow." Make a driveway at one side and a side entrance with a little porch over it. Look the outside of your home over and see where the shape of the rooms can be improved upon; where a partition can be taken out between sitting-room and parlor, making a big living-room. Build a fireplace with a seat at one side large enough to lie down upon and rest. At the other side build in a writing desk and bookcase. Don't forget the little things so much needed at a desk, a penknife that will sharpen pencils, paper cutter, ruler, ink eraser, mulligan, calendar, pens and ink, and a waste-basket. Have a library table for the reading lamp and magazines and comfortable chairs or rockers for each member of the family. Have handy a little sewing table for your work. If your husband smokes, as mine does, have beside his chair a small cabinet for his tobacco and matches, with a place for his book. Have plenty of windows, the more the better. Brown is a beautiful color for a living-room but the room must be well lighted or the effect will be dingy and unpleasant. A rug in brown, light tan, old rose and blue looks well in a room with the side walls, two shades of brown with portieres and window draperies of plain or figured material to match light colors in rug. Have a few good pictures. The kitchen needs special planning so that it won't be necessary to take too many steps in doing the work. Your work table and dish cloths should be in one place and a built-in cabinet by the stove so your tea, coffee and breakfast foods are where you use them and it makes a place to set things while cooking.

When fixing up your guest room don't forget a small writing desk for as a rule the guest wants to write home and tell the folks she arrived safely and is having the loveliest time.

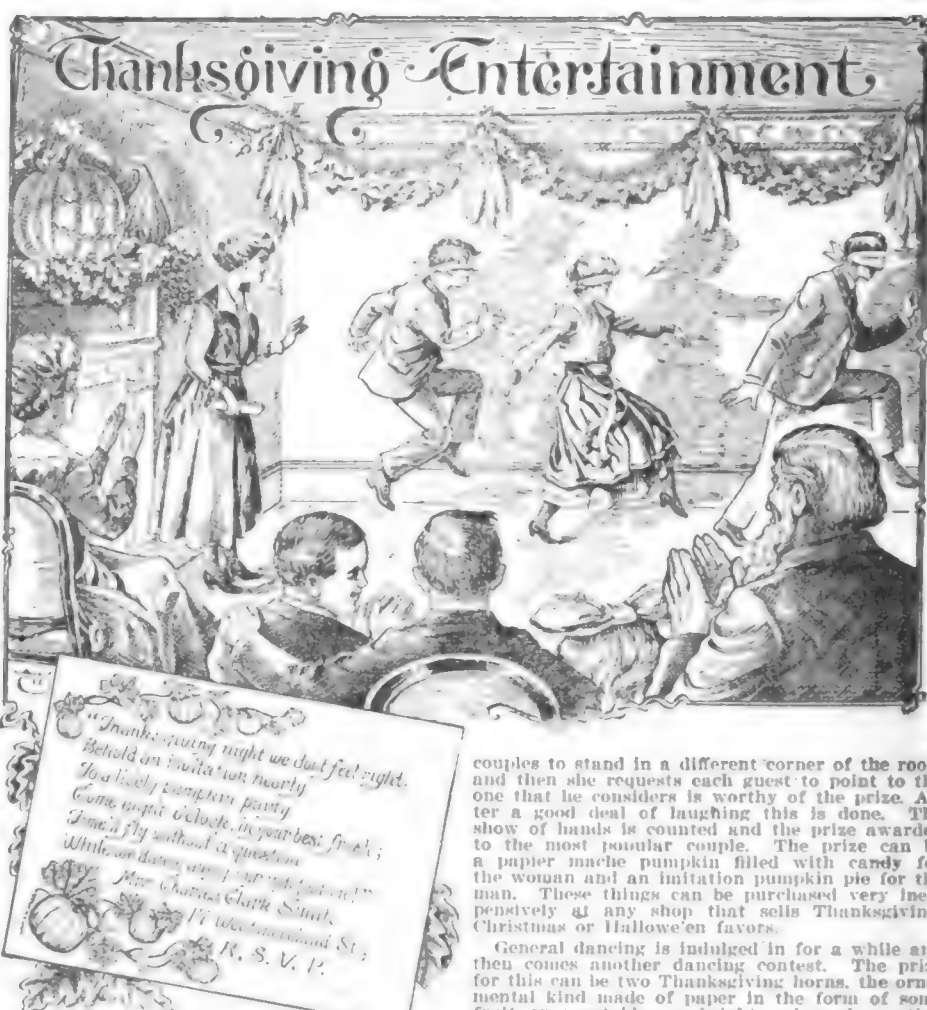
All these things may sound expensive but they are not. If you or any member of the family are handy with tools you can make many pieces of furniture that are useful and good looking. Because it requires work is the reason so many homes go unimproved but if you get started you'll be long before the rest of the family will get interested.

There are places where you can send your old carpets and clothing and have them made into good-looking and long-wearing rugs at a small cost.

If you don't understand exactly what will be suitable, get a bungalow book and study the most attractive designs. Have lots of windows. Does the house need paint? So many don't seem to realize that to keep their buildings well painted is business and makes the buildings last much longer. Improvements make your property worth more and more salable. To be beautiful everything must be well kept, lawn, flowers, vines and trees. Don't have unsightly places in your back yard, a wood pile, tin cans or ashes. If you have an outside earth toilet, use your ashes in it and keep it spread thickly so flies can't breed there. The fly in the ashes kills the germs. Dig a deep pit with smooth sides, bank the outside well and keep tight. Make covers for seats and keep covered. Safety first! Protect your family from the terribly contagious diseases that come from such places, particularly through fly season, which is most of the year around in the West. Millions of these filthy insects breed in this filth and then go directly to your dining-room and kitchen and track over your food, into the baby's milk and over its face while on their feet are millions of deadly germs. Uncle Sam is working hard to improve the health standard so it's up to each one of us to help him. The heart of the world is health, happiness, home and beauty.

I have lived in different mining towns for the last five years and at one mine they gave us a tent house, twelve by fourteen feet, to live in and it was nearly ready to fall to pieces from age and neglect. I stood it three weeks and then I got a saw and a hammer and went to work. Don't laugh, but they all did. It was boarded up four feet and the rest was canvas in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



By Harriet Burleigh

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THE average state of mind on Thanksgiving Day is not unlike that of the hired man Kate Douglas Wiggin tells about in one of her early stories. This individual had a pronounced objection to getting up in the morning and, at last, he so exhausted the patience of even the good-natured "help" that she went to his room, banged on the door and said reprovingly, "Hiram, I should think you'd be ashamed to lay abed so late."

Whereas Hiram remarked, "I be ashamed but I'd rather be ashamed than git up."

Now "the belongings of this objection" says in the application on it" as another famous writer once observed. We are all ashamed of over-eating and know perfectly well that such indulgence brings on indigestion, rheumatism and all sorts of ills, but on this one day in all the year everything tastes so good that we feel as if we should rather "be ashamed" than eat moderately.

For all sorts of table indiscretions, big or little, there is no more efficacious remedy than exercise and so it follows that the most thoroughly enjoyable entertainments for Thanksgiving evening are more or less lively ones.

Nowadays almost everybody dances and as this is really the most delightful way to exercise why not give a pumpkin dance on Thanksgiving night?

It adds to the general jollity of the occasion to send out very informal sorts of invitations. These are white cards embellished, top and bottom with big yellow pumpkins cut out of yellow paper and pasted on. Between the decorations is the following doggerel:

"Thanksgiving night we don't feel right;
Behold an invitation hearty
To a lively pumpkin party.
Come right o'clock, in your best frock;
Time'll fly without a question
While we dance away our indigestion!"

Mrs. Charles Clark Smith,
17 Westmoreland St.,
R. S. V. P.

After reading such an invitation even the most conventional of guests feels that he must leave his stiffness at home and prepare for "high jinks" and this, naturally adds to the joy of the occasion.

Remove the rugs and most of the furniture from the living-room or whichever room in the house has the largest floor space but leave a few chairs ranged along the walls for the spectators. The floor should be waxed to make it suitable for dancing. The walls should be decorated like a harvest home festival with festoons of autumn leaves and ears of yellow corn arranged in effective groups between. On the center of the mantel stands a huge pumpkin hollowed out to form a grinning Jack-o'-lantern and on each side of this are banded egg plants, smaller pumpkins, crook necks, red apples, big bunches of Concord grapes and other fruits and vegetables of late autumn.

When the guests are all assembled let them have a preliminary dance to "break the ice" and then announce that during the first five minutes of the next music all the guests will kindly remain in their seats and admire the dancing of Miss Jones with Mr. Green, Mrs. White with Mr. West, etc., naming four couples, and that a prize will be given to the couple whose dancing is the most interesting to the company.

While the couples mentioned are gasping with surprise and beginning to murmur objections they were in complete ignorance of the ordeal in store for them—the hostess glibly continues that she hopes the first of the martyrs will come forward quickly as everyone in the room is to be called upon before the evening is over and therefore the first to suffer should congratulate themselves and remember that "he laughs best who laughs last."

If they enter properly into the spirit of the thing the dancers will try to interpolate a few fancy steps into the one step, the tango or whatever the first dance may be. A one-step is usually the best music to start with as this is such a simple dance it lends itself readily to variations. At the end of five minutes a bell is rung and the hostess asks each of the four contesting

couples to stand in a different corner of the room and then she requests each guest to point to the one that he considers is worthy of the prize. After a good deal of laughing this is done. The show of hands is counted and the prize awarded to the most popular couple. The prize can be a paper mache pumpkin filled with candy for the woman and an imitation pumpkin pie for the man. These things can be purchased very inexpensively at any shop that sells Thanksgiving, Christmas or Halloween favors.

General dancing is indulged in for a while and then comes another dancing contest. The prize for this can be two Thanksgiving horns, the ornamental kind made of paper in the form of some fruit or vegetables, a bright red apple, a tiny pumpkin, a lettuce, a cabbage or even a turnip. The apples and the pumpkins are on account of their gay colors, by far the prettiest. There is a whistle in the mouth end of each of these horns and some of them emit an ear-splitting scream while others make a noise not unlike a very melancholy motor horn.

Let the contests continue until everybody in the room has taken part but do not let them get tiresome, run them in between the general dancing.

A very amusing Thanksgiving entertainment can be given for people who do not dance by using the same invitation card but substituting the word "laugh" for the word "dance" in the last line of the doggerel.

The first game after the guests have assembled is a pumpkin race, six or eight players can take part according to the size of the room. Procure the same number of very small yellow pumpkins—squashes will do, nobody but a farmer knows the difference or buy some tiny artificial pumpkins. Pin a long piece of tape on the floor for the race course of each pumpkin. The "stunt" is to see which of the contestants can chase the pumpkin along a line with the fewest strokes of a cane. Small prizes are given the successful contestant in each group and a grand prize is awarded to the persons who excel all others in the performance of this task. If preferred only this last prize can be given but it usually adds to the interest to give some little trifle at the completion of each contest.

Another very hilarious version of the pumpkin race is to have two players only race at a time instead of six or eight. Each is given a long-handled wooden spoon and a tiny pumpkin and then both have their eyes bandaged. The object of the contest is to see which of the two can roll the pumpkin across the floor first. As neither player can see where he or she is going the result is always very diverting to the spectators. A woman is matched against a man in this game until all have had a turn. The sex with most points to its credit then draws lots for the prize.

Stringing pumpkin seeds and colored beads together in necklaces is the next contest. A prize is awarded to the person who can make the most artistic necklace in a given time and the necklaces are kept by each contestant as a souvenir.

Then there is a left-handed contest and last of all an obstacle race. The first mentioned is very simple but none the less difficult for all that. Pencil and paper are given to each guest and each is asked to write a short message to the host or hostess with his left hand. A prize is given for the most legible writing. If any naturally left-handed people are present they must in all fairness be barred from this contest.

The obstacle race can end the evening with a hearty laugh at the expense of a few who certainly will not mind it. The hostess asks for volunteers for an obstacle race. A hassock, a rolled up rug, a low stool, a shirt-waist box, etc., are placed at uneven intervals along one side of the room. This makes the course and the idea, so the contestants are made to think, is to go around or jump over these things and see which one gets to the end of the room in the shortest space of time while he or she is blindfolded. After the course is all arranged each contestant is brought in before the bandage is adjusted over his eyes and allowed to see exactly what he is going to be up against. The wise contestant usually makes a mental picture of all the obstacles in the way and often he even paces them off to make sure of their exact locations when he is blindfolded. When everybody who is to take part has had this chance, the contestants are all sent into another room and their eyes blindfolded. In the meantime every hassock, rug, box or other obstacle has been removed from the course and there is nothing there. The contestants are admitted two or three at a time and give their word of honor not to cheat by looking under their bandages. They proceed cautiously, making long detours where the highest obstacles were and often jumping over the lowest ones. As these obstacles are by this time entirely imaginary the effect of all this is very funny. When they reach the end of the course the bandages are removed and the expression of bewilderment on each contestant's face when he sees the condition of affairs is very ludicrous.

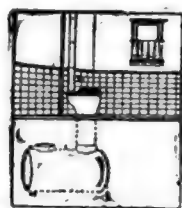
For obvious reasons all refreshments served at Thanksgiving night festivities should be simple. Tiny individual pumpkin pies baked in patty pans should make the first course and the second can be ice-cream and cake with black coffee or lemonade. If orange ice, chocolate and vanilla cream is frozen in tiny pumpkin shapes it carries out the pumpkin idea delightfully, but this is really not at all necessary.

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DEPT. 537, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and hear the rest of what I have to tell you." Beryl was like a person transformed. Her lovely face was aglow, her eyes were like stars, and she was trembling in an ecstasy of suddenly awakened hope.

"You have given Mr. Berdine reason to hope that you would yield to his entreaties and consent to marry him," continued Irma Lee. "If you still love Neil Preston, to do such a thing even out of pity and gratitude would be to wrong both him and yourself; aye, and Berdine and me. Mr. Preston, at this very moment, is on his way to Sunset Ranch—"

"Neil—coming here?" murmured Beryl, scarcely believing her ears.

"Yes."

"But he does not know where I am!"

"He does know, for I met him in San Francisco last evening and told him. Berdine, as I have already informed you, is also coming. You must settle this matter with him, once and for all, before the man you love appears on the scene."

Beryl, blinded by the happy tears that suffused her eyes, sank to her knees. Often, in the bitterness of despair, her heart had rebelled against the cruel fate which seemed to have taken her darling from her; now, at last, she was brought to know how unnecessary had been her sorrow, how unjust her repining.

"You have suffered," said Irma Lee, bending over her, "needlessly suffered, and all because of the machinations of Nicholas Berdine. Do not forget this in your coming interview with him; and do not fail, at that time, to conceal the source of your information. If you desire proof of what I have told you concerning Mr. Preston, you will find it in this paper."

Simultaneously with the last words a folded newspaper was pressed into Beryl's hand; and when her sight cleared, she saw that Irma Lee had vanished as suddenly as she had come. The paper proved to be a San Francisco daily. On the first page was a marked article containing an account of the recent arrival from Skaguay, Alaska of the steamer *Argonaut*. Among the list of returning passengers was the name of Neil Preston!

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

"Beryl! My little sweetheart!"

It was Berdine's voice. He was mounting the veranda steps, his face aglow with eagerness, his hands outstretched toward Beryl, who had just risen from the hammock. The girl had expected him the evening before, but he had arrived late. He and a man who had come with him, had had a midnight supper with Mr. Jackman. All three had retired in the wee small hours.

Beryl, through the open windows of her room on the second floor, had heard the voices of the three in low conversation. Mr. Berdine had been at the ranch several times since Beryl had been the guest of the ranchman and his wife; and Beryl had imagined that these visits measured the length of Berdine's acquaintance with Mr. Jackman. She was a little surprised, therefore, at the prolonged talk which the three men had had in the dining-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackman and Beryl, served by the Chinese cook had had their breakfast long before Mr. Berdine and his companion were astir. Following the meal, Beryl had been waiting and nerving herself for the interview which she knew could not be much longer postponed. Now it was at hand, and it found her ready.

"Wait, Mr. Berdine," said Beryl, fluttering her hand with a restraining gesture.

Clad in a simple white gown, with a pale rose at her breast, Beryl had never looked more entrancingly lovely than she did at that moment. Her beauty was a lure to the man, beckoning him on even as her imperious manner repelled him.

Berdine was abashed and bewildered. He stood for a time as her words had left him, one foot on the edge of the veranda, and the other on the step below.

"Why," he returned, "what do you mean, Beryl? What sort of greeting is this for your affianced husband?"

"Not that!" she cried vehemently.

"But you promised me—"

"I promised you nothing, Mr. Berdine. Search your memory, and you will not find that, by word or deed have I ever given you the least encouragement."

Berdine was like one stunned. Suddenly he dismissed his wonder with a shrug, mounted the last step, and seated himself on the veranda rail.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "What sort of a tangent have you gone off on now, Miss Grayson? Will you go so far as to say there was no understanding between us? In pursuance of that understanding I have come from Denver to make you my wife. Your treatment of me, I must say, is decidedly cool. What has happened? If I read the signs aright, some one has been setting you against me."

"There was no understanding, Mr. Berdine," persisted Beryl, quite calmly, "but I think it is high time we had one now."

"I grant you that, my dear," said he easily. A flush of hot indignation swept through her rounded cheeks.

"Those terms of affection," she said, "are out of place—even were you the loyal friend of my father which you have led me to believe. I cannot listen to any more of them."

He gave a low whistle, and settled back against the veranda post. His narrowing eyes were filled with a bold, gloating insolence that aroused her loathing. She wondered, then, why she had needed those words of Irma Lee's to show her the true nature of this man. Ah, she had been blind, blind!

"I was grateful to you, Mr. Berdine," Beryl went on, "for what I supposed was kindness extended to me on my father's account. You took for granted very much more than you had any warrant to do. You knew, at the time Mr. Preston went to Alaska, that—that I was engaged to him; and I have told you again and again that all my heart is his."

"Neil Preston has passed from the scene," said he. "I saw an account of his demise in a Skaguay paper, and the man Gorsline verified it."

"The man Gorsline," she said, drawing herself to her full height, "did not tell the truth. I believe, Mr. Berdine, that he never went to Alaska at all, and that he brought me that wretched story at your instigation."

A muttered anathema fell from Berdine's lips. Another moment and he had sprung to his feet.

"Who says that?" he roughly demanded. "Who has been talking to you?"

"That is beside the question," Beryl's nerves were tingling with excitement, but her resolution did not waver. She pointed to a newspaper lying in the hammock. "That paper," she continued, "gives an account of the arrival at San Francisco of the steamer *Argonaut*, and Neil's name is among the list of returning passengers."

He breathed a malediction under his breath. "The time has come, Mr. Berdine, when we must be perfectly frank with each other. I cannot be your wife. If I never stated this before as emphatically as I should have done, it was because I thought you had been good to me, and I hesitated to wound your feelings."

At that, his anger got the better of him. "By Heaven," he cried fiercely, "you shall marry me! I am not the man to be trifled with by a bit of a girl. I love you; you are the one woman in all the world I want for my own. No power can take you from me!"

More and more was Berdine revealing the nature which he had up to then kept studiously in the background. Beryl was horrified at the hideous treachery his words suggested.

"When I was ill in Denver," she continued, in a low tone, "just after the man Gorsline had come to me with his terrible falsehood, you had me removed from the miserable place where abject poverty had forced me to live, secured the best medical attention, and had a trained nurse come to take care of me. You did this, you said, because you and my father had been like brothers, and you could not bear to see Leroy Grayson's daughter sick and in want."

He laughed, and it was a laugh that gave the lie to his former pretensions.

"When I grew well enough to return to work," she resumed, "you would not listen to my returning to the grinding toil of the book bindery, with its mere pittance of wages, but sought to persuade me to live for a few weeks on your bounty. This I would not do, and I thank Heaven from the bottom of my heart that I was strong enough not to let myself be beguiled. Then you secured me a place as cloak model in the great establishment of Stein & Fetterman. At that time I believed you ever thoughtful, ever kind; and it was simply the fear of what people might think that led me to leave Denver and come to Sunset Ranch when Mr. Jackman offered me a home. You were doing too much for me, and I felt that I could not wound you by telling you so."

"You fancied that by coming here you could get away from me, eh?" The words were a taunt, and half concealed a sneer.

"I fancied that your generosity was carrying you into deep waters," she answered, resting one little hand over her wildly beating heart, "and I had hoped that when I came to Sunset Ranch you would understand my position and be generous enough to respect it."

"I was not to be shaken off so easily," said he, with a triumphant leer. "I have loved you, my little beauty, from the moment I first saw you running that stitching machine in the bindery; and I vowed then that, in spite of fate, you should one day be mine. Nor have I spent so much time and money on you merely to be turned aside by your sudden caprice."

"Am I to understand, then, that what you did was less for my father's sake than for the purpose of forwarding your own base designs?"

"You are to understand what you please," he brutally replied, "providing you do not overlook the fact that you are in my power, and that I am here to make you my wife!"

He took a step toward her, and she retreated before him.

"I am not in your power!" she cried. "I have but to raise my voice and Mr. Jackman will come to my aid. Do not touch me! Do not dare lay your hands upon me! Oh, I know what you are now, and I shall not rest until you have been paid back every penny you have spent upon me!"

Berdine, his dark face full of passion, advanced rapidly toward her. She evaded him with a quick movement, and called loudly for Mr. Jackman.

"You may call till you are hoarse, my pretty temptress," said Berdine mockingly, "but little good it will do you. I shall take you in my arms and snatch my first tribute from your red lips."

A second more and the scoundrel might have accomplished his purpose; but there came a cry of anger, a stalwart form darted around the corner, leaped up the veranda steps, caught Berdine by the shoulders, and flung him at full length on the boards.

"Beryl, my darling!"

She stared, her eyes wide with joy and stunned surprise, her small hands fluttering about her throat.

"Neil," she whispered, sinking into the outstretched arms that were waiting for her, "at last, at last!"

It was indeed Neil Preston, fortunately come at the very moment Beryl needed him most. Supporting his sweetheart with one arm, Neil shook a clenched fist over the scowling face of Berdine.

"You scoundrel," he cried; "unless you wish further punishment, begone! I have returned from the North in time to foil your villainous plans, but have a care lest you tempt me too far. Out of my sight, you cur!"

Berdine picked himself up slowly, and backed down the steps of the porch. His face was fairly livid with rage and hate.

"When I mark out my trail, Neil Preston," said he fiercely, "I follow it to the bitter end! For the moment, luck is with you; but my opportunity will come!"

"Go!" ordered Neil Preston, and Nicholas Berdine turned on his heel and hastily strode away.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOTTERS.

Berdine, in spite of his despicable private character, was no coward; but he was at all times a man of discretion. He had not retaliated upon Neil Preston with force, choosing rather to bide his time and gain his revenge in another and more terrible way.

"My plans have gone awry," he muttered, in a fury of baffled hate, "just when they seemed near to consummation. I feared Preston would come, for I saw the notice about his arrival on the *Argonaut* before I left San Francisco. I have been precipitate, and queered everything! But I am not beaten yet. I will have the girl in spite of Preston, if I have to tear her from his arms at the very altar!"

While thus communing with himself, Berdine's rapid pace carried him beyond the house, and into the tree-lined road that led downward into the valley and off toward San Jose. Here he encountered Hartley Trenwyck.

"What has gone wrong, Berdine?" asked Trenwyck.

"Your face is like a thundercloud." "Everything has gone wrong!" growled Berdine. "While I was talking with the girl, Preston showed up. He is with her now," he added, with a savage backward glance, "on the veranda at the other side of the house."

"By Jove!" muttered Trenwyck, with a worried look. "He'll have the girl now, in spite of you!"

Berdine turned such a look of furious determination on the lawyer that he shivered, and would have given much to recall his words.

"I tell you again," said Berdine, "that I have set my heart on the girl. Just now Preston seems to hold the trump card; but—mark my words, Trenwyck—my time will come! I shall make that proud beauty crawl on her knees before me, and Preston himself shall live to curse the day he ever crossed my path!"

There followed a brief silence.

"Your persistence, Nick," said the lawyer, finally, "is what I have always admired about you. I have something at stake in this affair no less than yourself, as you know very well. The day Beryl Grayson becomes your wife, Neil Preston's brother tenders me a check for five thousand dollars."

"I well understand to what I am indebted for your aid, Trenwyck," was Berdine's sarcastic comment. "Morley Preston and his aristocratic parents have cut off Neil's allowance, and have threatened to disinherit him if he persists in his avowed purpose of marrying a working girl."

"Exactly," said the lawyer, with a snakelike smile. "None of the Denver Prestons believed for a moment that Neil was dead; they rather thought, I believe, that Neil spread the report himself in order to throw dust in their eyes. But," and here Trenwyck's voice sank into an earnest, confidential tone, "leaving that honorarium of five thousand entirely out of the ques-

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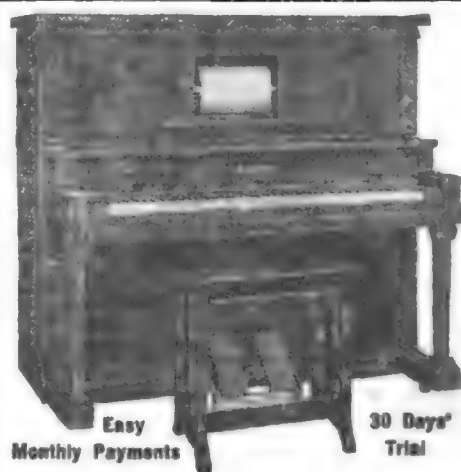
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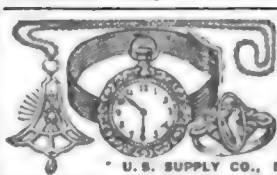
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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Attractive Gifts for the Christmas Cheer

"Sing, oh, sing! of the Christmas holly,
Bounteous cheer and all that's jolly;
Sing of the chiming and the falling snow,
And sing, oh, sing, of the mistletoe!"

CHRISTMAS again and as each day draws nearer, we of the COMFORT circle who delight in fashioning dainty and useful gifts must once again make our plans and begin to get busy. For those who like to crochet we are including in our collection this month a beautiful Butterfly yoke pattern which was awarded a special prize. This would certainly be a welcome addition to any woman's wardrobe and especially to one who is filling a hope chest.

Vanity Case

This collapsible little case which can be made of a half yard of ribbon on a small piece of pretty silk is most complete as a toilet accessory when partly filled with powder and a small puff, as the bottom is a tiny mirror.

This and a small wooden hoop the size of the mirror are necessary. To make the bag French seam together the ends of three-inch soft finished satin ribbon. Put in a running thread along both selvages. On the edge which is to fit over the mirror, run in a second thread about one half inch from the edge.

To fasten to mirror, draw up selvage thread until one has a circle from one quarter to three-eighths of an inch smaller than the edge of the glass. Place this ribbon edge on the back of the mirror tie thread securely arranging fullness evenly. Draw up second thread and fit over face of mirror fasten securely, then turn ribbon up and over edge. See illustration.

Sew the other edge over the wooden hoop. To close twist and the hoop will rest on edge of the mirror.

Doll's Trunk

Every little girl who enjoys dolls, is sure to be pleased with furniture of any sort for her dolly.

A home manufactured article which can be easily made of pasteboard is a little trunk.

This can be of any size, but before actually cutting the pasteboard or material for covering it will be best to experiment a little and make a satisfactory paper pattern.

Our diagram will give one an idea of the correct shape of the body and also a tray, if one wishes to include it.

The small piece with one curved side shows shape of end pieces of the trunk cover. After cutting all parts of pasteboard, plan the outside covering and lining. If the trunk is small, paste can be used largely in covering, but otherwise all edges should be turned in and the edges overcast together. Then the corners of the trunk overcast together with strong linen or cotton thread.

DIAGRAM OF DOLL'S TRUNK.

Suggestions for Making Christmas Gifts

A girl who was making a Christmas waist for a friend but was not able to finish it in time, sent a card on which was a sample of the cloth, and the message: GARMENT WILL FOLLOW.

With a laundry bag for baby's wee things send a card on which is:

"For baby's little duds
Before they go into the suds"

If you give cigars, do not buy them, but twist up a bill and put it through a cigar band, then let the man select the brand he likes.

An apron may have a bill pinned in the pocket, and the kindly wish expressed on a card:

May your pocket never be empty.

With a darning bag:
Heigh ho! a hole in the toe,
How I do wish that stockings would grow;
A cotton sock vine, or a stocking tree
What a refreshing sight 't would be.

And with a work basket, Henry Ward Beecher's saying:

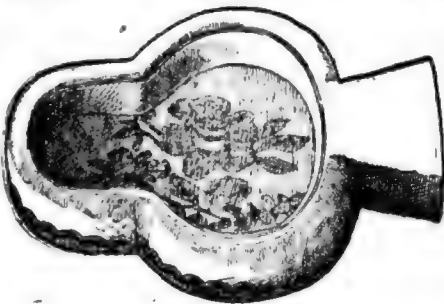
"Industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot."

The Suspended Basket

Suspend from a good strong chandelier a fancy basket of sufficient size to hold the gifts, and tilt it sharply. To each gift tie a long ribbon, to the loose end of which the name card of the recipient should be attached. Place gifts in basket slightly tangling the ribbons so they will not separate too easily. At a given signal all take hold of the extreme end of the ribbon and pull gently thus causing the entire basket-

ful to come tumbling to the table beneath the chandelier.

Much fun will be caused by the untangling!



A JEWEL TRAY.

of the ribbons and the showing of gifts when they are separated.

Appropriate jingles always add to the fun, as the reading of each creates much merriment.

A Jewel Tray

This little tray which is designed for one's bureau or dressing table, has a corrugated pasteboard foundation, bound together with adhesive tape, or the different parts can be sewed together.

A very attractive little gift can be made in this way by using odd bits of silk or velvet for covering. The tray shown is of plush decorated on the bottom with a spray of roses in oil colors. The lower outside edge is bound with a dull gold braid.

Butterfly Nightgown Yoke

Materials No. 40 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook.

The work is begun in the front with a ch. of 46 sts., turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook ch. 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 13 sps in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 sp, 4 blks of 4 d c, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—2 sps, 2 blks (7 d c), 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5 turn.

5th row.—1 sp; 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1

sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 43, turn, on opposite end of this row ch 37 with thread from a second ball. Break thread.

8th row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook on end with ch 46, 11 more sps on ch, then 1 sp, 11 blks, 1 sp and 12 sps on ch 40, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—3 sps, 9 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—2 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps.

13th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps.

14th row.—7 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 7 sps.

15th row.—8 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

One works four more rows on this width and then enlarges again as shown in our illustration for which a complete working chart can be obtained. After completing the front complete the strap over each shoulder working the same small butterfly which appears in the center of the edging for the sleeves on each shoulder.

For back work a strip 14 sps wide and 55 rows long join to the shoulder straps on either side, afterwards making one row of double crochet all around the lower edge of the yoke working two doubles in each sp and one double on each double or in the end of the row. In corner sps 7 doubles.

Edging for Neck

Shell of four d, tr c in every other sp all around finishing with 1 s c in each st with picot over each shell.

Edging for sleeves is made as shown, and finished with this same shell.

Edging for Nightgown Sleeve.

s c in ring, 1 picot ch, slip st in top of ring in last round, repeat from * all around, join as in last round and slip st to top of ring.

7th round.—* ch 15, 1 s c in top of next ring, repeat from *.

8th round.—19 s c under each ch 15 join thread and break.

9th round.—Starting with second color, * make two picot chs, slip st in 8th s c, repeat all around.

10th, 11th, 12th and 13th rounds.—Same as 9th round.

14th round.—Same as 5th round.

15th round.—Same as 6th round.

16th round.—Same as 7th round.

17th round.—Same as 8th round. Join thread and break.

18th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

19th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

20th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

21st round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

22nd round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

23rd round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

24th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

25th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

26th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

27th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

28th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

29th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

30th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

31st round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

32nd round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

33rd round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

34th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

35th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

36th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

37th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

38th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

39th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

Embroidered Stockings

Hand-embroidered stockings are expensive, but not beyond the reach of the girls with nimble fingers. As gifts they are sure of a welcome, for a girl who does not love fine hosiery is indeed rare.

At present clocks are all the fad. These can be of self color, or black or white as preferred.

The work should begin at the ankle two and one-half inches from the center back of the seam, and run in a vertical for six and one-half inches, following the warp of the stocking, which will carry the clocks straight and further from the seam at the top, than at the ankle.

The work should be in satin stitch, which is simply an over and over stitch worked very closely together. At the ankle the main line of the clock should separate into two lighter lines which can either be of satin or seed stitch. The shorter one to the back follows the heel section keeping parallel with the vertical threads. The longer line runs parallel with and one such from the sole section.

The work can be accomplished more easily if the stocking is held in a very small embroidery hoop. The seed stitch consists of two tiny stitches, one upon the other, to give a raised effect.

Maline Evening Cap

For evening wear, instead of a scarf, young people enjoy a dainty cap which cannot fail to add to one's attractiveness if made up in a becoming shade. A half yard of waterproof maline and one and one quarter yards of inch-wide velvet ribbon, will be needed.

These ingenious little contrivances are very useful to keep one's hair from blowing about, and are most simple in construction.

Gather the edges of the maline and sew to the ribbon leaving about a six-inch space to be tucked in when the ribbon is tied around the head.

Knitted Apple-seed Stitch Scarf

A beautiful scarf which can be made of either wool or silk is a gift which would be appreciated by most any one.

For a scarf 14 inches wide by five feet long one will require one half pound of wool, while eight to ten

ounces of silk will be needed.

Using a needle which equals in size a No. 10 steel, cast on 73 or more stitches (an uneven number must be used) and knit 18 ribs or 36 plain.

37th row.—Knit 1, purl 1, repeat ending with k 1.

38th row.—P 1, k 1, p 1, repeat.

Alternate these two rows until one has an inch and one half of apple-seed stitch. Follow with 9 ribs plain knitting. Then apple-seed stitch until scarf is length desired allowing for bordering the other end in the same way.

Knit of black and white silk one has a most dressy and attractive scarf. For every-day wear one of blue and green mixed wool would satisfy the most fastidious taste.

Crochet Boudoir Cap

For an easily made cap of any two shades preferred, begin with ch 10 join in ring.

1st round.—Ch 5, 29 tr c in ring, join, ch 5.

2nd round.—5 trs, over trs * ch 5, 5 trs, repeat making 6 clusters in all, ch 5, join to first ch, ch 5.

3rd round.—2 tr c, * ch 5, 1 tr c under ch 5, ch 5, 3 tr c, repeat from * ending with two ch 5, join to first cluster ch 13.

4th round.—1 tr c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 tr c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 tr c over 3 trs, repeat around joining last ch to ch 13, slip st over 3 sts.

5th round.—* ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 12, slip st in 10th ch to form ring, 15 s c, in ring, 1 picot ch, slip st under ch 8, repeat from * all around joining last picot ch, to first ch, slip st back of picot first ch and up to top of ring.

6th round.—* 1 picot ch, ch 12 form ring, 15

s c in ring, 1 picot ch, slip st in top of ring in last round, repeat from * all around, join as in last round and slip st to top of ring.

7th round.—* ch 15, 1 s c in top of next ring, repeat from *.

8th round.—19 s c under each ch 15 join thread and break.

9th round.—Starting with second color, * make two picot chs, slip st in 8th s c, repeat all around.

10th, 11th, 12th and 13th rounds.—Same as 9th round.

14th round.—Same as 5th round.

15th round.—Same as 6th round.

16th round.—Same as 7th round.

17th round.—Same as 8th round. Join thread and break.

18th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

19th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

20th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

21st round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

22nd round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

23rd round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

24th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

25th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

26th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

27th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

28th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

29th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

30th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

31st round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

8th round.—19 s c under each ch 15 join thread and break.

9th round.—Starting with second color, * make two picot chs, slip st in 8th s c, repeat all around.

10th, 11th, 12th and 13th rounds.—Same as 9th round.

14th round.—Same as 5th round.

15th round.—Same as 6th round.

16th round.—Same as 7th round.

17th round.—Same as 8th round. Join thread and break.

18th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

A Novel Needlecase

An original idea for a needlecase is next shown. This tiny parasol is of two, three and one-half inch circles of silk, edge with an inch frill of white lace.

In the exact center of the silk punch a



NEEDLECASE.

small hole and around it. Through ivory crochet hook, parasol handle. The even distances edge, with their center. These form points on the edge are placed silk buttonhole stitch this slip a small which serves as the needles are run in, apart on the outside points towards the the ribs, and at these are placed silk buttonhole bars under which a narrow ribbon is run for drawing up and tying when the case is not in use.

Collar Protector

Any particular person will appreciate and enjoy this becoming and useful scarf.

It is made of one yard of fine white blond or washable net and can be finished as shown with white crocheted roses or a tassel.

To make, fold the net lengthwise and seam up, turn inside out, gather the ends and finish as suggested.

Crocheted Roses

Using No. 80 cotton and fine hook ch 6, join.

1st round.—12 s c in ring.

2nd round.—Ch 6, skip 1 s c, 1 d c, ch 3, skip 1 s c, 1 d c in next, repeat until there are 8 spaces joining last ch 3 to 3rd st of ch 6.

3rd round.—Under each ch 3 make 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c.

4th round.—Ch 5, fasten between petals, repeat around.

5th round.—Under each ch 5, make 1 s c, 8 d c, 1 s c.

6th round.—Same as 4th only making chs 7.

7th round.—Same as 5th, 1 s c, 9 d c, 1 s c under chains.

The fringe is made of chains of varying lengths with groups of 5 doubles worked in here and there.

A Home-Made Handkerchief

Use a square of fine linen, lawn or even fine checked dimity and edge it by crocheting all around with a very fine mercerized thread of either white or colors.

To insure the handkerchief being true, threads should be drawn before the squares are cut, and then at least one thread should be drawn about three-eighths of an inch from the edge, roll the edges and work over them, crocheting into the drawn space. This will give an even line to the stitches and also an appearance of hem-stitching.

The work should be done with a fine steel crochet hook and the stitches taken close together.

Begin working on a corner, make 1 single crochet, ch 3 for picot, 1 single crochet, 1 picot, measure work to next corner and fold until spaces are about one-half inch, then crease.

Over each of these creases make 1 picot, on each corner 3 picots with a s c between each, finishing the last corner with 1 picot.

An initial in cross-stitch or a small wreath in lazy-daisy stitch can be added if desired.

As space does not allow of our giving complete directions for the Butterfly Nightgown Yoke, a working chart, showing the pattern full size, and which will show design in detail, has been prepared and will be promptly mailed upon receipt of 10 cents. COMFORT Fancy Work Department, Augusta, Maine.

Notice

As space does not allow of our giving complete directions for the Butterfly Nightgown Yoke, a working chart, showing the pattern full size, and which will show design in detail, has been prepared and will be promptly mailed upon receipt of 10 cents. COMFORT Fancy Work Department, Augusta, Maine.

Notice

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Notice

Original Designs in Filet Crocheting

A Comfort Case

VERY attractive little cases can be made of bits of bright ribbon or silk. The one shown is of a particularly good shape, made up of figured and plain materials and bound with a narrow ribbon.

On the inside is a pocket fitted with small lengths of different shades of silk, black and white cotton, a few hooks, eyes and snaps; opposite this are leaves of pinked flannel filled with pins, needles and safety pins. With such a case as this one is well equipped to meet most any accident to their wearing apparel.

Baby Shoes in Irish Crochet

BY ANNIE ROBB.

Materials: White Mercerized Crochet Cotton No. 40, No. 12 steel Crochet Hook and 1 yard of No. 2 wash ribbon.

Directions for roses on toes, ch 4, join in ring, ch 5, 1 d c in ring, ch 2, 1 d c in ring, repeat 3 times, ch 2, join to first ch of 5.

2nd round.—4 d c, 1 s c all under ch 5, 1 s c, 4 d c, 1 s c, in each of the 5 sps.

3rd round.—Ch 4, 1 s c, under next d c in center ring, repeat making 6 chs in all.

4th round.—1 s c, 4 d c, 1 s c, under each ch of 4.

5th round.—6 chs of 7 fastened as before just back of the 4th round.

6th round.—1 s c, 8 d c, 1 s c, under each ch of 6.

7th round.—Slip st over 1 s c, 1 d c, in last round, ch 5, 1 s c in 2nd st to form picot, ch 5, 1 picot, ch 2, 1 s c, in 8 d c, of same petal, 1 two picot chain join to first s c in next petal, 1 two picot ch, 1 s c, in 8th d c in same petal, repeat around joining to last ch to first and break thread.

Sole of shoe, ch 33 sts, turn.

1st round.—Skip first 3 sts, 1 d c in 30 sts, 6 d c in last st, 30 d c on opposite side, 4 d c in last st, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 3.

2nd round.—1 d c in each d c, 2 d c 3 times in every other d c at ends, join to first, ch 3.

In making soles always work under both loops of each stitch.

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th rounds.—Same as 2nd round.

7th, 8th and 9th rounds.—1 d c in each d c, join, ch 3.

10th round.—Ch 7, slip st in 5th st from hook for picot, ch 4, 1 p, ch 2, 1 slip st in 7th d c, repeat making 22 picot loops, placing 1 s c in center of toe and heel. Fasten at beginning of 1st loop, slip st to center of loop.

11th round.—Same as 10th round, fastening each picot loop in center of loop of last row.

12th round.—Slip st to center of 1st picot, ch 4, 1 s c in next picot, repeat all around fasten to first picot.

13th round.—Ch 3, 4 d c under each ch 4, fasten at top of ch 3.

14th round.—Fold slipper through center of sole and mark middle point of toe and heel from the center of the back make 2 picot chs as in 10th row until one reaches a point over or near the 9th group of 4 d c in the last row, folding rose in center place above the toe of the work at this point, make ch of 7, 1 picot ch 2, join to center of second picot chain from the top of the rose as folded, complete picot ch, 1 s c between next two groups of 4 d c, 4

picot chs joining to next 4 picot chs of rose, 3 picot chs joining all to the next picot ch of rose this gives the fullness needed at the toe of the shoe, 4 p, chs, joined to rose as on opposite side and continue with chs to starting point. Turn and slip st back to center of last picot ch, turn.

15th round.—1 p ch joined to the center of each p ch working across picot ch of rose in the same way and around to starting point, slip st to first picot.

16th round.—Ch 5, 1 s c in next p, ch 5, 1 s c, in first picot of next ch, ch 5, 1 s c in next picot, repeat around joining to first picot.

17th round.—Slip st to next p, ch 5, sk next ch 5, 1 d tr c under next ch 5, ch 2, 1 d tr c, repeat making group of 5 d tr c in all ch 2, 1 s c, over next picot, ch 5, skip ch 5, group of 5 d tr c under next ch 5, repeat all around join to first st, ch 2, 1 s c between first 2 trebles, ch 2, 1 s c, between next two trebles, repeat around each scallop. Run the ribbon just below scallops through picot chs.

Maiden's Head in Filet Crochet

Of coarse cotton this pattern makes a nice square for sofa pillow cover, or worked of No. 80 Crochet Cotton can be used as inserts or for pin cushion cover.

Begin with ch 146 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c, in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2 (1 sp), repeat making 46 more sps. Next 3 rows each 47 sps.

5th row.—25 sps, 6 blks, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—13 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—21 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 8 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—10 sps, 12 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 19 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—18 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 10 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—8 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—17 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—6 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—16 sps, 11 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—5 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—13 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—7 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 12 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—10 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 15 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 22 blks, 10 sps, 26th row.—10 sps, 24 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—12 sps, 25 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—10 sps, 15 blks, 1 sp, 12 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—4 sps, 17 blks, 1 sp, 12 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—13 sps, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 15 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—5 sps, 14 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 14 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—6 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—26 sps, 15 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—6 sps, 11 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—26 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 11 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—7 sps, 14 blks, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—26 sps, 12 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—9 sps, 13 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

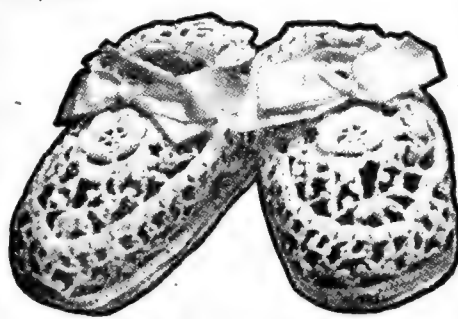
41st row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

42nd row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

15th row.—13 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.



SHOES IN IRISH CROCHET.

16th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—7 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 12 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—10 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 15 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 22 blks, 10 sps, 26th row.—10 sps, 24 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—12 sps, 25 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—10 sps, 15 blks, 1 sp, 12 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—4 sps, 17 blks, 1 sp, 12 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—13 sps, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 15 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—5 sps, 14 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 14 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—6 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—26 sps, 15 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—6 sps, 11 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—26 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 11 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—7 sps, 14 blks, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—26 sps, 12 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—9 sps, 13 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

42nd row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

44th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

45th row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

46th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

47th row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

48th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

49th row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

50th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

51st row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

52nd row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

53rd row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

54th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

55th row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

56th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

57th row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

58th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

59th row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

60th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

61st row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

62nd row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

63rd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

64th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

65th row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

66th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

67th row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

68th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

69th row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

70th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

71st row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

72nd row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

73rd row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

74th row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

75th row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

two of these pieces together back to back, and buttonhole stitch all around with silkateen. There will be eight of these. Overhand two together on two sides, catching through the buttonholing only. There will be a point sticking out, join another to one of these, and so on until there are six in the row, then join the ends. This makes the sides of the box. Overhand the bottom in place. Fasten the cover on one edge only and make a little loop on the front edge to lift it by. Cover a little wad of wool batting with silk, and glue it to the top for a needle cushion. Take a yard of narrow ribbon and cut it into six equal pieces. Fold each piece so one end is twice as long as the other. Sew on this fold to one of the points on the side of the box. String a spool on the long end and tie in a bow to the short end on the next point. Have four spools of darning cotton—black, white, brown and gray and two of button thread—black, black and white. The inside is for buttons, thimble and scissors.

Many pretty color combinations may be made. The box illustrated is made of Christmas cards with red trimmings. Mrs. J. B. Silliman.

Scroll Filet Insertion

This pattern may be copied in either fine or coarse cotton according to the purpose for which one intends to use it.

Ch 53, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in each of 4th, 5th and 6th sts, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 10 more sps, 1 blk of 4 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

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HENRY POMEROY DAVISON.

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A BOY of coolness and courage who also is honest and loyal to his employer is sure to get on in the world—is bound to rise. Such a boy was Harry Davison of Troy, Pa., now the head of the American National Red Cross and a partner in the great banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Once the village schoolmaster in his native place, after two years he got tired of it, so



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HENRY POMEROY DAVISON.

his uncle gave him a chance in his bank. After he had been clerking in this small country financial institution for four years, came along his first streak of luck—an offer from a Bridgeport, Conn., bank.

The boy was wild with delight. "Uncle," he burst out, "the Pequannock Bank of Bridgeport wants me as a bookkeeper. It's my chance—and I'd like to go right away!"

But his wise old Uncle Eleazer was not quite so sanguine. "Remember, Harry," he warned, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Now you've

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

strings with a red iron roof. I took the boards all off and put them on up and down, leaving openings for windows which I screened and had canvas flaps to raise up or shut down tight. I covered all this with canvas tacked on smooth and tight. I made the interior into a three-room bungalow, with a living-room seven by 12 feet and dining-room and kitchen each six by seven feet, with a built-in writing desk, bookcase and dressing table. I covered the walls with tan canvas and had rag carpets. My husband made a library table. It was rough and unstained but with a tan linen scarf it looked good. A wide shelf in the dining-room made a "buffet" for a few pieces of cut glass and china. I covered the walls with some calico I happened to have and made rag rugs for the floor. I had a built-in work table in the kitchen with shelves over it and under it and cabinet at end of stove. I covered the kitchen walls with oil cloth and made curtains from old lace ones. With bits of linen and a few balls of cotton I made dollies and buffet scarf for dining-room. A little flag of red, white and blue floated from my living-room window. People called it the Doll House, but it was pretty and comfortable and I worked hard to make it so. Then the mine closed but I left it far better than when I found it and that is not a bad mark to leave. And the comfort we got from it was greater than my work.

We bought a tiny cabin in the mountains and also an old house where we worked every night last fall until dark, wrecking it. We took the shingles off, one by one, to save them and the nails and with what help my husband can give me we are building this little cabin into a house of five rooms and bath with a fine large screened living porch with most of the furniture hand made and you would be surprised to see how convenient it is. It shows what one can do if they try. If we can't have the things we like and which many of us are accustomed to, the only thing we do is make the best we can from what we have to do with. The less we have the harder we must work. The essential thing is "will." Give will freedom; a strong will is master of the body. The right will is lord of the mind's several faculties. The perfect will is high priest of the moral self. Where there is a will to do these things and a persisting energy you cannot help but gain but when your will fails the battle is lost.

If I can help anyone rebuild or improve their home I shall be glad to do it but give me a floor plan of your house, showing where doors and windows come so that I will have something upon which to work. I hope I have said something that will help someone. What can be accomplished depends upon the person. Wishing you all the very best in life.

Very truly yours, Mrs. RAY DRAIN.

Mrs. Drain.—Your letter was the first response (and a genuine one it was) to my query as to what the sisters had done, with little money, to make the home attractive. I don't understand it for I feel sure that is the aim and ambition of the majority of the sisters. Perhaps they are too busy to tell us about it and I can understand that side of it.—Ed.

PONCE DE LEON, FLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I enjoy COMFORT and have gotten much help from it and now I come for more. A year ago I read a remedy for goitre in one of the sister's letters. It was white iodine. I have tried hard to get it but have failed. Will that sister or anyone who can help me, write to me. My goitre isn't large but I want to stop the growth.

I enjoy Nelle Fischer's letters. Have always wanted to travel but I guess I am rooted to this spot. But I have plenty to keep me busy as I have four children and a husband.

How many of the readers remember Oleeta Littleheart who used to write for COMFORT? I have a little girl named for her, also one named Wenona. I do all my own work and have picked and canned nearly one hundred quarts of berries and made some jelly. I find time to go fishing once in a while, too.

Wishing all every success, Mrs. ANNIE STANDLEY.

MISSOURI.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for ten years and think it is the best paper ever published for the price. I am a young mother, not quite twenty-three years of age, and my pathway of life hasn't been strewn with roses all along the way but now I have a good kind husband and two sweet children, a little girl of four and a boy of one. Only you who are mothers can understand my love for my little ones. How carefully we should watch over our darlings. We should,

got a home and family here, a place in a bank that'll never turn you off—and you may be president if you stay on!"

All this made a deep impression on the embryo financier, and he pondered long and deeply, for he had the habit of caution. Nevertheless, the great world of Opportunity attracted him like a powerful magnet—he could not resist its call to broader duties and larger chances.

His services proved as satisfactory in Bridgeport as back home. He studied the job higher up, endeavoring to prepare himself for a step higher. Such good use did he make of his opportunities that in four years he was ready to take the position of paying-teller in the old Astor Place Bank. Here he followed the same plan of learning all he could about jobs higher up, and, in addition, he studied law at night, for he felt the need of a little legal knowledge.

Now came the crucial test of his ability, and the greatest piece of luck of his life. Looking up suddenly from some money he was counting one morning, his hair almost stood on end as he glanced along the shining barrel of a six-shooter poking its nose through his grille! And behind the weapon he encountered the maniacal glare of two burning eyes. The madman thrust a check at him, and it read:

"Pay one thousand dollars to the order of Almighty God."

Davison always had his wits about him. He was clear-headed and a quick thinker. He sized the matter up correctly and instantaneously. "You'll have to be identified," he shouted in unusually loud tones; "haven't you a friend in the bank?"

The bank detective heard the young teller, and coming noiselessly behind the crank seized him and he was soon in Bellevue Hospital.

The story of the teller's presence of mind and nerve spread like wildfire in banking circles, and it was not long before Davison was called higher up. In 1894 he was asked to become assistant cashier at the Liberty National. Soon he was cashier, then vice-president and finally president. Then, in 1902, he was elected vice-president of the First National Bank, one of the biggest financial institutions in the world.

This seemed to be the "top of the tree," but he did better still, becoming a member of the Morgan firm.

Mr. Davison has now been in the banking business more than a quarter of a century, and his field of study these days is the world—Europe, South America and China. Once he had to consider loans of one hundred or one thousand dollars. Now he handles loans far up in the millions—even billions!

The boy Henry Davison was not asleep when luck came his way. Not only was he wide awake, but he had gumption enough to make the most of his lucky chances—to seize them quickly.

Today Henry Pomeroy Davison (Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy) is one of the big guns in the house of Morgan, and known the world over as a great financier.

But if he had held on to his comfortable little job at home, or shown cowardice when the pistol was stuck in his face—what then?

In their early years, teach their little lips to pray. I shall try and rear my children the way the Father in Heaven intends me to. I am truthful with them and never deceive them about anything. I do not teach them about Santa Claus because I do not think it is right. To me there is no greater mission on earth than to be a good mother, and we should always try to keep our children in good company if we want them to become noble men and women. Why is it that when a girl goes wrong nearly every other mother is unwilling to have her daughter associate with her in any way, though she may lead a good life afterwards, while the man who led her into sin is welcomed into their parlors and even made welcome as a member of the family. This is particularly true if he owns a car and a fat pocketbook. Oh, the short sightedness of people in the world today! God intended man to be just as pure and clean as He intended woman to be. My heart will ache as much in future years if I know that my boy is impure, as though it were my girl.

I want to comment upon a few subjects and the first one is how can mothers take the lives of their unborn babies? I certainly agree with Billy Sunday when he says that one doesn't have to go to the penitentiaries to find murderers. He says that women who take the lives of their unborn are murderers and are as guilty of crime as those behind prison bars, and yet we see this going on around us all the time. I would not feel any more guilty to take the lives of my children now than to have murdered them unborn. Let us hear what more of the sisters have to say on the subject.

And I wonder how a woman can throw herself away. To me there is nothing so beautiful in the world as a pure, virtuous girl or woman, one whose name is unstained. Truly she is worth a price far above rubies. A man, no matter how low he may become in vice and wickedness, cannot fail to treat a pure woman with respect.

How can mothers expect their daughters to become noble women when they willingly let them dance in the wicked, shameful dance halls where they dance the indecent dances of today?

I have been a member of the Christian Church since I was fifteen years of age and I have tried to live up to and obey my Saviour's teachings. True, I have made many mistakes but have had a few victories over sin and hope to have many more.

Evangelists Dobe, let us hear from you again. I wonder why there is not more kindness shown in the world. It costs nothing and ever a smile with a pleasant "Good Morning" serves as a balm to some aching heart that is starving for love. Let's give our roses to our loved ones now. If anyone has a flower for me I'd rather have it while I am alive than after I'm dead.

Closed eyes cannot see the bright roses, Cold hands cannot hold them, you know. Breath that is still cannot gather The odors that sweet from them flow. Death with a price beyond dreaming Its children of earth doth endow; Life is the time to help others, Give them the roses now.

My heart is full of the deepest sympathy for all who come to our corner with their troubles. May they soon see brighter days, is my prayer. If I haven't stayed too long this time I'll come again. May God bless you all.

A LOVER OF COMFORT.

WESTERNPORT, MD.

GOOD MORNING, DEAR SISTERS:
May I come in this bright morning? Isn't God good to give us life and this beautiful world in which to live?

Lonely, and others, when you feel like this:

"And my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of care, And the burden laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear—"

try singing this favorite hymn of mine:

"Ask what thou wilt, believing heart, The answering time will come; Pray and believe, that is thy part, The answering time will come; Though dark the way, still trust and pray, The answering time will come."

Mrs. Metree Andrews, I think the husband should try to hold his wife's affections; still, we are stronger to resist temptation, more able to bear physical pain and sorrow than they so let us pity them and always forgive and forget.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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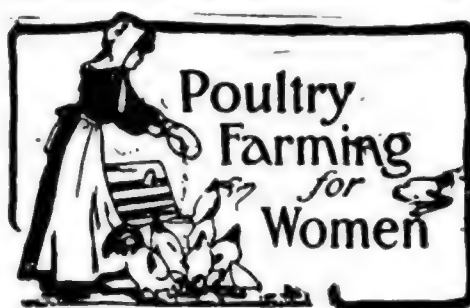
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Prospect of Large Profits from Eggs and Poultry

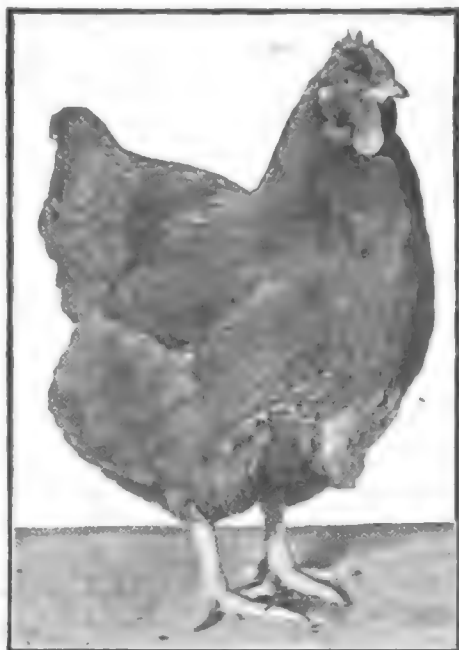
I AM feeling so elated that I must pass along the good news. At a Farm Bureau meeting in Fairfield County, Connecticut, last month, a large grain dealer, who is, of course, in close touch with the general trend of affairs in the grain business, offered to bet a dairyman fifty to one that feed would be down to a dollar a bag by the end of the year. Is not that something to rejoice over? The home folks who have kept their small flocks going in spite of the high price of grain, are going to reap a rich reward this coming year. So many of the smaller commercial poultrymen went out of business during the war that the cold storage supply is extremely short, added to which, imports of eggs must necessarily be low, with Belgium and France in their present devastated condition. Just consider, during the three years before the war, we received from those countries 1,573,394 dozen of eggs. You can readily understand what an extra demand there will be on the home flocks, and why the market price is sure to keep up all over the country. In the vicinity of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, it has not dropped below 75 cents a dozen all through the summer, so even if grain prices don't drop, the farmers' hens must be the most profitable stock on the place this year, because the farmer hasn't got to buy everything his hens eat. There are always waste apples, vegetables, clover or alfalfa on the farm, and such by-products are fully one half the materials necessary to produce a good egg supply.

Many of our COMFORT subscribers have asked me about the origin and development of Rhode Island Reds. I have, after some trouble, succeeded in getting what I think is authentic information. Two men, John Macomber and William Tripp, of a small town in Massachusetts, which was called Westport about fifty years ago but which has been rechristened and is now known as Central Village, made a business of buying up fowl through the country for the New Bedford market, and as the supply was not always satisfactory, they determined to try breeding something better than the average bird they could pick up. They wanted a breed of good size and quick growth. They did a whole lot of crossing with all sorts of birds, without any regard for beauty, shape or plumage, for both men were busy, and only cared for market qualities, and probably it was just the fact that size and health was selected in all the ancestral matings that has made the breed so strong and vigorous. According to the data collected by the Agricultural Station at Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1900, Mr. Tripp was the one who eventually carried out the idea of establishing a new breed on strictly general purpose lines. Judging from several accounts given by neighbors, and Mr. Tripp's son and daughter, the original crosses made by Mr. Tripp and Mr. Macomber were between the old Red Shanghai and Cochon China birds, though at some subsequent time Malay and Brahma blood was introduced, and Mr. Tripp's son, in a letter written several years ago to the Agricultural Station, mentions the fact that one time his father tried introducing both Brahma and Wyandotte blood, but did not like the result nearly as well as the old breeds, and so dropped it, and built up a new flock by selecting the best hens from his own old matings, and the best cockerels from Mr. Macomber's stocks. Both of the gentlemen having passed away before any real investigation started, we have to depend on others for information.

A letter from Doctor Aldrich furnishes such explanatory history that I give it in full:

"In 1890 I could not obtain any history of the Rhode Island Reds outside of the territory bounded

by the Seacoast River, the Atlantic Ocean, the East Branch of Westport River, and the Massachusetts line. The great poultry farmers on the south shore, Sisson, Tripp, Seabury, Manchester, Beebe, Brown, Wilbour, etc., all bred Rhode Island Reds in 1890, and fine flocks they were. At Miss Tripp's, north of the south shore (one mile from Levi Sisson's), I obtained the history of her flock that dated back forty years (now sixty-four years). She remembered her father bringing the red rooster home, and they have bred the fowls ever since. They were rose and single comb fowls—I should say more rose than single. At Tiverton Four Corners, in 1891, I obtained as fine a specimen of rose-combed Rhode Island Red as I ever saw in my life; red to the skin, and today his blood is undoubtedly to be found in some of the best strains of Buff Wyandottes as well as in some good strains of Rhode Island Reds. The first Reds on the island of Rhode Island were at Bateman's Point, Newport, from my eggs. Later they were found in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. In 1891 or 1892 I found practically no Rhode Island Reds on the island, or east of Hick's Bridge, so-called, except one flock on the road to Horseneck. Between Westport River and New Bedford there were no Reds in the early nineties. Tolman's Reds (Bay View House, Tiverton) were raised from eggs obtained from Mr. Cottrell in 1892 or 1893. Mr. Cottrell's Reds were called Red Malays. They were all single comb (not a rose comb in the flock), and some of the best Buff Rock strains date back to these single comb Reds of Mr. Cottrell's. In the Tiverton country the Reds were not rose combs, but single, and were called Malays more often than they were called Rhode Island Reds. These Reds had no suggestion of Leghorn blood in them. The Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds now in Tiverton were obtained in Little Compton. At Westport (head of river) the Reds looked 'leghorny.' There was no doubt some rose comb Leghorn blood was in some of the flocks. At Central Village the Rhode Island Reds were both rose and single comb, and were bred in large numbers by Mr. Booth and Mr. Kirby (both of whom are now dead) and others between Central Village, Hick's Bridge and Westport Point. At Little Compton there were rose



RHODE ISLAND RED HEN.

and single Rhode Island Reds. I have no doubt the rose comb came from the rose comb Shanghai cock rather than from any rose comb Leghorn or Wyandotte blood, although the Leghorn cock occasionally be seen quite plainly. Very little Wyandotte blood could be found. Occasionally some White Wyandotte blood could be found, introduced from cockerels raised by Fred Bowen of Fall River, but the rose comb, I am sure, antedated any introduction of Wyandotte or Leghorn blood, that is, in the neighborhood of Little Compton.

A study has been made of the fowls of succeeding generations, and the endeavor has been to correct the standard to correspond as nearly as might be with the characteristics of the best specimens obtained in the process. The Standard in use at the Rhode Island Experiment Station is herewith submitted, in response to numerous requests for the same from poultrymen interested in the advancement of this valuable variety of fowls:

Rhode Island Reds, Male

Weights: Cock, eight pounds; cockerels, seven pounds. Comb: Pea, of medium size, having the appearance of three single combs joined together at the base, the center division being straight from front to rear, evenly serrated into not less than five points, highest in the center, the side divisions slightly curved with not less than four serrations, and merging into the central division at front and rear; bright red in color. Defects: Comb, when too large and inclined to one side, or having insufficient "channels" between divisions, or excessively large, cut one half to even two points according to degree. Combs other than pea, or so loose as to fall from side to side, refuse score card record.

Head: Medium in length, skull wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes. Face bright red, showing free of feathers well above the eyes; eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, well developed, clearly defined and bright in color. Beak stout at base and well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow, and may have a dark stripe down the upper mandible.

Defects: When depressed in front of eye, wattles too small and rudimentary, beak slightly turned to one side, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. When beaks are crossed or wattles absent in males, refuse score card.

Neck: Medium in length, nicely curved; hackle abundant and flowing well over the shoulders and cape. Color bright ferruginous, free from color other than as described.

Defects: Hackle too short, or failing to cover shoulder and cape; black appearing in a stripe, white in undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Back: Medium long, back proper mahogany bay in color, shading from back proper to a rich ferruginous saddle, hangers falling well down over the points of the wing bay.

Defects: Narrow or pinched in saddle; oval or roached back; white in undercolor or black in surface color; cut one half or one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy when the shell bone is crooked or one or both hips are slipped.

Breast: Full and round from shoulder to shoulder and from throat to keel bone, making the quarters prominent, color rich ferruginous red, shading into a lighter hue of the same shade in the undercolor.

Defects: Wedge shaped from quarters to keel; white in undercolor; surface too light in shade; cut one half to one point for each.

Body and Fluff: Keel bone straight; well supplied with muscles from front to rear, color same as that of breast, shading lighter to the fluff.

Defects: Crooked keel; keel muscles shrunken; drab color in the surface or white in the undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Wings: Medium in size, with points well covered with saddle hangers. Color of wingbow, mahogany bay; of coverts, rich ferruginous, forming wing bar; of primaries, black and rich ferruginous, black predominating; lower edge of lower web laced with rich ferruginous; of secondaries, lower portion of lower web rich ferruginous sufficient to create wing-bay of this shade, the same color going about the point of the feather, lacing the upper portion of the upper web, this upper lacing growing wider as the secondaries proper and back taking on a surface color to match that of back and cape.

Defects: Loosely folded primaries; twisted feathers

in primaries or secondaries; white or gray appearing in any part; cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy twenty per cent of white or gray, or primaries folded outside of secondaries.

Tail: Carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extended at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed; sickles, lesser sickles and coverts black; lesser coverts black with a rich green sheen.

Defects: White or gray in any part; too small or pinched; sickles straight; cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy twenty per cent of white or gray, or primaries folded outside of secondaries.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles; color of plumage rich ferruginous. Shanks and feet yellow or reddish yellow, smooth in scale, and free from feathers or down.

Defects: Thighs too long; knees slightly turned inward; hock failing to show in profile below body line; cut out half to one and one half according to degree. Shanks too light in color, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Single crooked toes cut one point. Pass as unworthy generally deformed feet; positively knocked knees, and any other color than the shades of yellow.

Undercolor: Shafts (quills) of feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: White or black or any other color than described.

Rhode Island Reds, Female

Weights: Hen, six and a half pounds; pullet, five and one half pounds.

Comb: Pea, like that of the male, only smaller in proportion to weight of fowl.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Head: Medium long, skull medium wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes, face deep, the red showing well above the eyes. Eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, small, but distinct and bright red in color. Beak medium stout at base, well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow, and may have a dark stripe shading down to mandible.

Defects: Same as for male except as indicated.

Neck: Medium in length and slightly arched, rich ferruginous color, free from black or any other color than described. Hackle sufficiently long to cover cape and shoulders.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Back: Medium long, cape medium broad and flat over small of back, which with back proper to hips makes a slightly inclined plane, the saddle taking a concave sweep to tail, plumage fairly abundant and of a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Breast: Round and full, quarters prominent, muscles heavy, shoulder muscles rounding to keel bone, color ferruginous.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Body and Fluff: Keel bone straight with full keel muscles, color matching the breast and shading lighter to fluff, which is medium in development.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Wings: Well rounded, and in color rich ferruginous to match saddle proper, the coverts rich in a lighter shade of same color. Primaries, rich ferruginous and black, the former predominating; secondaries, rich ferruginous, in lower web of sufficient width to secure the wing bay of that color and turning the point and lacing or penciling the upper web of the secondaries in the same color, the balance of each feather may be black, the five feathers between secondaries and black matching the back and saddle in surface color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Tail: Tail carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extending at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed. Tail coverts moderately developed and showing the tips of the tail proper to the rear of the same. Tail proper, dark chestnut in color, which may shade into black at tips of feathers, coverts a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male except as to sickles.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles, feathered in a rich ferruginous color. Shanks and feet smooth in scale, yellow or may become straw colored with age.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Undercolor: Shafts (quills) of feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: Same as described for male.

The weights are heavy enough to insure a reasonably heavy carcass when dressed for market, and yet light enough to retain the excellent egg producing quality of the breed. The breeder with late hatched chick also has a chance at these weights at the fall shows.

The surface color of plumage should show red all over the fowl without striking contrasts in shades except for the black of wing and tail feathers. The surface color should not be endangered by excessive attention to undercolor. If the dark grey or slate undercolor is necessary to retain a sufficiently deep surface color or if it is correlated with the vigor and virility of the breed, it should not be sacrificed.

Strength of color in the young fowl is desirable, since the color is liable to fade with age, especially in females.

Breeders of single and rose comb Rhode Island Reds will very likely insist that these varieties be allowed. The pea comb has the advantage of being very well adapted to the cold and variable climate of Rhode Island and the states of like latitude. It does not bring the breed into close competition with the buff varieties of Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks. Several prominent members of the American Poultry Association have expressed the opinion that the pea comb Rhode Island Red would be readily recognized and admitted as a breed by the said association. Whether it is best to subject to the somewhat arbitrary conditions entailed by the rules and regulations of the above mentioned association is a question to be settled by the breeders.

The aim has been to breed to a standard which would allow typical fowls of both sexes to be produced from "single matings." It is to be hoped that breeders of Rhode Island Reds will continue steadfast in the purpose to perfect this breed according to a standard which will not necessitate resorting to the unnatural scheme of "double matings" (so-called). It is also very desirable to so manage the breed that it shall retain its qualities of utility while gaining in uniformity, symmetry and beauty.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address: Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

E. S.—You don't say how much grain and bran you fed the young ducks, but I fear you have been feeding too heavily. Use ground oats instead of corn meal, and add a tablespoonful of bone or beef meal to each quart of feed. One quart morning and evening is enough for fifteen young ducks when they are on free range. Young ducks should be shut up at night and not let out in the morning until the dew is off the grass. Ducks must have dry sleeping quarters. Crossing them with another variety would only spoil your present stock. Better get a good young Pekin drake before next spring, and feed your old ducks carefully through the winter. Breeding ducks should be in good condition, but not fat, for if there are ducklings hatched from their eggs they are sure to be weak and unprofitable. Give them a mash of equal parts of chopped clover or alfalfa hay, bran and stock feed (round corn and oats).

C. A. P.—Please read answer to E. S.

J. W.—In the poultry department of the September COMFORT you will find the information you ask for.

A. B. M.—We have no pigeons or squab for sale.

A. E. B.—The young turkeys have what is called blackhead. The symptoms and the condition you found on examining the intestines of those which died, are unmistakable. As you are a subscriber to COMFORT, you will have had the October number. Read that carefully. It deals with those diseases in turkeys, and suggests methods of treating the old birds during the winter.

A. R. R.—Please read answer to A. E. B. and refer to the October issue of COMFORT.

A SUBSCRIBER.—I cannot recommend breeders in this column. Yes, it most certainly pays to raise squab if you are near a large city or a through railway so that you can ship easily.

A MESSAGE TO THE WOMAN ON THE FARM

DEAR MADAM—

As the woman on the farm, the care of the chickens is in your hands. Friend husband does not pay much attention to the poultry end. He is concerned with his hogs, his cattle and his crops. He leaves the chickens to you, and the amount of money you make out of your flock is solely up to you.

Now, ask yourself, do you look after your poultry-raising as well as your husband looks after his interest? Are you as up-to-date in caring for your chickens as you husband is in caring for his hogs, cattle and fields? Or are you still pursuing the old-fashioned method of letting the chickens shift for themselves.

When your husband wants a new threshing machine, he buys it. When he finds it advisable to trade in his old automobile for a new one, he doesn't hesitate. When he wants a new hog pen, a new cattle barn or silo, he goes right ahead and gives his orders.

When he hears of a stock food that is good for cattle he gives it a trial. When he learns of a new tonic for hogs, he is eager to see what it will do for his herd. In other words, he is always alive to every opportunity to secure better results and make more money.

You and Your Chickens

Now let us see what you do.

Looking over your favorite farm paper of an evening you see an advertisement that arouses your interest. You turn to friend husband and say: "John I see an egg tonic advertised which seems to do fine work according to the letters printed here. I think we should try it for our chickens. We're feeding them a lot of high priced corn and we're not getting anywhere near as many eggs as I think we should. I believe I'll just send for some of this tonic and give it a trial."

"Oh bosh," says John. "Sounds too good to be true. Don't pay any attention to it."

And as usual, you abide by your husband's judgment, and continue to plod along in the old-fashioned way. John forgets that he uses stock foods and tonics for his cattle and hogs. He forgets that it is to new discoveries and new improvements that he owes much of his success as a farmer. He forgets that you, as the caretaker of the chickens, have just as much right to try for better results as he has in his work.

Of course, it is not that your husband is opposed to your making more money out of your flock. He is simply too busy with other matters to give serious consideration to chicken tonic. But is this quite fair to you?

Probably you depend on your chickens for your pin money, as many a woman does. And you surely have the right to try to make as much as you can.

Egg Tonic Has Come to Stay

There is no doubt about it, but a good egg tonic means more eggs. This has been proven over and over again. As a result, egg tonic will soon be used as universally as stock foods and hog tonics. The time is here when poultry raisers have to recognize this fact. They could not be misled by "wise" friends and neighbors who don't believe doing things any way but the old-fashioned way.

We know what "TWO for ONE" will do for you. That is why we want you to try it. We don't make any money on a trial \$1.00 and \$2.00 box. The first order sold to a customer is sold at a loss. It is on the repeat orders that we make a profit. We are willing to stand a loss on the first order simply to get poultry raisers to try "TWO for ONE." We know that once it is tried, the flock-owner will buy more and more.

Ask yourself—could we for one minute think of selling the first order of "TWO for ONE" at a loss if there was a question as to the merit of this egg tonic? No indeed! We know the success of "TWO for ONE" and that is why we depend on future orders for our profit.

Since you have nothing to lose and much to gain, you owe it to yourself to give "TWO for ONE" a trial.

KINSELLA COMPANY.



"TWO for ONE"

"TWO for ONE" is the marvel of all egg tonics. It is the most remarkable producer of eggs ever known to the poultry world. "TWO for ONE" is making records every day in egg production that were never before believed possible. Flock owners all over the country are amazed with the results. The most experienced poultry experts say they have never seen the like of it.

"TWO for ONE" is not a mere food. It is an egg tonic in the truest sense of the term—a scientific preparation in concentrated tablet form—the result of scientific research and experiment. Every factor entering into the matter of egg production was scientifically studied.

As a result you have in "TWO for ONE" a tonic that conditions the hen for the utmost in laying capacity—that builds muscle and bone—that stimulates active functioning of the hen's reproductive organs—that insures fertile eggs and 100% hatchings—that makes the laggard lay and increases the production of active layers. A tonic that gets more eggs for you, winter and summer, than you ever thought possible.

Money-Back Guarantee

Don't take our word for it. Every box of "TWO for ONE" is sold under the distinct guarantee that if you are not entirely satisfied you get your money back. Take advantage of this offer and send for a box of "TWO for ONE" today.

Only \$1.00 a box or our special offer of \$2.00 for large box holding as much as three one dollar boxes—enough for an entire season. This costs you 1-15 of a cent a day, per hen, or less than 1c a dozen for the additional eggs you will receive from your flock.

Kinsella Co., 168 LeMay Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—I want to increase the egg-laying ability of my hens, make more money out of my chickens and take advantage of the high prices that will be paid during the coming fall and winter. So please send enclosed \$..... for a box of "TWO for ONE" as checked below:

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SMALL SIZE (Including Tax) \$1.00 ☐

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Address

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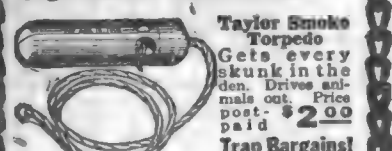
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Traps and Thrills on an Iowa Trail

By George J. Thiessen

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CHAPTER III.

TRAP MYSTERY SOLVED. BOYS LEARN TRICKS FROM OLD TRAPPER.

THE old pelt hunter was more than angry. Not only did he tell my father and Mr. Lehrman but everyone else in the village as well. Few believed we disturbed his sets, and yet "boys will be boys," as one of the shoe-shop loafers expressed his opinion on the subject. But Fred and I knew he was prejudiced. He had the best apple orchard in town and remembered that he had chased us away from it a number of times. Naturally, our companions taunted us as did some of the men about the village. All in all, life hardly seemed worth living.

Jim's foot began to get better. The nail wound had healed and he could hobble about. Really, if there had been no school, the boy would have been out and around sooner, but as it was, he remained indoors. When he joined us again, we hoped to solve the mystery of the missing traps.

Then we got a clue. A neighbor lad of ten came home and claimed to have met a civet that showed fight. Diligent questioning, however, by the mother brought out the fact that he, with some other boys, had an encounter with the animal caught in a trap down near an old abandoned house. We investigated and found our missing property together with St. John's. Some of the traps were hidden in a cave the boys had dug; that summer in a clay-bank and the others were set in ground-hog dens.

At first we wondered how one or even two boys could have carried all the traps. We learned afterward that the leader with six others, had followed Fred and me on the trail and pulled the sets as fast as we made them. Then, returning, they picked up traps as they traveled. The gang was inspired by a reading of "Tom Sawyer," "The Leather Stocking Tales," and some lurid literature, so naturally, the boys decided to be pirates and hunters. They hid the traps and set a few later. Of course, we hurried to tell St. John the news, and straightway won his forgiveness. Naturally, he was sorry he had unjustly accused us and glad he had not got hold of us to give us the "hiding" he threatened.

As things had straightened themselves out, all concerned were happy and we felt it our duty to scare the younger boys who had been responsible for our trouble. Accordingly, we did so and felt satisfied. Of course, the people of Stanwood soon learned the truth and the parents of the pirate gang undoubtedly took steps to see that their sons got all their foolish notions out of their heads at once. The lads, led by an older one, had kept their secret much as Mark Twain's two heroes of fiction.

That afternoon I went down to see "Gene Curran and his son." Gene, the father, was just home from his work. The son, Dave, was unusually industrious about the barn, hoping, perhaps, that the father had not heard that he belonged to the "outlaws." But the old gentleman was not in ignorance of the late news. Even though the boy did not have a hand in the theft, he was going to teach him some sense. From a nearby plum tree he cut a branch.

"What you doing?" I yelled, when I saw him.

"It's too late to trim trees."

"But not mischief-makers," he remarked, dryly.

"Here, Dave, you come to the barn. I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever got."

And with that he set his dinner pail on the porch and took off his coat.

"But, listen," I exclaimed. "Dave didn't have

anything to do with it at all. Now just wait a minute and I'll tell you all about what happened."

Not completely satisfied, he laid the switch upon the table within easy reach and started to wash his hands. The boy lingered near enough to hear, but yet just out of the father's reach.

"He ought to know better," Curran insisted, from time to time. "I tell you, he has been up to too many things lately not to get a lesson on what is right and wrong. A little 'dressing down' would do him good and—"

"Supper's ready," sang the wife.

Just to see that Dave did not get punished, I had to stay and help eat spareribs and sour kraut, which was something I liked next to licorice candy. Anyway, the lad promised to be much better, and that ended the entire affair.

But the fact remained that we had much to do. The three of us did not dare play hooky from school and make our sets. Of course, we worked hard and put out as many traps as we could but it required most of the following Saturday to get the traps where we wanted them. And, best of all, we had good luck. Each morning we caught a number of muskrats, and once in a while a mink. St. John, possibly because he wanted to make up for his treatment toward us when we were under suspicion, helped with suggestions all he could. And the result of this was apparent. Daily we were adding to our catch.

One thing I particularly remember, and that was the old pelt hunter's suggestion about bait. "Most beginners imagine," he said, "that all they need is a piece of meat by their sets to get the game. But this

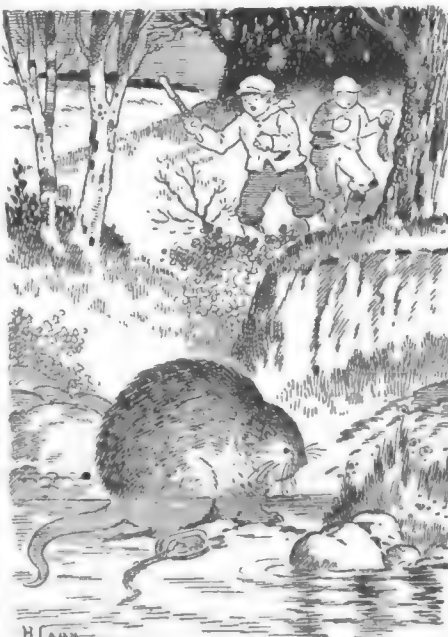
is not the truth. It requires a knowledge of wild life; their habits and the arrangement of the proper decoy in the right way. For instance, the other day I noticed a crow had shot, placed near a mink slide. In the first place, such birds—and I include jays and similar—are worse than nothing at all. And bait of any kind placed too near a runway or den has a tendency to excite the suspicions of the cunning animals you have been trying to take."

"But we get mink once in a while," Fred ventured.

"True," he agreed, "only not with that kind of a crude set. Now if you had arranged the trap at the foot of the slide in water at that place, undoubtedly you would have caught several animals."

And, strange to say, when we followed the advice, it came true. At the spot between the roots of a tree which overhung the water, several pelts were added to our lot. After that, St. John never visited the shoe shop that we did not ask him something about taking fur. And when you consider that this was the hangout for practically all of Stanwood who had any time up-town, the frequency of our questions produced results. Next to Daniel Boone himself, the boys began to believe St. John the greatest pelt hunter in the world.

To add to our popularity, McKerron, Sr., got interested, too. He insisted on going along with us the following day. With no school to bother us, we did not rise early. Our traps were in good locations, arranged as best we knew. So that the man could get back to his work sooner, we paired off. Jim and Fred followed one route; the trail along Rock Creek. To myself and the guest were left the skunk traps we had just put out. By following the course as outlined, all confidently expected to reach home within five hours, at the latest. Our meeting place was at a railroad bridge about two miles from town, near what was known as Tipton Tank. Here, years ago, the old wood-burning locomotives used on that branch, stopped at a deep hole along a stream and got water.



EACH MORNING WE CAUGHT A NUMBER OF MUSKRATS.



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More Letters and Photographs from COMFORT Trappers

\$121.75 in Six Weeks

I have three dozen traps, with which I caught 53 muskrats, 2 raccoon, 1 mink, 10 skunks, 2 weasels and 3 opossum, which brought me \$121.75. These furs were caught in six weeks' trapping. I was sick through December, so only got two traps two weeks in November and through January.

I sold first two weeks' catch December 21st for \$85.75. I am sending picture of my furs.

I sold my second two weeks' catch, consisting of six muskrats, 1 mink, 1 opossum and 2 skunks, January 18, for \$26.00, and my last two weeks' catch, of 6 muskrats, January 30, for \$10.00. For muskrats I seldom bait traps but set at slides, runways and feed beds. Hardly ever set traps at dens, as sometimes when one is caught it scares the others and causes them to leave. For skunk and opossum I use mostly bait pens and rabbit for bait, although any decayed meat is good. The best bird bait I have ever found for skunk is yellow hammer.

I think I did very well.

ELMER F. SNYDER, Ohio.

Got \$300.00 for His Seventy-two Skins from a Fur House Which Advertised in COMFORT.

To be successful in trapping, one cannot just set his traps out in any old place at any old time and trust to luck, as most fur bearing animals are wily creatures.

Most failures in trapping are due to the fact that the trappers themselves overlook important minor details in this pursuit. This is not so much true of the first class or professional trapper as it is of the amateur or farmer boys who trap mainly for pleasure.

The principal fur bearing animals of this neighborhood are coyotes, lynx cats, weasel, civit cats,

muskrats and badger. The coyotes are the most plentiful and I spend most of my time trapping them. They are very sly animals and are hard to catch, and one has to be very careful how he sets his traps.

The best time to trap them is in the fall. I start about November 1st, before the ground freezes up. Go to a place where the coyotes frequent and find a bare spot of ground. Drive a hardwood stake about

two inches below the surface, then dig a place for two traps on opposite sides of the stake to which the chains should be attached. When this is done, arrange the traps in the trench and cover the jaws with a piece of paper, then cover everything over with dirt and take a bush and brush away all tracks and signs. Your tracks should be placed under about two and one half inches of dirt, as it will destroy the iron scent. I have used bait and scent with this set with equal success but scent is better where magpies are numerous.

For catching weasel I go out after a light snowfall, when they are easily tracked, and when I come to a place where they frequent I set a No. 1 Victor and cover with fine grass, bark, etc. Then I hang a piece of bloody meat or a bird six inches above it on a bush and in the morning you are pretty sure to have him.

Muskrat are not plentiful here and not many are caught. Bait does not work well here as they have too much to eat. Scent is the best in the springtime. I trap most of them at the foot of their slides and eating places where they dig for the roots of rushes.

So far this season I have caught 23 coyotes, 4 lynx cats, 5 weasels and 40 muskrats, in three dozen Victor traps. The main thing to do when you catch the animals is to skin and stretch them properly, also when ready clean all fat and grease off as it heats and affects the fur.

I have shipped all these furs and realized \$300.00 for them.

L. S. STUTZ, Idaho.

COMFORT'S Fur Forum

So many questions have been asked by trappers who have read the trapping articles in COMFORT and the free trapping books which we distribute and who rightfully regard COMFORT as a leading authority on trapping questions, that we have inaugurated a trapping questions—answered department, conducted by a recognized trapping authority of America. We shall be pleased to answer, free, any questions about trapping or marketing furs. All questions must be signed with the writer's full name, which will not be published if the writer so requests. Address Trapping Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Questions Answered

Q.—How can one prevent the many muskrats escaping from twisting out of traps?

A.—When ordinary styles are used, stake in deep water so the animals drown.

Q.—Are birds good bait?

A.—Some are; others should be avoided. Crows, hawks and owls seem worthless even when plucked.

Q.—What way is best to be a professional trapper?

A.—There are many things that must be observed before you become an expert. Perhaps the most important is a study of the fur bearers. Know where they may be found, how they live, what they eat, etc. Time spent in doing this pays well. Send for COMFORT's free trapping book.

Q.—Is there any sure way to know if a skunk den is inhabited or not?

A.—Generally speaking, no. On the other hand, signs such as tracks, etc., can be relied upon quite accurately. Again, if there are long black, white, or black and white hairs, one may make sets with good chances of success. These are generally to be seen clinging to the sides of the burrows. A good flashlight will be of value in discovering.

Q.—Are there two kinds of muskrats; those that build houses and those that have burrows?

A.—No. Where there is little or no current, the animals usually have houses. Where water is deep and the current fast, dens are to be found. However, there are exceptions and houses can be seen in streams and dens along the banks of lakes.

Q.—Can one tan his furs?

A.—Yes—but it doesn't pay. There are too many chances of spoiling the pelts. Let a tanner do this for you.

Q.—Does it pay to hold furs for higher prices?

A.—No. The pelt hunter cannot afford to speculate with the skins he takes.

Q.—Would a fur farm pay?

A.—Most of the money in fur farming has been made, with the possible exception of the large fox ranches and the leased muskrat swamps—if the latter

could be termed a fur farm—in the sale of stock in companies and animals for breeding purposes.

Q.—What is the most valuable of all furs?

A.—Black fox brings most.

Q.—Where can I find out about trapping laws?

A.—Consult your local game warden or write to your state capitol, Game and Fish Dept., for a copy of the statutes.

Q.—Do mink den up in cold weather?

A.—No. They travel in all kinds of weather. However, warm, rainy nights are best for taking them.

Q.—What is meant by a "blind" set?

A.—This is a concealed set without bait or decoy. However, some pelt hunters use the term to designate traps used with bait nearby although the first explanation is the one most generally accepted.

Q.—Should raccoon be cut down the belly?

A.—Fur dealers prefer them stretched this way although in some sections most of the hides are cased.

Q.—What are the advantages of steel stretchers?

A.—Uniformity of shape in the skins; ease by which furs may be handled; quick drying, etc.

Q.—Are there any wolverine in Nebraska where there are lots of wolves?

A.—Wolves and wolverine are two different species. The latter inhabits the cold climates and not the plains.

Q.—What is a brown weasel?

A.—This is an unprime—a name given by fur dealers to skins of animals taken too early or too late. When prime, the weasel is pure white with the exception of the tip of the tail. This is black. Buyers usually designate prime weasels as "ermine."

Q.—Can rabbit skins be sold?

A.—Yes, write the dealers who advertise in COMFORT. They offer a market.

Q.—Should I tan my furs before shipping?

A.—By all means no. Simply stretch and dry in a cool place and then they are ready for market. It takes from four to ten days, depending upon climatic conditions, for skins to cure.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

Watch it grow in 1919.
This is the way wise shippers
have been getting money for
Raw Furs from the house of
Pfaelzer during the last five years

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919 prices will make other years look like 30 cents

The 1919 Pfaelzer prices, liberal assortments and quick money will take you off your feet. They will open your eyes. They will establish a record, for we must satisfy the tremendous demand for Raw Furs and we must have them quick. Therefore, hurry your first 1919 shipment to the House of Pfaelzer. Write for the Pfaelzer price list, but ship anyway. The House of Pfaelzer will let you run no risk. The Pfaelzer guarantee of top prices and liberal grading is your absolute protection. New York is the world's fur headquarters and the House of Pfaelzer is New York's leader in boosting Prices for Raw Furs.

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Free Book of Fur-Bearing Animals-In Color

Every trapper needs this valuable book! Shows American fur-bearers in color—drawn by famous animal artist Charles Livingston Bull. Also tells best ways to trap, what baits to use, habits, breeding periods, etc. Complete list of trappers' supplies—all at bargain prices! Gives game laws for each state. Big fur year coming. Be ready! This Book will help you make more money.

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Famous Victor Traps, best in the world; all sizes No. 0 to No. 4. Every trap guaranteed perfect. Sure to go; sure to hold. With chains.

Lowest prices. No. 1 Victor Trap, for Muskrat, etc., single spring, jaw spread 4-in. Price per doz. \$1.00. Postage extra. Wt. 7 1/2 lbs. Other sizes priced equally low; see catalog.

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Gets every animal out of the den. Saves digging. Allows you to kill only full-furred males and let kits, females, etc., escape. Pays for itself on first den you visit. Price \$2.00. Parcel Post 150 miles from St. Louis 80c extra; elsewhere 30c. Canada 40c.

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Stretches pelts just right. Improves skins, quickens drying. Adjustable. Made of strong steel and very durable. All sizes. See catalog for prices.

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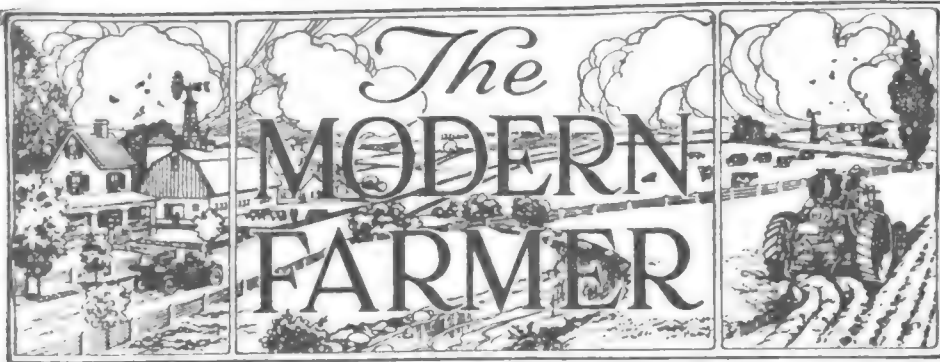
Glow Fish coated with luminous substance. Shines in dark. "Sure-Ketch" Fish, highly polished, reflects rays of sun or moon. Draws coons and other animals. Glow Fish, each 10c, doz. \$1.00 postpd. "Sure-Ketch" doz. 35c, 3 doz. \$1.00 postpd.

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Eradicating Tuberculosis of Animals

THE Bureau of Animal Industry, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., now is actively associating itself with livestock sanitary boards of practically every stock breeding state in the eradication of tuberculosis in cattle and hogs. This new activity in the campaign against tuberculosis has become necessary in view of the fact that the disease has been increasing despite all that has been done against it in past years. To illustrate this it may be mentioned here that during the month of May, 1910, the last month for which complete figures are available, 4.2 per cent of the cattle tested in 45 states were found to be affected with the disease and showed some of its symptoms. Government figures also show that nearly 10 per cent of the swine killed where Federal inspection is maintained, had the disease. In 1916 it was 9 per cent and in 1917 about 10 per cent. Indications are that the disease is spreading, it therefore behooves every interested person to do his part in eradicating the disease.

Cause and Nature of Tuberculosis

The disease is the counterpart of consumption of man and is caused by a microscopic germ or bacillus. It affects principally cattle and swine, but under favoring circumstances may also affect almost all other animals. In a different form it affects poultry, and indeed is very common among them. Bird, or "avian" tuberculosis as it is called, is not communicable to man, but tuberculosis of cattle and hogs is. The disease is communicated to man, chiefly infants, by raw milk, or by insufficiently cooked meat of an affected animal. The disease causes formation of nodules or tubercles in the glands and tissues and these so impair function that the animal in time becomes weakened, emaciated and poisoned so that it succumbs. After death one finds gritty yellow, cheesy deposits in the affected parts.

How the Disease Is Contracted

The germs may enter by way of the nostrils when affected animals "nose" one another; but more commonly it is contracted by way of the digestive organs. Calves and pigs take it from milk of affected cows, or from diseased udders. Skim-milk, whey, or buttermilk from creameries and cheese factories carries the disease to the animals on farms unless pasteurized. Hogs also take the disease from feeding after affected cattle. The germs are passed with the manure and contaminate corn eaten by the swine. Cattle may become infected when shipped on the railroad, penned with diseased stock in markets or at fairs and sale stables, or when pastured or driven over fields and roads where diseased cattle have been. Usually it is brought onto a farm in feed or with new bought animals.

Symptoms of Tuberculosis

Often the disease has been present a long time before its effects become manifest. Then emaciation, weakness, coarse, staring hair and hide-bound skin, sunken, swimming eyes and chronic cough with more or less discharge from the nostrils indicate its presence. Those are the symptoms when the lungs are badly affected. It may cause swellings of the glands under the jaws or below the ears and these give rise to loud or labored breathing. If the gullet is pressed upon by enlarged glands, chronic bloating is caused. When the udder is invaded, hard, painless lumps form and often a large one is seen in the gland high above the back of the udder. Hogs fail to thrive when affected with tuberculosis and the tubercles invade all of the tissues, including the meat. That is rare in cattle. After death, yellow nodules are found on lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, etc., and may also invade the brain, heart, bones and generative organs. No part is exempt. In poultry the liver most commonly is attacked, but other organs also show characteristic yellow tubercles.

Detecting Tuberculosis

One may suspect tuberculosis when any of the above mentioned symptoms are seen. It always should be suspected also if an animal has any mysterious sickness which does not respond to treatment and which gradually causes emaciation and ill-thrift. Suspect it when a cow has unexplained attacks of garget which come and go, or has difficulty in rising and is stiff or sore

or has swollen joints. Always consider it likely that tuberculosis is the cause when a cow has a chronic cough and especially if she grunts or otherwise evinces pain when the fingers are thrust hard into the spaces between the ribs just behind the elbows. The elbows often are turned outward in such cases, for the lungs then are badly affected with tuberculosis. Testing with tuberculin is, however, the only sure and reliable way of determining the presence of tuberculosis.

How the Tuberculin Test Is Made

Tuberculin is a broth in which the germs of tuberculosis have been cultivated until no more will grow. They are then killed and the liquid then contains an element which irritates a tuberculous animal when injected under the skin. Tuberculin contains no live germs and so cannot possibly cause the disease, nor can it in any way injure an unaffected animal. The irritation it causes is indicated by a rise in temperature which goes up gradually for a time and as gradually returns to normal. This is termed the "rain-bow curve," and if absent the rise in temperature scarcely indicates the presence of tuberculosis. Before testing, cattle are housed and accustomed to the stable if they have been on pasture. Testing in very hot weather is unwise. The temperature is taken morning, noon and night of one day to determine the normal temperature, which in health is from 101 to 102½ degrees Fahrenheit. At 9 or 10 o'clock P. M. of the same day tuberculin is injected under the skin of the neck or behind the shoulder. Starting at 5 or 6 o'clock the next morning the temperature is taken every two hours. If the temperature then rises two or more degrees, is sustained at that for some time and then gradually falls, the animal is considered tuberculous and has to be disposed of according to Federal and state law. Often the temperature runs to 105 or 106. In some cases we have seen it reach 107 degrees and the reacting animal usually is off feed, sick and may scour. The veterinarian regulates the dose of tuberculin according to the age and size of the animal, or her condition. At least one cubic centimeter, or 15 drops, is injected for each 500 pounds of body weight. The average dose has been about two cubic centimeters in the past, but under new rules larger doses are used and may in some instances run to seven cubic centimeters, as in the case of a 2,000-pound bull. The veterinarian is fully instructed as to the correct dose to use and how to interpret the effects of the injection. Only a trained expert is qualified to apply the test and tests by owners are not officially recognized nor do they entitle the owner to reimbursement for animals condemned on account of the disease. The Government allows not to exceed \$25 for a grade cow or \$50 for a pure-bred cow; but the owner also is allowed 80 per cent of the proceeds when the meat is marketed as fit for that purpose. Various states have similar reimbursement laws and the state veterinarian will be glad to inform owners as to all such matters on application in writing.

Controlling the Disease

When testing has proved a herd to be clean, it may be kept clean by testing all new-bought animals twice a year and keeping the clean animals away from strange cattle, public highways, fairs and markets, unless for slaughter. Show animals have to be quarantined on their home farm and tested twice a year. All milk brought in from outside has to be pasteurized by heating to at least 145 degrees F. for at least 20 minutes before feeding to calves or pigs.

If a case is discovered, the animal has to be disposed of according to law, then the stable must be cleaned, disinfected and whitewashed under direction of a veterinarian, and the cattle tested at least twice a year. Under certain conditions, affected cows may be used for breeding purposes, according to the Bang method, but the calves must not take any milk from an affected cow or remain with her after birth. Arrangements may be made to have herds tested free by Government and state veterinarians, and herds that pass two tests without a reaction, at intervals not exceeding six months, may be put on the "accredited" list by the state livestock sanitary board.

Team Work in Farming

So scarce and expensive is hired help getting to be in many parts of the country and so high is the price of farm machinery that new methods of working are coming into vogue to meet the

situation. Small farmers cannot afford to own tractors or engines powerful enough to fill silos or operate threshing machines. But many a small farmer finds it impossible to get his silo filled in time, or to get the thrasher to come to him for a few stacks, or to have his corn shredding done promptly when other big jobs in the district attract the professional thrasher, who also operates silo cutters and fillers, shredders or clover hullers, etc. These facts are leading men in farming districts to combine and co-operate for the ownership and operation of needed engines, separators, hullers, shredders and silage cutters. Tractors, in some instances, also are being bought for community work, and where men can agree properly and take their fair and legal share of the working time and capacity of the engine or combination of machines, the plan works well for all concerned. In some instances we know of several brothers who have so combined and they usually take in with them other relations farming in the same district. By team work they get their grain threshed out of the shock to save expensive stacking, have their silos filled on time, when corn is just right, although other men in the district may be busy with tobacco harvest which often interferes with silo filling. By sharing the expense the burden is not too great for one individual and the work really is done at less expense than otherwise would be the case.

In many districts our readers might make such combinations for team work and would then find their farm work much less difficult to plan for and accomplish on time and to the best advantage.

Sow Ergot Free Rye

Our readers have been instructed several times that rye infested with ergot, often erroneously termed "smut," is dangerous to livestock. It may cause abortion in cows and swine and in horses severe results may show in animals fed ergot in varying quantities. During winter when young cattle are wading in snow and slush, ergot impairs circulation of blood in the extremities and sores or sloughing may occur about the feet and pasterns. Tails, feet and horns have been known to slough off.

Rye becomes ergot infested from spores due to the ergot crop of the previous year and to spurs of ergot sown with the rye seed in fall or spring. For this reason rye seed should be perfectly cleaned to free it of ergot before it is used. Here is the way to do it, as discovered and taught by plant pathologists of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station: Make a salt brine of about 20 per cent strength by dissolving 40 pounds of common salt in 25 gallons of water. Have this solution in a tub, barrel or other suitable receptacle. When the salt is well dissolved, pour in the rye slowly and stir vigorously at the same time. It takes two persons to do this. The ergot and light seeds will rise to the surface and the sound kernels will sink to the bottom. Skim off the ergot or add rye until the solution rises and runs over the side of the tub, carrying the ergot with it. If the ergot does not float, the solution should be made stronger by the addition of more salt. The dryness of the grain makes a difference in the strength of solution necessary. The solution should be poured off as the ergot is removed and the grain washed with fresh water and dried. Otherwise the grain will dry slowly and its germinating qualities be injured. The wet grain should be spread thinly on a clean floor or canvas and shoveled over a few times.

Utilizing Cheap Horses

So great and extensive has been the drought in Montana and some other western states that cattle, sheep and horses have starved in some localities and throughout the dry areas have suffered fearfully from lack of feed. For this reason sheep and cattle are being shipped out of the drought-stricken districts to those in which cheap grazing is available. Minnesota and Wisconsin offer such grazing grounds and are being widely utilized while northern Michigan is taking some surplus stock. But what to do with the cheap, light horses that are consuming feed that might better be given to cattle and sheep is a problem. It does not pay to ship the horses to market, or to distant grazing grounds. The consequence is that we hear of sales of horses around \$5.00 a head, while in some districts sales cannot be made at any price.

Under the circumstances it is being proposed that the meat of these cheap, light horses should be used for human consumption. To that end it is suggested that canning of horse flesh should be started on a considerable scale, for such meat would be welcomed in Europe, where it has long been used. In Paris and cities of Belgium horse meat markets have long been patronized and some of our returning soldiers report that they have eaten horse meat and found it "not so bad." It is much darker in color than beef and in some cases is almost black, besides being coarser in grain and having a somewhat unpleasant odor. This meat also is sweet in taste as it contains glycogen; but people come to like it and there is no question as to its value as a nutrient. Recognizing the horse slaughtering industry as one that is to grow, the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry now is inspecting all horses intended for slaughter for meat, as none that have certain diseases are fit for that purpose and must be carefully discarded. Then, too, the slaughtering places must be run on a sanitary basis and everything done in the best possible manner as regards handling of the meat products. Sausage is one of the products most used in the market, as it keeps and ships well. Horse hides also are valuable and needed. All horse flesh offered for human food must be plainly labeled just what it is so the people will not be imposed upon if they do not care to buy such meat.

The Cement Stave Silo

The cement stave silo is growing very rapidly in popularity. Why? Because it combines the advantages of the solid concrete silo with those of the wooden stave. What are some of these advantages?

CONCRETE FIREPROOF AND PERMANENT.—The strong talking point for the solid concrete silo is that it is fireproof and permanent. Winds do not blow it down. It never rots or needs painting. It needs no repairs. All these things are claimed for the cement stave. If the hoops rust, which they may in time, they can be quickly and cheaply covered with paint.

STAVE SILO QUICKLY BUILT.—It takes time to build a solid concrete silo. One of staves may be built in a day. It takes but little more time to build one of cement staves. A solid foundation which must be laid for all types of silo is put down and as soon as it is ready the staves are set up. They are short, easily handled and go up rapidly.

CEMENT STAVES MAY BE ADDED TO.—One often wants to build higher after the silo is up. An additional five, ten or twenty feet may be easily added to the cement stave silo the next year or at any time after building.

There are now a good many concerns making cement staves for silos, so that it should not be a difficult matter to purchase them in any locality.

Silage from Dry Corn

Can silage be made from dry corn late in the fall or early winter? Yes. Though not quite so good or so greatly relished by cattle, a very good silage can be made from corn that has stood for a month or two in the shock.

In making silage from dry corn it should be remembered that this corn has lost a great deal of moisture while standing in the shock. This

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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WATERPROOF WEATHER STRIP

Will keep out the cold and save tons of coal.

Made of heavy, compact brown felt with tough, waterproof paper back.

Will not stretch while applying; snow and rain can't cause it to sag between tacks and let in the wind, as ordinary flimsy strips do. Will stay smooth and tight all winter.

A distinct innovation in flexible weatherstrips, not only in the exceptional quality of the Burlington Strip itself, but in this fact—

Proper Size and Shaped Tacks and Thumb Guard for Pushing in Tacks included **FREE**—No hammer needed

No hunting for right kind of tacks or using too large or too small sizes that will split the wood or not hold.

We give you large head, sharp, tapering, thin shank tacks that won't split the wood.

The Thumb Guard protects thumb while you push the tacks into the hardest wood—easily—No Hammer Needed.

Tacks and thumb guard in each 75 cent tin

10-ft. roll 10c

Larger rolls up to 10 ft.

If your dealer can't supply you order of us and give us his name

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The Ottawa Log Saw does the work of ten men. Makes wood sawing easy and profitable. When not sawing wood use for pumping, feed grinding, etc. Simple, economical, durable. Thousands in use. Fully guaranteed; 80 days trial. Write at once for Free book and low price. OTTAWA MFG. CO., 911 Wood St., Ottawa, Kan.



With a FOLDING SAWING MACHINE, 60 CORDS BY ONE MAN in 10 hours. Send for Free catalog No. 28 showing low price and latest improvements. First order secures agency. Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE FACTORY'S 5

BEDDING BOOK—SAVES

Write this minute for price-slashing catalog "FEATHER FACTS AND BEDDING BARGAINS," sent FREE. Every page crammed with DIRECT FACTORY OFFERS underselling all middlemen. We sell C. O. D. and give ironclad MONEYBACK GUARANTEE backed by four banks. BEFORE you write elsewhere, SEND FOR THIS PURITY BOOK.

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Get a Feather Bed

Beds 25-lb. \$9.95; 30-lb. \$10.95; 35-lb. \$11.95; 40-lb. \$12.95; two 3-lb. pillows \$1.75. All new feathers, best ticking. We have \$1,000 cash deposit in bank to guarantee satisfaction or money back. Mail order today or write for catalog which also contains bargains in Rugs, Curtains, Counterpanes, Blankets, Comforters, etc. SANITARY BEDDING CO., Dept. 214 Charlotte, N. C.

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Beautiful Imitation Wrist Watch on adjustable leather strap. Gold plated with 22 inch chain and these 4 handsome Rings all free for \$1.00. 12 pieces, quick-selling jewelry at 10 cents each. Write EARL WATCH CO., Dept. 51, East Boston, Mass.

419 EGGS FROM 20 HENS IN 30 DAYS

Mr. Dougherty Got This Result in October. Plan is Easily Tried.

"I tried Don Sung and the results were far past any expectations. I got 419 eggs in 30 days from 20 hens while moulting. I think this is wonderful, as they hardly laid at all before while moulting."—Frank Dougherty, 5940 E. 11th St., Indianapolis.

Mr. Dougherty bought \$1 worth of Don Sung tablets in October and wrote the above letter in November. Figure his profit on 35 dozen eggs from hens that formerly laid little or nothing.

This may sound too good to be true, but it costs nothing to find out. We'll make you the same offer we made him.

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that it pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 30 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Get Don Sung from your druggist or poultry remedy dealer or send 50 cents for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 445 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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BEST time now for getting your new engine—prices lower—prompt shipments. More power, per gallon, from cheap Kerosene than from high-priced gasoline. Easy to start in any kind of weather. Same engine also burns gasoline.

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Kerosene and Gasoline Engines. For all outdoor and indoor work. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 16 and 22 H.P. Stationary, Portable and Saw-Rig styles. 10-Year Guarantee. Get our catalog and prices and see big saving you can make now.

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To prove the Kirstin is the most powerful, speedy and efficient Stump Puller, we will ship you any size or style on 30 Days' Free Trial. Send no money. When Puller comes, try it on your own stump—give it every severe test—let it prove that it will pull any stump you want. If satisfied, keep Puller. If not pleased, return it at our expense, you don't pay a penny. Four easy ways to pay.

Kirstin ONE-MAN Stump Puller

Operates on wonderful leverage principle. One man alone handles and pulls on the handle means tons on the stump. When stump starts throw machine into high speed and out comes the stump, roots and all. Positively no other machine like it. Send for most valuable Stump Puller Book—great illustrated pictures, prices, terms—and our Special Agent's Proposition—all FREE. Write today. One-man style or HORSE POWER, all sizes. 3-year guarantee with each machine. Shipment from nearest distributing point. Freight and freight Low prices now. Write for FREE BOOK, etc., TODAY! A. J. KIRSTIN CO., 1803 Lud Street, Escanaba, Mich.

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World's Largest Makers of Stump Pullers!

Quick Shipment From: Escanaba, Mich., Atlanta, Ga., Portland, Ore., Soo, Canada

More Money

The season of seasons for raw furs is here. This means "more money" for your catch Mr. Shipper. It also means that it is more important than ever before that you get big money for your pelts. We guarantee to pay highest prices. Our long established reputation is your protection—send for price list to-day—it's free.

RAW FURS

We must have shipments immediately to fill orders. We will be more liberal than usual to get them. Rush your pelts to us.

Write To-day
Our price list proves the high prices we pay—send for yours to-day.

L. Briefner & Sons
EST. 1901
153 W 25th St New York

Stop Foolish Trapping

Many a novice in the trapping game, and sometimes a wind-bitten old timer will trap breeding females and take the pelts, and each feels that he has done no harm. One is carried away, perhaps, by his enthusiasm, another by the fear that some other fellow may get ahead of him.

But under whatever delusion they may labor, they are committing the penny wise but pound foolish axiom of the outdoors.

Trapping during breeding seasons does not pay, and the man who traps them not only robs himself once but does so twice. First, he kills an animal that should be allowed to live and propagate its kind, which, of course, means more money for the trapper eventually, since there will be more animals to trap.

The sportsman or professional trapper who realizes these two facts—both mean money to him if heeded—has made a great step toward the conservation of our fur-bearing animal resources.

Boys just starting out with their first traps should realize this and follow it. Indeed, the taking of furs during the breeding season brings so little in return that it is scarcely worth one's time or trouble to trap for them.

Of course, a knowledge of when to trap and how to trap is essential if this conservation idea of furs only is to be carried out.

Write to any of the big fur houses. They will send you the game laws of the different states and the laws are usually made to fit local conditions. So, if you follow the game laws, you can't go far wrong.

BOY NETS NINETY-SIX DOLLARS WITH FOUR TRAPS

Yes! Lambert Bailey of Volga, Ia., writes that he trapped 24 skunks last season with only four traps and received \$96.00 for his catch. And the remarkable part of it is, he trapped only during his spare time. Get busy, boys! Fur prices are going sky high. Write Becker Bros. today for their FREE trapping guide and price list. For more than 34 years they have established a policy of grading furs right up to the limit, which has assured thousands of shippers 100 cents on every dollar's worth of furs shipped. Sit right down now and write Becker Bros. Address them Dept. 2538, 416 N. Dearborn St., Chicago; Dept. 2538, 129 W. 29th St., New York City; Dept. 2538, 200 Decatur St., New Orleans.

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You can do trapping and make easy money in spare time like thousands of others.

FREE Free instructions and trapping secrets that will enable you to become an expert trapper. Free advance fur market information. Free catalog of trappers' supplies. Free subscription to "Trappers' Exchange," greatest trappers magazine published. Send name today.

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WE WANT ALL KINDS OF FURS

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The High Dollar Fur House

You cannot afford to sell a single fur without our Free Price List and Market Letter on Furs "Write to-day". We want your entire catch this year and will pay prices to get it. We stand on our merits of honest and liberal grading, prompt returns, and always guarantee satisfaction. We charge no commission, and hold goods separate subject to approval. Play safe and ship your furs to the old reliable—HARDER FUR CO., Direct Handlers of Furs, 4th Street, Catawissa, Pa.

Letters and Photographs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Got \$135.00 for Season's Catch

I began to trap in November, 1918, and caught



ONE NIGHT'S CATCH.

ARTHUR CROSS, Nebraska.

It Pays to Read About Trapping

Having had no experience in trapping or no trapper to learn from, I began to study all I found in the papers about trapping. I got many helpful hints on trapping in COMFORT.

Early in the fall of 1918 I began to look for signs of fur bearing animals. After having spent a great deal of my spare time looking for signs I picked out a trap line. It was short enough that I could go to it every day.

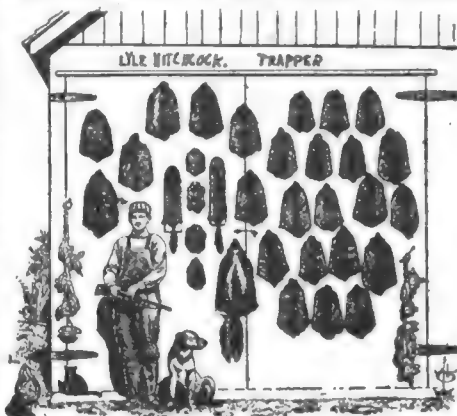
I set traps for the animals as their fur became prime. I had twenty traps and took eleven skunks, 2 raccoons, 5 opossum, 3 mink and 1 fox. I sold them to a regular dealer and received \$62.75. This paid for a Liberty Bond which I had bought and \$12.75 to help pay for my traps. The traps will last several years, so will have all I earn next year clear.

I found that it paid to read all you could about trapping. A friend of mine said he knew as much as the papers did about trapping. So he didn't waste his time reading them. He bought 24 traps and when he sold his fur he had to borrow \$3.70 from his father to finish paying for his traps.

Yours truly,
MARSHALL McKEAND, Indiana.

Good Catch for Twelve Traps

The picture does not show my catch quite complete. It shows 23 muskrats, 2 minks and 3 moles. After that I caught 1 skunk, 2 muskrats



GOOD TRAPPING OUTFIT.

and 1 mole. I had 12 traps set and all of the furs were salable. I sold them to two of the fur dealers whose ads I saw in COMFORT.

LYLE HITCHCOCK, Illinois.

One Million Pelts Wanted

The greatest fur season in history is here! This means that you, Mr. Trapper, can get more than ever before if you ship your catch to Sobel—where astonishingly high prices are paid and liberal assortments are allowed. Ship us what you have, quick.

RAW FURS

FREE We Guarantee to Pay Highest Prices

The least you owe yourself is to get the most for your pelts and a square deal. Send for our free price list and find out how liberally we pay. Our 33 years experience is your guarantee of generous, honest grading. Don't wait! You might neglect it. It's important for us both. Send us a postal today for a price list.

N. Sobel, Inc. Dept. 29
22 West 27th Street
New York City

RAW FURS

Read what a trapper writes:

Mr. Warehoff, Dear Sir: I am shipping you today 1 box of furs. It is no use for me to grade them as you have been giving me very good grades.

Jacob York, Illinois

We have a good many letters on file, all came as above, and unsolicited. You too will soon realize that there is more than a promise to our way of doing business. Try us and be convinced.

Send us a shipment today or write for price list. We know our grading will please you as ours has.

Sol Warehoff & Co., Inc., 149 West 25th Street, New York City

TRAPPERS

It's FREE

THE ART OF TRAPPING

Send For This Great Book



It's just what you've been looking for. **THE ART OF TRAPPING** is the best and most complete Trapper's Guide ever published—prepared at great expense—by experts. It gives a complete and accurate description, pictures and tracks of the different Fur-bearers of North America; it tells when and where to trap; the best and most successful trapping methods; the right kind of baits and scents; the sizes of traps to use; the correct way of skinning and handling the different pelts to make them worth the most money; the trapping laws of every state.

"SHUBERT"

will send this great book FREE to any one interested in trapping or collecting Fur-bearers. Just sign and mail the coupon today.

"THE ART OF TRAPPING" is NOT a supply catalog—but a real Trapper's Guide containing information of inestimable value to any trapper. It will guide and help the experienced trapper and teach the beginner the art of successfully trapping the North American Fur-bearers. No trapper or Fur collector can afford to be without this great book. Send for your copy at once.

A. B. SHUBERT, INC.
THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN
AMERICAN RAW FURS
25-27 W. AUSTIN AVE., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WITHOUT OBLIGATION SEND ME "THE ART OF TRAPPING"

THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE TRAPPER'S GUIDE EVER PUBLISHED
and keep me posted on Raw Fur Market
Conditions during the Fur Season of 1919-1920

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT NAME)
Post Office _____ R.F.D. _____ Box No. _____
County _____ State _____

COMFORT'S Fur Forum

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

- Q.—Are ground-hog furs good?
A.—These have no market value.
- Q.—Where are civets found?
A.—This fur bearer inhabits the Middle West. But few are taken east of the Mississippi River. The animals are very numerous in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and similar sections.
- Q.—Where are the best mink taken?
A.—Generally speaking, the animals of the North are all of fine quality and it would be hard to designate just where the best skins come from. Undoubtedly those from the northern New England states rank among the best, both for color and quality.
- Q.—What is the easiest fur bearer to trap?
A.—Skunk and civet do not require much skill, neither do muskrat with water sets. The marten is not hard to take, either, often springing naked traps.
- Q.—Will rotten eggs draw fox?
A.—Some trappers use them as a lure for the animals and get good results. However, some of the other attractors will be found better.
- Q.—Do animals die when they gnaw off a foot?
A.—In many cases, yes. This is particularly true of muskrats. Where they are numerous and trapped to any great extent, carcasses will be found with the foot amputated. On the other hand, however, many survive. They are frequently caught again and the hides go to make up beautiful garments.
- Q.—Can I tan mink at home?
A.—It may be done, only it is best to get a tanner to do this. Too many skins are spoiled when attempted by the amateur.
- Q.—Can one raise skunks after trapping them?
A.—Skunks are one of the easiest of all animals to keep in captivity.
- Q.—Will ferrites drive out mink?
A.—Only a few of the larger males can be depended upon to do this.
- Q.—What is a dead-fall?
A.—Generally speaking, it is a heavy weight supported by a stick or something similar and arranged so that when the bait is disturbed the object falls, crushing the animal underneath.
- Q.—How many skunks live in a den?
A.—Often ten or twelve.

TRAPPERS

The name **SUMMERFIELD** assures you of **A SQUARE DEAL**

Get the most money for your season's catch. Ship us your furs—you'll get absolutely honest grading, and your money will be sent same day.

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION

For 47 years square dealing has built our reputation. Ask the oldest trapper. He'll tell you.

Write now for our reliable prices, supply catalogue, and free shipping tags.

SIMON SUMMERFIELD & CO.
Dept. 119 St. Louis, Mo.



Going Down

The temperature is dropping and raw fur prices are rising. Get your traps ready for the big season—the year of high prices.

RAW FURS

Thousands of shippers are S & B shippers first, last and always, because past experience has convinced them of the never failing S & B policy of high prices, liberal assortments and immediate returns.

Write for price list.

STRUCK & BOSSAK, Inc.
143 West 28th Street, New York City
Buyers also of Ginseng and Golden Seal.

Boys! It's a Big Year For Easy Money

Get Started Trapping Now!

No trouble to make money with the high prices we pay for skins. One boy made \$77.50 in one week. You can make enough to go away to school, or to take a trip next summer or to buy an automobile.

Free Trapper's Guide

The biggest and best one ever printed. Tells you what kind of traps to get, where and how to set them, what kind of bait to use, how to kill and skin and how to ship to get highest prices. Send your name today.

LINCOLN HIDE AND FUR COMPANY
1008 Q St., Lincoln, Neb.

Get Most Cash for Raw Furs and Hides

SHIP TO STROUP, FURS from all sections wanted, we have outlets right now for enormous quantities of FURS. This means we are paying uncommonly **HIGH PRICES**. Highest price paid. Liberal Grading. Prompt Returns. No Commission Charged.

Write for Price List and Shipping Tags.
JAMES H. STROUP
Fur and Wool Merchant.
Est. 1912 R-4, Pontiac, Mich.

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Saving users from 25% to 40% with my direct-to-you wholesale factory prices.

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Be independent of wages and salary—get ahead of high living costs. The Lange Plan offers you the opportunity for a business of your own with big, steady income. You can sell Lange quality products—tea, coffee, soap, extracts, medicines, toilet preparations and grocery specialties—at less than store prices—and make big profits. Healthful and enjoyable work—well-known goods—sales get better every trip. Experience unnecessary. You furnish home or auto, we supply rest of outfit on easy plan and you do business on our capital. Our contract beats all others three ways. Let us tell you how. Exclusive territory now open but going fast. Write quick.

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Play the Hawaiian Guitar Just Like the Hawaiians!

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Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.

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First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.

233 Broadway, New York City.
I am interested in the HAWAIIAN GUITAR. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

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Address
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Sell twenty-five packages each containing 50 Christmas Post Cards & Novelties for 10c. We Trust You. When Sold Send \$1.50. Keep \$1.00. Each package contains 5 nice Xmas Post Cards and 45 Xmas Tags, Stamps, Seals, and Enclosure Cards.

Orleans Parcel Post Co., Box 6337, Orleans, La.

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AND CHAIN

We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time, keeper, 5-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Chain Ring all for selling 10 of our easy to sell jewelry articles at 10c. each. Write for details. Watch & Ring, Ladies' or Gent's style chain. Home Supply Co., Dept. 607 Chicago, Ill.

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WONDERFUL SILK AND VELVET BARGAINS For Quilts, Fancy Work, Portieres, Etc. Send 10 Cents for big package of large beautiful silk remnants including fancy quilt designs and silks. Also, describing our goods, silk, velvet, flannel, and other remnant bargain bundles; also instructions how to earn money at home by selling.

FREE

High power air rifle for selling only 4 boxes Menthol cigarettes 25c. building today. U.S. Company, Box 23, Greenville, Pa.

A Whole Toy Town!

Boys and Girls—Can You Imagine it? A Complete Village Of Houses, Stores, Shops And All! You Can Build And Re-build It As Often As You Like!

FUN, fun, fun—that's what you'll have when you get this wonderful new toy town, with its streets, yards, houses, stores, shops and men, women and children, just like any real town. Only think! Twenty different buildings—and you can build them, take them down and build them again as often as you please. You can call it "your own town" and talk to the people living in the houses, walking and driving in the streets and working in the shops—the blacksmith at his forge in the blacksmith shop, the children going to school, the customers in the stores and hotel and even the little boys and girls playing "Indian" and "soldier" in the dandy big tent on the bank of the beautiful river that flows under the bridge. Remember—twenty-five buildings make quite a big town—bigger than some real towns we know of.

In this wonderful toy town village there are thirteen handsome up-to-date houses, a tent, church, high school savings bank, hotel, club house, barber shop, bakery, blacksmith shop, express office, garage and police station, besides all the streets, yards and flowers, river and bridge. They are made of thick heavy cardboard printed in natural colors so that they look like real houses while the streets, yards and flowers are colored true to life. Full directions tell you how to put all the different buildings together, how to lay out your town and place



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

GIRLS, girls, how time does fly! Only a short time ago I was cautioning you against sunburn and freckles and now it is time for you to put on your winter "undies." To those who live in a cold climate, don't make the mistake of thinking you can wear summer-weight underwear throughout the winter and get away with it successfully. Sooner or later you will pay the penalty by years of ill health. Most of us are given strong, healthy bodies and it is our duty to show our appreciation to the Giver of all Good by taking intelligent care of ourselves. Run along and help Mother get the Thanksgiving dinner ready and I'll see what tangles we have to unravel this month.

Mrs. A. A. M. N. Mex.—Typewritten manuscript is preferred by all publishers and the only kind considered by certain ones, so have yours neatly typewritten, one side of paper only; fold, do not roll, and then unless you have every reason to believe your work is reasonably good, do not send it. Thus you will save postage, Uncle Sam's time, and gain the thanks of some third editor whose brain is in a whirl from reading letters beginning: "I have wrote a storie for your paper. Cousin Susie says it is the best storie she ever read and if you will publish my storie she will subscribe for your paper." Don't give up if you possess talent but be sure you do possess it.

WILD CANARY, Montana.—If dances are the only form of entertainment your town affords, I haven't the heart to tell you not to go, for youth must have some pleasures and you will be properly chaperoned if both your father and older sister accompany you. What's the matter with the mothers of A—? Why don't they get together and devise ways and means of keeping their young people suitably entertained? (2) Have the material you mention made up in separate waist and skirt or combined (if suitable) in a one-piece dress.

LEORA, Okla.—Ask the Sisters, from whom you take music lessons, if they consider you capable of teaching beginners. Personally, I think it unwise both for you and the beginners but I'm not an authority.

TWO NEBRASKA MAIDS, Nebraska.—The girl in a small town, or city for that matter, is placed in rather an awkward position, for if she accepts the attentions of several men she is regarded as a flirt and talked about accordingly, or else she is obliged to keep "steady company" with one whom, perhaps, she doesn't care about, but finally marries more from habit than love. It requires skill and tact to know where to draw the dividing line. (2) I prefer not to enter into religious discussions; sometimes such marriages turn out happily and again they do not. Talk it over frankly and seriously with him.

B.—If you have good health and a thorough knowledge of household duties, and are twenty-one years of age, it would seem that your parents shouldn't object to your marriage on the grounds that you are too young to undertake the responsibilities of married life, particularly when your fiancé is in every way desirable. Try to win their consent if possible, even if it means waiting a while longer.

MILDBRED, Florida.—Destroying the roots of the hair by use of the electric needle is the only sure cure for superfluous hair. It should be done by a skilled practitioner.

BLACK EYES, Tenn.—If you think that life without the "rough boy that drinks whiskey" (wonder where he gets it now?) would be "something awful," just marry him and see how much worse it will be. Don't run away with him but tell him if he is willing to reform and make good for your sake you will wait for him. Don't marry the other fellow just because your parents want you to. That wouldn't be fair to him or to yourself.

MAMA'S BABY DOLL, Texas.—Don't fool yourself, dearie, in thinking that country people are "backward and silly," and that you can't be happy until you go back to town to stay. When girls of sixteen sell as outrageously as you do they aren't so far from being in the "backward" class themselves. If you realize that you have the "best old homely mother in the world" (your mother should be beautiful in your eyes), don't you think you had better stay with her and try to show your love and appreciation while you have the opportunity? So many girls do not realize until too late that they have the best mother in the world. Stay home two or three years longer, anyway, and fit yourself for something besides work as waitress.

SIMPLICITY, Montana.—H'm, maybe not so much so, after all. Sure, go ahead and propose to the "wealthy gentleman of seventy-one" or send me his name and address and I'll do it, though I sadly realize that I can't hope to compete with your seventeen-year-old charms. The older they are the younger they like 'em. So you think the marriage you mention would place you in a "higher sphere" than "juggling prunes." Nursing is considered one of the noblest professions. I do think that "juggling prunes" is a much more ladylike and refined expression than "slinging hash," and I'll remember it and use it on every possible occasion. (2) The man who gets down on his knees and sweetly warbles: "I have tried all in vain many times to propose," is wasting his talents on you. He should be on the stage. Maybe that constitutes a real proposal, but I'd prefer the plain, honest, will-you-marry-me kind. (3) No, I wouldn't marry a man who had been married twice before. Whatever in the world made you think I would?

Mrs. C., Arkansas.—If the relative you mention is not actually dependent upon your husband for support,

it would seem unnecessary for your home to be spoiled by his presence, and your husband should consider your wishes and happiness. There are good schools he could attend so why not compromise and have him spend vacations with you? He has got to go to school anyway and perhaps in time you can feel differently toward him.

FIGHTING TOMMY, Oklahoma.—If your chum's brother annoys you so much every time you go there, don't go. That's easy, isn't it? And if you "hate like everything" to dance with him, why do you do it? Avoid him.

PRETTY THING, Indian Valley.—Eleven o'clock is too late for a fourteen-year-old girl to be out riding with a boy; in fact, she shouldn't be out anyway, and certainly not so late as that. Of course if you had tire trouble or a breakdown it couldn't be helped. You were on horseback? Scuse me, dear, scuse me. Very careless of me but it wasn't proper whatever way you went.

PEGGY, San Antonio, Texas.—Some boys at twenty-one are as mature as the average young man of twenty-five, and if the one you mention belongs in that class I don't think the fact that you are one year older than he is should prevent your marriage. Anyway, I'd take a chance if I wanted him.

FERN, Illinois.—Cedar chests make the best hope boxes but they may be made of anything—ordinary boxes covered with pretty cretonne make nice ones. They should contain everything you will need in the way of linen for your home, from the finest embroidered articles to dish towels.

ALMA, Missouri.—If you are nineteen and your lover is sixteen I do not think it proper for you to be married, but if he is twenty-five and you are twenty-eight it would be all right. Don't ever get careless about your personal appearance, though. This applies with equal force to wives that are younger than their husbands.

LAURA, La.—There isn't enough difference between your two callers for me to tell which would be better for you to select for a sweetheart but I think you'd better take the other one. You might try saying "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

AN ORPHAN, N. C.—When boys of sixteen marry it isn't at all surprising that a divorce follows; and unless there was something particularly disgraceful connected with the case it doesn't seem that you should hold it against him now. Marry him if you love him and he loves you and tell your step-relatives to go chase themselves. That isn't polite but neither are they.

A. AND A., Missouri.—There is about the right difference between your ages. (2) A diamond is the usual thing for an engagement ring, but the proper thing is just what your fiancé can afford. Don't let him buy it on the installment plan. Lots of nice folks don't have engagement rings at all while others use their birthstone instead of a diamond. I think that is a pretty idea. (3) Don't say "Most properest." It isn't.

Now we are even. You have your respective dinners ready and I have your respective troubles and questions taken care of and can sit me down to my own table with a clear conscience.

Hoping you are the same,

COUSIN MARION.

Better Than Turkey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Inches of his tail and one ear—shot away. Otherwise he was unhurt and still far from being a dead dog. The driving snow wrapped him in a mantle of invisibility. Unseen, unheeded, he shook the icy water from him and turned his nose toward the valley. The dip in the creek had washed the last taste of the soap from his mouth, but the memory of this day's persecutions would stay with him forever. Forever, then, he turned his back upon the Bartlett grounds, and vanished in a dog trot and the gathering darkness.

Buster Smith sat at the supper table. In his heart there was sorrow, deep sorrow, and gloom, black gloom, sat upon his chubby little face. The white napkin about his neck was unspotted with grease. His hands, too, were clean, and on his cheeks was a total absence of those smears which accumulate when little boys eat turkey. A huge drumstick lay untouched upon his plate.

At noon it had been the same way. The Jake Smiths were beginning to be worried.

"Where you sick, son?" grunted Jake, solicitously, with his mouth full of cranberry sauce. Buster's lower lip quivered. He gravely placed one hand on the approximate region of his heart. "Wonder what Fuzzy's doing now?" he reflected, jamming a knuckle of the other hand into his eye.

There was a scratch at the door, and a whine. Buster slipped from his seat. There is a telepathic affinity between dogs and small boys that laughs at doors. He turned the knob. The door opened, and over the threshold, with a whirl of snowflakes, tumbled Fuzzy, dirty, bedraggled, half-frozen, maimed almost beyond recognition, but leaping and bounding with sheer, exuberant joy.

An ear-splitting whoop, thirteen steps of a Choctaw war dance, and Buster was back upon his chair. The drumstick was demolished. Grease and gravy and mashed potatoes soon smeared his face and napkin as copiously as any mother could desire.

Mrs. Smith turned her back for a moment, and, dexterously, a wing was snaked off the platter. "Peak for it, Fuzzy," gurgled Buster, holding the wing at arm's length. "Peak for it."

In the heart of Fuzzy, as he rose to his hind legs and barked, there was a great Thanksgiving. Never again would he be Algeron, the prize Pomeranian. Gone was his silver collar, gone his flawless beauty, gone his very identity—shot away. He was only a dirty, frowny, ugly, one-eared, plebian pup, and that which he wagged so joyously was only the pitiful stump of a tail.

But who cared for that? Who cared—who cared?

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If you are making less than \$150 a month, write me today. I have no "get-rich-quick" plan. But if you are wide-awake, honest, willing to work with me and give me at least part of your time, I offer you

MAN OR WOMAN

the Special Agency (local or traveling) for our great line of household necessities. Experience is unnecessary. I will furnish everything, so that lack of capital shall not stand in your way. Hundreds of prosperous men and women who started this way are now making \$100 a month or more. It's your great opportunity—and I say don't miss it. Just drop me a post card today for complete particulars FREE.

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Albert Mills, Mgr. 1775 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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Machine and Work Guaranteed. Over 100,000 now in use. Write for "Guide Book" and samples of knitting.

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Dept. 404 Clearfield, Pa.

THIS \$33.92 MODEL KING TALKING \$10.98

Entertain! Enjoy the luxury of finest music—operas—monologues—minstrels, etc. Own the latest hornless King machine. Sweetest, clearest tone. Handiest, simplest to operate. We give you

FREE 30 DAYS TRIAL

This rich \$33 model King machine sent with six records for 4 weeks of entertainment in your home. Return it or exchange it not delighted. Write for latest record list and "year to year" trial plan.

KINGCO, Dept. 6, 8200 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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8x10 Mounted Enlargement, Prepared 53c. Send Negatives. Excellent Dev. & Ptg. SCHULZ PHOTO SHOP 122 NASSAU ST., New York

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Wear Absolutely Waterproof Steels

Cost less than leather, wear 3 to 6 times longer, are lighter, easier, stronger. Stop big shoe bills. Eliminate repair bills. Stop foot troubles. Prevent Colds, Rheumatism, Corns, Bunions. Keep feet warm and dry in snow, rain, mud, slush. Never change shape—comfortable always. Free Shoe Book Tells All. Write Today.

N. M. RUTHSTEIN, Vice-Pres.

STEEL SOLE SHOE CO., Dept. A44, Racine, Wis.

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stones and 22-karat chain, one Netherlands Bracelet to fit any arm and these 4 gold plated Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 12 pieces of our jewelry at 10c each. Write for jewelry today.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 6, East Boston, Mass.



The Healthy, Happy Mother

owes to Malt-Nutrine, liquid food and tonic, her excellent state of well-being. It gives her endurance and quick restoration and an ample supply of nourishment for the little one at her breast. It quiets her nerves, whets her appetite and brings to her, sweet, restful sleep. Her strength and joyousness are imparted to her baby—a "healthy, happy" pair!

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

is of inestimable benefit. Taken with the meals and before retiring, it builds up a fine reserve strength, aids digestion and, after illness, restores health and a new vigor.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"
Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights. It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 24. Try Cresolene's Adhesive Throat Tablets for the Irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c, in stamps. THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

Resinol

heals babies' skin troubles

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap have been recommended by physicians and nurses for many years in the treatment of infantile eczema, teething rash, chafing, etc. They contain nothing which could possibly injure or irritate the tenderest skin. Sold by all druggists. Resinol Soap for baby's bath tends to prevent skin-troubles.

Make Your Gray Hair Beautiful

Silver Sheen Shampoo (cream) puts life into gray and white hair and brings out the admired blue-silver tone. Made from the formula of a famous New York Hair Specialist. Compounded of the finest ingredients and guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless. You will be delightfully surprised with the way it brightens and freshens your hair. Enough for 6 months' treatment, \$1.35. Satisfaction or money back. Send Postal Order or Check today. Silver Sheen Co., 2 Vanderbilt Ave., Bldg., New York.



Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Sister, when there is so much praise given mother, doesn't father deserve a little praise, too? I think so, but then, my father is the best ever.

Will some of the sisters, or brothers (I am so glad they came) living near the ranches or on ranches, please write, especially young people as I am not so very old myself. Like Marion Baier I envy you the golden west.

To those whom I sent the widow's mite last December, I received grateful letters from all but lost the address of some. Appreciated your thanks though.

I'll leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson and then go. God be with you, every one.

RAINY DAY.

Rainy Day.—Pardon me, but you are nothing of the sort—you are a beautiful sunny day with a blue sky and flowers. That's what you are. And we think your poem, "The Answering Time Will Come," a very helpful and encouraging one.—Ed.

TENNESSEE.

"Oh! Tennessee! Thou poet's fount of joy!
I love thy pleasant fields, thy rugged hills,
And oh! may naught thy beauty e'er destroy—
Not even so much as mar thy feeblest rills.
Here shall my hap fore'er responsive be
And sing thy praise, mine own, my Tennessee."

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Do you not think the above words by Robert L. Jarnon quite beautiful? I am sure the Tennessee sisters think so. I often wonder why there are so few letters from this state. We Tennesseans extend and like to receive a warm welcome, so perhaps other sisters like myself, are afraid the Editor's door will be closed and not be opened when they knock. But I am going to put on a brave front and push forward, hoping others will do likewise.

Yesterday while looking through some back numbers of COMFORT, I read a letter from Motherless Girl that I had failed to notice before. I am afraid I am not really competent to advise anyone but I wish very much to say a few words to this dear girl who has such a desire to accomplish so much good in the world and who cannot tell whether she loves a man well enough to marry him or not. Then listen, Motherless Girl. Never, never marry any man until you know, for if you really truly love you will surely know it. "True love is a force so great, so sweet, we cannot help but feel it. To us it is what the sunshine is to the flower, what the compass is to the vessel; it stimulates us to action, it sharpens the senses and refreshes the soul."

This is only a part of John S. Rosa's beautiful reply to the question, What is love? If you have never read this before I believe it will help you to understand. But again, there are women married to men who never show them any affection, consideration or tenderness, but whose love endures to the end in spite of starvation and neglect. Suppose this home-loving man you speak of should love his home better than his wife? Suppose you marry him and have children of your own and after a few years awake to the horrible reality that he married you only that he might have someone to "mend his frock and bake his bread." Men are selfish creatures, dear, that is, most of them are, and think only of themselves and they expect a woman to go steadily on and never falter or complain. They either do not think or care anything about the trials and heartaches their wives may have. They always have something more important on their minds, the fishing trip for tomorrow or something of that sort. Suppose you should bring children into the world and after a short time pass into Eternity, leaving behind the babes, for which you gave your life, to fall into the hands of a stepmother who might not be kind to them. Then where would be the good that you had so painfully accomplished? There are already too many orphans that must fight the bitter fight alone. Marriage is a leap

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. AND C. B., Bay City, Mich.—You need not discard the ring of your dead fiancé. It is permissible for you to wear it on some other finger than the engagement one. (2) It is expected that a girl has been introduced to a gentleman with whom she is dancing.

R. J., Hinton, Okla.—It would be perfectly proper for you to call upon the parents of this girl who is ill and for you to ask them concerning her condition. If they think best for you to see her, they will offer you the opportunity.

G. C. S., Cornstalk, W. Va.—The engagement ring is worn upon the third finger of the left hand. The index finger is always reckoned as the first and the place of the engagement symbol is thus next to the little finger.

BLACK, BLUE AND BROWN, St. Croix, Ind.—If the boy with whom you are "keeping company" was not at this entertainment, it was permissible for you to allow some other boy to escort you home. But you most certainly should not have kissed him—or any other boy. If you read this column you should know this. Your kisses must be signs of affection reserved for the man to whom you may become engaged. (2) If your partner holds you too tightly while dancing, simply tell him that you do not like to dance in that manner. (3) You should not sit outside your home for an hour with the young man who has taken you back from a dance.

A. B. C., Menomonee, Wis.—When the brother of the girl you were visiting took both his sister and you to the theater, it was a natural form of courtesy in an endeavor to make your stay enjoyable. No formal thanks are therefore necessary, although it would be pleasant for you to say, after the performance, how much you had enjoyed it. (2) No expression of thanks is needed after a visit to an ice cream parlor.

IGNORANT, Missouri.—You were indeed more than indiscreet to smoke a cigarette and we admire the young man who told you that you had acted wrongly. We think you would be justified in endeavoring to regain his good opinion by telling him that you were thoroughly ashamed of your foolish performance. May this be a lesson to you in exhibiting what the right sort of young men really think of certain actions on the part of young girls. As you are but sixteen, you have plenty of time to learn what is good sense and good form and what is merely silly and wicked. (2) You acted in exactly the right manner regarding the young man who pinched your arm.

TWO ALABAMA GIRLS, Verbena, Ala.—A man is supposed to be capable of holding his own hat—at the theater or any other place. However, there was nothing incorrect in your holding it if you wished. (2) In escorting a girl home, a man may assist by offering his arm if darkness or bad walking conditions causes difficulties. It is generally best to say good night at the door of your home. (3) A lady may offer her hand or not when meeting a man whom she knows. (4) Yes, we would regard 142 pounds as being even more than plump for a girl but five feet tall.

G. C., St. John, Wash.—A girl of fourteen or fifteen is but a schoolgirl and a child. She must not "go" with a boy, and cannot, with propriety, attend any dances or parties except those of her school friends. (2) It would be correct for the boy to rise and open the door for you to pass out. (3) Yes, you weigh too much for your age and height. Eat less and exercise more.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING, Detroit, Mich.—The reason your mother has "never said anything" about your corresponding with boys is probably because she has never thought that a girl not yet out of the eighth grade would be thinking of anything so foolish. We advise you "waiting anxiously" until you are through with high school before you neglect books for boys. Ask your mother what she really thinks about this.

WHITE ROSE, Harriman, Tenn.—A schoolgirl of sixteen should not be "keeping company" with anything but the books and lessons which can make her sensible and wise. (2) It is the custom that a man walking with a lady takes the side which is nearest to the curb or street—the principle being that he will thus be able to protect her from traffic, dust, etc. In following this form, you will see that he must sometimes walk on the right of the lady and sometimes on the left.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD FAYE, Clovis, New Mex.—Most assuredly it is better for you to be considered "old fashioned" than for you to accept as friends the kind of girls who allow themselves to be kissed by every boy they meet.

WORRIED GIRLS, Hoolyan, Tex.—We cannot see how any girl with self-respect can bother her head thinking about one of the "off and on" suitors that you have described. The next time he appears in your vicinity, tell him that if he wants this other girl he must stick to her and that you have no use yourself for one of his slippery-hearted type. (2) It is to be expected and wished for that you should be intimate with the sister of the man you love, but this does not mean that you should "tell her everything." We think her brother might justly object to such over-candidness on your part.

PERPLEXED, Thomaston, Ga.—As, according to the laws of Georgia, you cannot marry more than one man, it will be best not to become engaged to more than one at once. This will also avoid various unpleasant affairs between the several Thomaston swains who may think they have valid claims to your affections. And after you are safely engaged to one—and one only—do not "go" with others. (2) A girl should accept nothing but the most simple gifts from a man to whom she is not engaged.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL, South Dakota.—A girl of fifteen may attend the "movies" with her brothers, if she goes and returns under their escort. She should not go, however, if her mother objects. (2) It was permissible for you to write simple, friendly letters of neighborhood news to a boy you knew who joined the Marine Corps.

Adventure of a Rhyme

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight upon me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried. "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spoke, then looked again and, frightened cried: "Oh, what a bad mistake!" I said: "Forgive me, madam fair, for I am not your Jack, and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightaway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood upon the platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Beauty Marring Hair Removed

HAIR on lips, face, neck, arms removed, privately in your own home. Facts free in beauty book sent for 2c stamp. Helene Cauffield, Beauty Salon, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Effective Way to Beautify Face

The Use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers Is Recommended for its Wonderful Influence in Ridding Face of Pimples, Rash, Etc.

You need no veil, no mask, no lotions, creams or means to hide behind when your complexion



shows that you have been using Stuart's Calcium Wafers. You are proud to be in the bright light. All those horrid pimples and blackheads, those liver spots and blotches, the rash and redness are gone and a more beautiful skin of fine texture has come to brighten your days. Pretty features are lost behind a repulsive skin. Get the blemish out of your skin with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They contain the great wonder, calcium sulphide, one of the most searching and effective skin purifiers known.

You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at any drug store, 50 cents a box. You will certainly be surprised and delighted with their successful action on the skin.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in the throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

MURINE Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tired, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

HEAD ACHES FLU NEURALGIA WOMEN'S ACHES ASK FOR A.K. TABLETS

LADIES! TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO MONEY.

Become our representative for fine line toilet preparations known throughout the World. Exclusive territory given. You can earn good income out of every woman's desire to be beautiful. We will show you how. For particulars write

AUBRY SISTERS, INC., Dept. 2, 104 East 25th St., New York.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR

You can now have back the hair of your youth with its original color restored. Kolor-Bak now makes this possible. Not a muddy, mussy, greasy dye or stain, but a scientific hair preparation that stimulates into renewed activity the fading pigments which give the hair its natural color. Clean, colorless and stainless. Absolutely harmless. Try it at our risk. If it fails you get your money back. Users say they never dreamed anything could restore gray hair to original color so quickly and with such wonderfully satisfactory results as does Kolor-Bak. Two applications guaranteed to remove dandruff. Stops falling hair. Keeps scalp clean, cool and comfortable—no itching, scales or soreness. No longer any excuse for gray, unlovely hair when Kolor-Bak is so easy to get and costs so little, with absolutely guaranteed satisfactory results. Write today for free book giving positive proof and full explanation. Hygienic Laboratories, 68 W. Washington St., Dept. 1153, Chicago, Ill.



Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

J. C. P., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention belongs to the father of your deceased wife, you have no interest whatever in same; it would have been necessary for your wife to survive her father before acquiring an intestacy interest in his property.

Mrs. L. D., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the relatives of the deceased wife, of the wealthy man you mention, will have no interest in his estate unless some provision is made for them by will.

Mrs. J. I. E., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband has no interest in your separate real property, except that if he survives you he cannot be barred from a life estate in one third of same, but during your lifetime it is not subject to his debts nor does he have any interest in it. We think a will made by a man of unsound mind could be upset by a contest of same, provided, of course, his mind was affected at the time of the making of the will. We think that real estate held under a deed to the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor.

Mrs. M. E. B., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention stood in your mother's name and she died without a will, your father would be entitled to a life estate in the real property and one half of the personal property absolutely, the balance of her estate going to her children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think your father, during his lifetime, can let your brother use such of the real estate as he may see fit.

E. M. S., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a married man, leaving no will or leaving a will, the amount of seven thousand, five hundred dollars (\$7,500.00), after the payment of debts and expenses of administration, and one half of all the estate in excess of said amount, shall go to the surviving widow, and the other half of said excess shall go to his parents.

E. A. W., Florida.—If your fiancé refuses to carry out his promise to marry you, without any just reason for such refusal, we think you can recover such damages from him as you have suffered by reason thereof, in the proper action brought for that purpose; we do not think it necessary for you to wait until he has married some one else.

Mrs. E. E., Wisconsin.—The marriage laws of the states you mention differ in some respects; we think the consent of the parents is necessary to the marriage of males under 21 years of age in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Alabama and Wisconsin; we do not think there is any statutory limitation as to age, with the parents' consent, in Missouri; in Alabama we think it is 17 years, and we think it is 18 years in Illinois and Wisconsin, and 16 years in Iowa; as to females, without parents' consent, we think it is eighteen years in Alabama, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin, with parents' consent, no statutory limitation in Missouri, 14 years in Alabama, 16 years in Illinois, 14 years in Iowa, and 15 years in Wisconsin. Marriage licenses are required in all these states.

Mrs. M. D. O'S., Ohio.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your father, leaving no will, his widow would receive certain allowances of household goods and one third of the balance of the personal property, absolutely, and dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share.

A. N., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, if married since April 20, 1877, her husband would receive one third of her estate, both real and personal, absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to her children.

Mrs. E. C. R., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that where an inheritance passes by intestacy to the collateral kindred of an intestate, if part of such collateral relatives be of the whole blood and the other part of the half blood only, of the intestate, those of the half blood shall inherit only half so much as those of the whole blood, but if all be of the half blood, they shall have whole portions.

J. P. B., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children is in the discretion of the court, taking in consideration the best interest of the children in making the award.

Mrs. L. B. T., New Mexico.—Under the laws of Texas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow would receive, from his separate property, one third of the personal estate, absolutely, and a life estate in one third of his separate real estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, regardless of whether they were the children of the surviving widow or by a former marriage. Community rights between husband and wife exist in Texas as to property purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage and such property, upon the death of either the husband or wife, is subject to a different method of division than the manner set forth above, which applies only to the separate property of the husband.

H. P. S., Montana.—We can form no opinion as to the rights of the parties under the contract, a part of which you submit, without an examination of a complete copy of the contract and full particulars as to all of the facts in connection therewith; if however, the contract provides, without qualification, for the purchase of the property mentioned at a stated sum payable in installments, we think the seller can, at his option, bring suit against the purchaser for the recovery of the amount of any overdue installment payments and interest, and upon recovery of judgment against the purchaser, enforce payment of same from any property the purchaser may own, not exempt by law, from levy under execution, instead of enforcing any forfeiture rights provided by later clauses in the contract.

Mrs. C. L., North Dakota.—Upon your statements, we think you would be very foolish to transfer any interest in your property to your new husband. We think you should notify the Creamery Co. to pay your cream checks direct to yourself and deposit same in the bank in your own name; we see no reason why you should turn your property over to your husband, and receive from him only such small sums as he sees fit to give you.

Mrs. E. C. R., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon your death without a will, the children of your deceased half-sister would have rights to your property, prior to the rights of your cousins.

W. G., California.—If your debtor refuses to pay you the amount of your claim against him, we think you should bring action against him to enforce the payment of same.

Mrs. G. G., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children becomes a question for the court to decide after taking evidence as to what would be for the best interest for the children; we think that if you are compelled to leave your husband, on account of his refusal to provide for yourself and child, you should take your own property with you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

flage, are becoming more and more rare. Heaven knows I want the young people to have a good time and enjoy the fleeting days of golden youth which, alas, pass so soon away, but it is in youth that character, personality, honor, truth and goodness, the foundations which make for personal happiness and national greatness, are laid. As the twig is bent so the tree will grow. Disregard of the Sabbath, and Saturday night dances with discordant jazz music, wild hilarious joy rides and a Sunday morning headache, mean bending the twig of youth in the wrong direction and though not all who drink deep of the cup of pleasure and indulgence and who open the floodgates of their wildest emotions, and who, at public dances, accept the attentions and make the acquaintance of men of whose character and reputation they know nothing and who too often are libertines—lounge lizards we call them in the city, hunting for prey—are contaminated by mixing in at these free-and-easy affairs, too many, alas, are deprived of the bloom of modesty and sweetness and take risks and chances which too often lead them far on the road to destruction. The war has upset the world's mental equilibrium, if it ever had one. Sober living and sober thinking have gone by the board. It is a jazz world full of discordant sounds, greedy, grasping hands, intolerant, selfish, and in big spots barbarous, cruel and ruthless. The world war gave us a chance to gather a wonderful harvest, but we are trampling on the golden grain of opportunity or tearing it up by the roots and sowing the seeds of lust, selfishness and hatred, greed and stupidity, and bringing to naught all our sacrifice, effort and endeavor. Yes, my dear, it is the truth that hurts and I've enough of it on hand to make trouble makers and traitors run into their holes like whipped dogs. Of course this is a punk country and Uncle Sam is no good, but I notice all the foreigners that are rushing to Europe by the thousands have an average of three thousand dollars tucked away in their jeans. One Greek shoeblack had twenty-five thousand dollars, a goodly part of it in gold, sewed into his clothing and tucked around his body in leather belts. Whole streets of Eastern Europe have been built up by U. S. money. Of course none of these emigrants are coming back, but wait until the money begins to run low and you'll see them all headed for—this vile old United States to get another haul. Here's my love to you, Alice, and God bless you.

NEW ALBANY, 2306 Shelby St., IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Two of my friends wrote to you and they got so many nice letters and cards that I thought I would write and see if someone would write to me. I would answer all I could. Uncle, do you or any of your nieces know a remedy for stubbornness? I am so stubborn I would not do anything anybody wants me to. I can play the violin and knit and make fancy work and as we have chickens I can and have to feed them. I am four feet nine inches tall and weigh ninety-seven pounds. Have light brown hair and blue eyes, fair complexion and rosy cheeks. I hope the people who read COMFORT will write to me.

JULIA ASHBRANNER.

So, Julia, you want me to prescribe a cure for stubbornness. Now if you were seven feet tall and weighed three hundred pounds, it might be difficult to handle your case, but a young lady of your diminutive proportions ought to be easily handled. I take it for granted that moral suasion, that lectures and wheedling and coddling have all been used in your case and used in vain. I also take it for granted (that is, unless you have no parents or your parents lack moral fiber and determination and love their little baby girlie so much that they are afraid to hurt her) that you have already come in contact with the big stick. If you haven't, that is evidently what you are in need of. Billy the Goat is sharpening his horns and says if you will pay carfare he will come to New Albany and will guarantee a perfect cure in five minutes. As a matter of fact, the cure for you, my dear, lies within and not without. You have let the bad that is within your nature conquer the good. Instead of being a nice, sweet, lovable little girlie—pliable, dutiful, considerate and kind, you are trying to give a first-class imitation of a mule. As Halliburton says, "Mules and human jackasses are proverbially stubborn." The stubbornness that upholds righteousness, that fights to the death against wrong, that battles for a principle, is a glorious virtue, but, alas, generally men and little girls are stubborn just in proportion as they are ignorant, wrong, self-willed, stupid and selfish. Yours is a case in which a little Christian Science would do a whole lot of good. You might repeat to yourself a hundred times every day, "I want to be lovable, kind, thoughtful, considerate, helpful and do what my parents tell me, for I know they love me and would not tell me to do anything that was not for their benefit and my own." We are interested to know that you can as well as feed chickens. There ought to be a lot of money in the chicken canning industry. It takes quite a lot of money to feed chickens these days. A friend of mine took a chicken to a swell restaurant in New York and she got hungry and had to be fed and it cost just eleven dollars to feed that chicken. If it cost as much as that to feed all the chickens they would soon go into the can and stay there. Now, Julia, just remember that there was a stubborn gentleman over in Europe, Kaiser Wilhelm sawwood Hohenzollern. His stubbornness has sent millions to their graves and blasted the lives of untold millions more, and has practically plunged the world in universal chaos and ruin. Now don't you do what he did or you'll be liable to get what he is going to get. He is going to find himself one of these days a canned rooster and I think I know a young lady who is going to be a canned chicken if she does not look out and quit being stubborn.

FORT SCOTT, East Wall St., KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

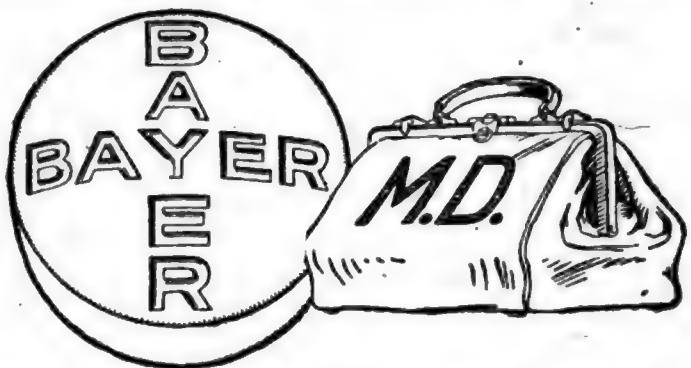
I am writing to you for help. I want you to please print this letter for me. I am advertising for a husband. I have not got any home and would like to settle down with some good man with a good disposition between 23 and 35 years of age. I am 21 years old have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, am 4 ft. 11 in. tall and weigh 100 pounds. I have talents for singing. I have a fair education, am a graduate from the graded school and would make a good wife. I am also a good cook. Now, Uncle Charlie, do you think this is a good world to live in? It seems dark to me sometimes, but I have tried to be as cheerful as I can. Now please do not throw this in the waste-basket.

HELEN

Helen, nothing would please me better than to bring all the lonely girls and still more lonely fellows together and start them on the path of matrimonial happiness; but matrimony is a lottery, a great gamble. I might pick you a winner, and again I might not; and if, after a few months' experience, you found that marriage was not all it is cracked up to be and that your male ideal, who had every movie idol backed off the screen, turned out on closer acquaintance to be just an ordinary hunk of human clay, who made a noise like a cyclone when he ate his soup, who wiped his mustache on the tablecloth, thought more of his pipe, his dog and his horse than of you; went to bed with his shoes on and only took a bath when he was caught outdoors in a thunder shower, you would sue me for damages and try to remove the one hair I possess. It is rather risky, too, to make a match for a young lady who has vocal ability. Nothing will break up a family quicker than a man who cares only for ragtime and a wife whose musical tastes run solely to gospel hymns or grand opera. I want to congratulate you on being a good cook, but I've heard so many people say that they were

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good cooks, only to discover later on, alas, that they knew no more about cooking than a Milwaukee socialist knows about patriotism, or a Bolshevik knows about soap. When I had the audacity to take one of these grub spoilers to task one day she said that anyone would know she was a good cook as she always went to church on Sunday. In the musical line the only thing that makes a hit with the average man is a steak sizzling in the pan, the kettle warbling its cheerful song and the pleasant rattle of the knives and forks as they are arranged on the table. If you want to escape the divorce courts, however, and live a cheerful married life, get a Maxim silencer or sit on the baby every time it gives an imitation of Caruso with the colic, especially if it starts in just as hubby has settled down for his second beauty sleep. When you ask for a man with a good disposition between the ages of 23 and 35, which is 12 long years, you are looking for the impossible. If you can find a man who can boast of having a good disposition after he has been married for two minutes, let alone 12 years, you are a lucky girl. Don't get lonely, Helen, and don't advertise for a husband. It is a dangerous business as you would realize if you were to read of the terrible things that frequently happen to those who are lured to their doom by matrimonial sharks, some of whom have private burial grounds. Be patient and Mr. Right will come along, and as you are 4 ft. 11 in., he will probably be 6 ft. 6 in. tall, and he will look like a quarter to twelve every time he stoops to kiss you. If he does not behave himself we will buy you an airship so you can go up into the clouds when he is a naughty boy and get busy with his wool. You ask if this is a good world to live in. I've tried several worlds, Helen, and this is the best I've found so far. Don't kick if the world is dark, as a dark world is an excellent place to spoon in, and if there was no spooning there would be no wedding bells.

PHANALIA, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl twelve years old, four feet eleven inches tall. I have dark brown hair and grey eyes. I live on a farm of 240 acres. We have twenty-nine cows, three horses and two colts the names of one of which is Nigger and the other is Colonel. We have twelve hens and forty-two little chickens. We have some plum trees and some apple trees. I have three sisters. One is older than me and the other two are younger. This is the first time I have wrote. MYRTLE HOLCOMB.

Myrtle, you may be an excellent farmerette and doubtless are, but if you were to take part in a spelling bee, I think you would be badly stung, and if you ever boarded the good ship Penmanship, I'm afraid both you and it would soon be at the bottom of the ocean. You say,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

moisture must be put back into it, otherwise the silage will mold and will not keep. A device is fixed so that a small stream of water runs onto the silage when it is cut and is carried up into the silo with it. Since the moisture dried out of the corn is about half its weight, an amount of water nearly equal to the corn in weight should be added. This is the mistake most people make in making silage from dry corn. They do not add enough water. There is little danger of adding too much.

Coating Silo Interiors

Those who have built concrete silos, of the solid or block styles, will have noticed that silage juice sometimes seeps through the walls and shows upon the outside. That saturation of walls with juice has been found injurious in the long run and should be prevented, so far as that proves possible.

Owners dread the painting of a silo interior as scaffolding has to be built to make the work safe. This fear need no longer keep them from the work, for a simple plan is now in vogue. It is to postpone the coating act until the silo is being filled; then the silage can be used instead of a scaffold, the operator using the white-wash brush as high as he can reach in advance of the filling process. In this way the work progresses gradually as the silo is filled and is completed when the top is reached.

It has been usual to use for such work a thin wash of lime and cement and to put it on with a whitewash brush, or spray pump with suitable nozzle. A new plan and one that strikes us as a good one is to use melted paraffin for the purpose. One man reports that he has tried this and has found it perfectly satisfactory. The coating of paraffin is said to be durable so that it shows no damage after a season in place, other than scratches from the pitchforks used in spreading the silage.

It certainly is well to keep the inside of a silo clean and smooth and a coating that will seal it against saturation with silage juice also protects the cement and makes it last longer. It also makes freezing a little less likely to injure the silage.

Quarantine New Bought Animals

Several times we have given this good advice and we want to repeat it and make it more impressive, for we find that it is not being heeded as generally as it deserves. It is an absolutely necessary precaution if farm animals are to be kept free from dangerous diseases.

To clinch what we have said, it may be reported that recently a man took some hogs to a fair, won prizes with them and on return home turned the show animals in with his home herd. The result was that he infected the entire herd with cholera and although vaccinating and isolation was instantly tried it was too late to save some of the animals and the loss exceeded \$1,000. Two dairymen bought a cow apiece at an auction sale and turned them in with the home cattle, despite advice to the contrary, with the result that inside of four days all of the cattle came down with "pink eye" and the loss was severe from shrink in milk flow. These cattle might easily have been detected as affected at the time of purchase, for they had ulcerated eyeballs. They had passed the acute stage of the disease but still were able to transmit it to other cattle. The ulcerated condition often ends in perforation of the cornea (front chamber of the eye) and permanent blindness. The disease, however, is easily remedied if taken in time, the treatment consisting in isolation in a darkened stable, the placing of a pen-sized bit of one per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment between the eyelids and then massaging to get it over the eyeballs. The treatment is repeated daily if found necessary.

In the same way new-bought cows carry tuberculosis or contagious infection of the infective form of udder disease into a herd, unless quarantined and proved to be sound and healthy before being allowed to associate with the home cattle. Stockers and feeders bought in the big city markets and shipped in cars that too often are inadequately disinfected and whitewashed, or possibly untreated in that respect, often bring in fatal hemorrhagic septicemia, and sheep carry scab. Evidently, then, it is a wise precaution to quarantine all new-bought animals until fit to mix with the home stock.

Molasses for Stock Feeding

It would be well for every reader of COMFORT who lives in a state or district where sugar cane (black-strap) molasses is readily available, to price this useful article of nutrition and employ it freely this winter in the maintenance of animals if the price is not prohibitive.

Black-strap is a splendid plumper of thin horses. For that purpose it was first largely used in Porto-Rico at the time of the Spanish-American war. Cavalry and artillery horses and those of the transport service often became galled and thin. This required their retirement from work, and as sugar-cane molasses was plentiful and cheap it was tried as a quickly assimilable feed and worked wonders in restoring the run-down beasts to service. So remarkable was its plumping and polishing effects that it is reported that the previous drivers of the horses failed to recognize them when sent back to work in fine condition.

One quart of molasses stirred up with three quarts of hot water and fed night and morning mixed with cut hay, wheat bran and cornmeal, will suffice for the plumping of a thin horse, whole oats being fed at noon and long hay at night. Much more than that can be fed without causing colic scour. On the sugar plantations molasses is a favorite and valued feed for work mules and horses and gives fine satisfaction.

Molasses also may be fed with advantage to cattle. Use it to make palatable hay and straw that otherwise might not be relished, and it may also form a part of the dairy cow's ration, as an adjunct to mashes of mixed meals, or to incorporate with cut hay, straw or corn stover. It is best to start in lightly with molasses until the animals take to it with relish, and at first it may be necessary to starve a horse to eat molassed feed. Soon, however, it is taken with relish and the good effect quickly appears. Every bit of feed should be carefully handled this winter, so dear is it in the market and so scarce in some districts of the country. Molasses utilized as we have suggested will make it possible to lessen the daily ration of dearer feed and to make feed of poor quality palatable and nutritious.

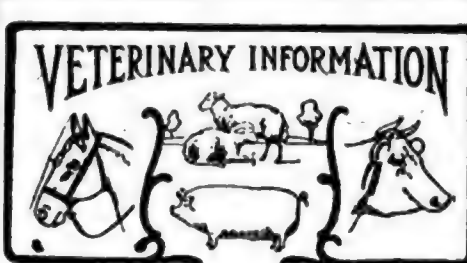
Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

PEACH ROT AND PEAR TREE BLIGHT.—Please give me some idea of what to do to prevent the rotting of my peaches. The tree looks healthy but the fruit rots before ripening. My pear trees have the blight. Do you know of any way to prevent it?

Mrs. A. M. E., Chase City, Va.
A.—Fire blight in pears cannot be cured. The only remedy is to cut and burn affected branches. Peach rot can be controlled by use of Bordeaux spray if taken in time. Advise you to send samples of decayed fruit and blighted branches with a full description of same to your Agricultural College at Blacksburg, Virginia. Doubtless they can help you much.



VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Heaves or Broken Wind

THE disease known as heaves or broken wind, technically as emphysema of the lungs, generally is caused during the winter months. Then the work horse is given more coarse, dry, bulky feed than during summer, when grass is available and beneficial on account of its laxative properties. Distension of the digestive organs with bulky feed, and working the horse when so distended are the common causes of heaves. Dusty hay, weathered corn stover and threshed timothy or clover, are most likely to induce the disease, and there can be no question that horses born with a glutinous appetite are especially susceptible to the ailment.

Heaves starts in the stomach. Chronic indigestion is caused by overeating, bolting of feed or imperfect mastication, and it is indicated by expulsion of gas during spells of coughing. The pneumogastric nerve of the stomach becomes affected, and its branch to the lungs soon suffers in the same way. Then the walls of myriads of tiny air cells or chambers of the lungs break down, and thus weakened are unable to perfectly expel air. This necessitates the help of the abdominal muscles, and so one notices a double, bellows-like action at the flanks, as the affected horse expels air.

No medicine possibly can restore the normal condition of the lungs. Broken-down cell walls cannot be rebuilt. Heaves, therefore, is incurable when established. Prevention is of paramount importance. Palliative treatment, however, is possible when a horse becomes affected.

To prevent heaves, work or exercise a horse every day; keep the bowels active; give no bulky feed at noon when the animal has to work hard, and do not work him when distended with hay. Avoid dusty roughage of any kind, and any feed that is damaged or moldy.

Treat heaves by wetting all feed, preferably with limewater, feeding out straw or oat sheaves in winter and grass in summer in preference to hay; adding roots or a little silage or bran to regulate the bowels, and never working the horse immediately after a full meal. If medicine is necessary, after such management has been practiced for some time, give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until the distress is relieved; then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least two days to the process.

DIABETES.—I bought a mule late in the spring and he appeared perfectly sound. About a month ago his kidneys began to act too freely. The urine is clear. He has urinated as many as nineteen times in one day. It doesn't seem to hurt him, only he is falling off in feed. I feed him oats and sweet mixed mule feed and for a week have been giving him green corn tops and some green grass. He does not go in the pasture and has done very little work for nearly two months.

A.—Mouldy or otherwise damaged hay or grain is the common cause of this form of diabetes. Stop giving such feed and substitute sound feed, or turn the mule out on grass. He should work or take exercise every day. Twice daily mix a teaspoonful of dried sulphate of iron in the feed. If that does not suffice, give two teaspoonfuls of syrup of iodine of iron in water three times a day and increase the dose as found necessary.

CHARCOAL FOR SOWS.—I am told not to feed a breeding sow any wood charcoal. Is there any harm in it? I have taken COMFORT for years and could not be without it.

A.—Not only is there no harm in it but it is highly beneficial as a corrective of acidity and tendency to indigestion. Also allow free access to wood ashes and slaked lime and let her have alfalfa or clover hay in addition to other feed.

DARK URINE.—I am anxious to know a treatment for my cow that has freshened three times. Her urine is always of a dark color and it has not been clear for a long time. What is the cause and what treatment will cure her?

Mrs. I. N.
A.—Congestion of the kidneys may be the cause; but we sometimes see such urine when a cow is eating irritating feed, especially when on a wild pasture or in wood land. Damaged feed also may be a cause. Try to give sound feed that does not contain irritants. Give her a handful of glaucous salts in water two or three times a week until her bowels respond freely.

GARGLE.—I have a cow and her calf is over a year old. In milking her I found one of the teats was swollen. It looked as though it had been bitten or stung by something. About once every month the milk from that teat is clotted and stringy. It lasts one day.

A.—At times of attack, milk clean every two hours, massage the udder well each time, and at night rub in thoroughly a mixture of one part each of turpentine and fluid extract of poke root and belladonna and eight parts of lard or sweet oil. Give internally, in feed or drinking water night and morning, a tablespoonful each of powdered saltpeter and poke root until the milk becomes normal.

CRIBBING.—I have a horse, three years old, which has recently formed the habit of cribbing. I have tried tying straps around the neck. Is there a remedy to stop the habit?

D. B.
A.—When not eating feed, keep a small rope or cord tied in place as follows: Tie one end to the ring on side of the halter then pass the free end under the upper lip, pull fairly tight and tie to the other side. This sometimes stops cribbing and winducking; but the vice is incurable when confirmed. Also keep the coat in a box-stall containing nothing upon which the teeth can be set or the chin rested to practice the habit.

INDIGESTION.—Will you tell me what is wrong with my calf. He was getting along fine until he was three months old, then he became poor and his hair seemed to stand on end. He eats good and hearty but has no life. I still feed him milk and he has a good pasture. He doesn't grow any and now is five months old.

Mrs. M. M.
A.—Keep the calf off grass and allow it a large, clean, well ventilated pen in the stable and exercise in a shaded yard. Give it a physic of castor oil in milk and then let it help itself to whole oats, wheat bran and flaxseed meal from a self-feeder. Continue to feed milk two or three times a day, also clover or alfalfa hay. If its stomach is not blocked with hairballs, it should improve if so treated.

WORMS IN LAMBS.—My lambs are swollen under the lower jaw and the mouth and head of each is feverish. Their eyes turn white, they become stupid, lie around and grit their jaws. The older sheep have never taken it and appear to do fine. Nearly all the lambs that have been affected have died.

L. E. L.
A.—Stomach worms are sapping the blood of these lambs as you would learn by making a post-mortem examination. After withholding feed and water for 24 hours, unless in case of a weak lamb, give a dose of solution of sulphate of copper (bluestone) by means of a syringe or nozzle, rubber tube and glass funnel. Make the solution by dissolving one ounce of finely powdered pure sulphate of copper in two quarts of hot water. The dose is three fourths ounce for a lamb, one ounce for a yearling, two for a two-year-old, and three for an adult sheep. Withhold drinking water for at least six hours after dosing. Repeat the dose at intervals of ten

days until two or three doses have been given. Feed generously on crushed oats, wheat bran, oilmeal and best of clover or alfalfa hay. Green stuff or roots or silage also would be helpful. Good feeding is imperative if the remaining lambs are to be saved.

SCRATCHES.—I have a horse seven years old and in good condition. In the winter he has sores come from his fetlocks down to the edge of the hoof and then he tears the flesh apart. In the spring when the weather gets warm and the ground dry the sores heal and give no trouble until cold weather. What will prevent them from becoming sores?

M. C. S.
A.—Do not wash the legs from November to May and dry them thoroughly any time they become wet, rubbing in fine sawdust to complete the drying. Also be careful not to let the horse stand in a cold draft in the stable or elsewhere when the legs are wet. Twice daily apply freely a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, and one dram each of spirits of camphor and compound tincture of benzoin to the ounce of fresh lard or vaseline.

SEVERE ABSCESS.—I have a six-year-old mare. Every year about the last of August she has large lumps on her, having one now on her hip as large as a half-gallon bucket and it seems to be full of water. G. C. M.

A.—Bruising or a kick probably has caused these serious cysts, but you should try to determine and remove the cause. After clipping off the hair, open the sac at its lowest part, liberate the serum and with the cleansed finger break down adhesions and remove clots of blood or fibrin possibly present. Then inject tincture of iodine and hold it in for a few minutes, rubbing to bring it into contact with the interior of the sac. Then pack in oakum that has been saturated with equal quantities of turpentine and raw linseed oil and leave a tag of the oakum hanging out of the wound to serve as a drain. Apply lard or vaseline freely to the sound skin under the opening. Renew the packing daily until it no longer can be inserted.

RUPTURE: POLL-EVIL.—My horse was hurt while in the pasture. He was cut about six inches from the flank. I washed it with a carbolic acid wash and it healed leaving a soft lump and is getting larger. What can I do for it? (2) I have a horse that has poll-evil. It has run and healed up. When I work him on a heavy load it will swell up again. Can you give a cure?

H. W.
A.—We suspect that a rupture is present. If so, you will find it possible to work the bowel back into the abdominal cavity by manipulating with the fingers. An operation by a surgeon may be necessary; meanwhile, work the bowel back, cover the place with strips and patches of porous plaster or surgeons' tape or plaster; put on layer above layer to make a thick covering. Then pass a wide bandage around the body, crossing the truss of plaster and stuck to it by means of common pitch or melted Burgundy pitch. (2) Home treatment will not avail in a case of poll-evil; an operation is necessary, so you should take the horse to a qualified surgeon for that purpose. Meanwhile, inject a little tincture of iodine every other day and on other days inject a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash.

ABSCESS.—Please tell me something about my cow. Her calf came April 8th and we had used her milk a day or two the last of April. She came up one night with a large lump on her right side near where her hip joint works. When you sit down to milk her the place is even with your eyes. When it was first done it had a little piece of hide and hair taken off and on each side of that it looked like four pin points that had been stuck in and then drawn out. I lanced it and a milky pus came out and in a week it began to bleed. It is about like a large coconut and a little bit hard. I thought she might be snake bit.

MISS M. T.
A.—Hornings by another cow would be the likeliest cause of such a bruise and abscess. Paint the part with tincture of iodine once daily and again open it if it soft place forms. If you open it, inject a little of the tincture every other day and it should soon heal. It is possible, of course, that a snake bite was the cause, but hornings is more common.

ABNORMAL MILK.—Please tell me what to do for my cow. She was fresh in May and gives between three and four gallons of milk a day. Her milk seems all right until it sours, then there is water between the cream and curd, so we make but very little butter. We made lots of it before the milk went wrong. She is a fine cow, in good condition, and ranges on a good pasture of grass. Mrs. R. G. S., see answer to M. P.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a fine milk cow that appears to be in good condition. Her milk curdles when it is boiled. The fresh-sweet milk will curdle and leave a thin whey. She has a green pasture of Sudan grass and is given no dry feed. What would you prescribe?

M. P.
A.—The cow may not be to blame as bacteria in the milk utensils often cause such conditions of the milk or cream. Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in a separate vessel that has been scalded. In that way you will be able to determine if any quarter is giving abnormal milk or if all are equally affected. Meanwhile, scald, cleanse and sun dry the milk vessels more perfectly, set them in a new, clean, dustless place and see that the wash water is clean. Write again if necessary after these things have been done and you have tested the milk.

SELDOM SEE
a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions, and Book \$ R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the anti-septic ointment for man and beast, reduces Pain, Swelling, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, all sorts of Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 349 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalog and full particulars.

FREE

London Veterinary Correspondence School
Dept. 3, London, Ontario, Can.

Lump Jaw

The farmer's old reliable treatment for Lump Jaw in cattle.

Fleming's Actinoform

Sold for \$2.00 (war tax paid) a bottle under a positive guarantee since 1898—your money refunded if it fails. Write for particulars.

FLEMING'S VET.-POCKET VETERINARY ADVISOR
A book of 191 pages and 67 illustrations. It is FREE.

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FREE TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send \$1.50 or return razor. Order Today. **JONES MFG. CO. 136 W. Lake St., Dept. 1148, Chicago**

NO COAL

Do your heating, cooking, with Libby's Oil Burners. No money to Agents. Write for particulars.

Liberty Oil Burner Co., Hyattsville, Md.

Mother! Keep a jar of Musterole handy

Sometimes, in the night, Pain comes to your house. Then is the time, most of all, when you rely on good old Musterole. No fuss, no bother, no worry—no messing about with plasters or waiting for water to heat.

Quickly you go to the Musterole jar. A bit of that clean white ointment on little Bobbie's chest, and lightly you rub it in. A gentle tingle of skin puts Doctor Nature to work, and soon a healing warmth reaches the congested spot. Then comes a soothing coolness, and Bobbie drowses off to sleep.

For coughs, congestions, bronchitis and croup, Musterole is uncommonly effective. It is good, too, to drive away the pains of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

Musterole relieves—without discomfort.

It is better than a mustard plaster, with all the virtues of the old-time plaster but none of its disadvantages.

Musterole does not blister. And it is easy to apply. Just rub it on—for little Bobbie's cold—for Sister's bronchitis—for Grandma's pains in chest or back. It's an old-fashioned remedy in a new-fashioned form.

Keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars. \$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you like it, send us \$2.50 and we'll send you a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$12.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the ladies' or men's. Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 123 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 3042, Chicago

REAL PHONOGRAPH FREE

Beautifully finished, nickel winding crank, spring motor, speed regulator, stop lever. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm—makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music. A marvelous machine in every way. Delighted thousands of homes.

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name, and we will send you 24 of our Art. Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the \$4 you collect and we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records free.

E. D. LIFE, Dept. 1175, CHICAGO

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write today. North-Wester School for Stammers, Inc., 2335 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?

Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.

COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for calling 20 large, colored pictures or 20 pigs, Post Cards at 15c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 425 CHICAGO

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free.

D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men.

Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

FREE Sell 30 Novelty Pins at 10c.

When sold send \$3.00 and we'll send stem wind watch, or keep \$1.00. Clara Walsh Co., 413 Chicago

EASTMAN CAMERA FREE

Genuine Eastman Premo with 6 exposure film free for selling 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each.

EARLE WATCH CO., Dept. 244 East Boston, Mass.

FORD CAR GIVEN

Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize

The figure representing the number of letters in the alphabet.

Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, and so on. The two figures spell four words. What are the words?

To Men, Women, Boys and Girls

All can share in these EASY TO WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address to the Auto I am going to give away Phonograph, Bicycle, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prize. Send postmaster with the Auto.

Deane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. L. Ogden, Utah.—Continual massage with cocoa butter should certainly help increase the size of your neck, as should also exercises taken by revolving the head about on the shoulders with a slow swinging motion, first to the right and then to the left. If you have tried these methods as you think without success, it is because you have looked for results too soon. Progress must necessarily be slow, and several months might have to elapse before you could notice any actual gain. Of course if you are really thin, anything which would aid you to increase in weight would also help to add the desired flesh about your neck. How about ceasing to worry and starting in to drink several quarts of milk each day?

Mrs. O. E., Michigan.—May 14, 1902, fell upon a Wednesday.

Mrs. C. D. B., Idaho.—There is plenty of vacant public land in Oregon—the official figures in acreage up to July 1, 1918, being 13,369,819. There are also 955,772 acres which have not as yet been under government survey. The U. S. Land Offices in Oregon are seven in number, and are located at Burns, La Grande, Lakeview, Portland, Roseburg, The Dalles and Vale. Address the Register of any of these offices, asking for information and proper form of application. Portland would be the most important of the offices listed.

Mrs. W. H. B., Covington, Okla.—So-called "matrimonial papers", in our opinion, foolish and sometimes of harmful tendency. This department pretends to not furnish addresses of such periodicals to COMFORT readers.

WORRIED, Lyons, Colo.—We do not believe that any responsible Government employee, such as a Forest Supervisor, would attempt to make any charges for the use of land unless such charges were those established by the regulations of the Federal Government, which is his employer. If you have any doubt about the matter, write to the editor of "American Forestry," 1410 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

E. T. Laurel Hill, La.—The leading drug companies have well-established sources from which they procure their raw drugs—which must be carefully prepared and packed and supplied in considerable quantities in most cases. Write to the editor of "The Druggist," Memphis, Tenn. Enclose a stamp for reply.

A SUBSCRIBER, Magee, Miss.—The twenty-second day of April, 1907, was a Monday.

I. G. Grafton, Wis.—We have no way of telling how much longer your fiancé may be retained on duty in guarding German prisoners in France. It is one of the unfortunate incidents of a great war that the return of the man you expect to marry should be thus delayed, and we can only wish you his prompt and safe home-coming. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that his duty has been done fully and well.

D. H. Hand Station, Mich.—No one could pass upon the value of your old Bible without personal inspection. If it is in good condition, complete, and printed, as you state, from hand-made type, it should be distinctly valuable. Show this Bible to the librarian of your nearest city library for his opinion and advice.

Mrs. E. S. M., Springfield, Mo.—There are 281,430 acres of public land yet vacant in the state of Arkansas. The three U. S. Land Offices are located at Camden, Harrison and Little Rock. Write to the Register in charge of any one of these offices for such information as you require.

Mrs. V. D., Franklinville, N. Y.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of powdered alum in a glass of warm water and try moistening thoroughly the kid uppers of your oxfords. Do not touch the soles. Place the shoes in a place where they will dry very slowly. The solution may slightly whiten or discolor the leather so that you may have to blacken the oxfords after the treatment. Vici kid is a light, pliable stock which stretches easily and for this reason the shoes may again increase in width. If they do, repeat the treatment or procure a pair of thin insoles to wear inside the shoes. Remember that all footwear is better too large than too small.

Mrs. B. G. D., Fostoria, O.—If you do not wish to carry on the preparation and sale of this remedy yourself, it is evident that you must sell it. It is equally evident that you cannot sell a thing unless you let people know—and many people—that you have something for sale. We suggest that you place an advertisement regarding your formula in the columns of journals published in nearby Ohio cities. You can be sure that the answers you get from such advertising will be from interested inquirers.

E. C. Calla, O.—Although Edith is a name not much used in France, when it does become the baptismal property of a French infant the name is spelt in exactly the same manner as when used to christen anyone of Uncle Sam's female citizens.

A. W., Hector, Minn.—John Joseph Pershing, America's great general, was born in the town of Lacade, Linn County, Missouri, on Sept. 13, 1859. He is the son of John F. Pershing and Anna E. Thompson. He is thoroughly American both by birth and lineage. General Pershing's wife and three daughters lost their lives by fire in the burning of the Presidio on Aug. 27, 1915. He has one child remaining—a son, Warren.

L. M. S., Scottsville, Ky.—Try stretching your skirt tightly over a bowl or tub and then pour a steady stream of boiling water through the fruit stains. The water must be genuinely boiling.

A. C. K., Sanish, N. D., is asked by Mrs. B. W. Shaity, 609 Monroe St., Decatur, Indiana, to write to her regarding A. C. K.'s old platter.

Home Cure for BLEEDING, SPONGY AND SORE GUMS (PYORRHEA)

Bleeding, sore, spongy gums. Loose teeth, foul breath, pus pockets—these are Pyorrhea signs.

Save Your Teeth

There's a proven way to overcome and to prevent this dangerous malady. Kill the Pyorrhea germs. They cause loss of teeth, swollen lips and cheeks. They infect the throat, stomach, digestive tract, blood and undermine the health.

FREE BOOKLET is yours for the asking. It is mighty interesting. It tells how to use a proven treatment privately, right in your own home.

Send No Money

Just send your name and address—even a postal will do—so that you may get the facts and decide for yourself. Neglected trouble of this kind ALWAYS GETS WORSE. WRITE NOW.

APEX REMEDIES CORP.

Suite 401-Z 50 W. Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

in the dark so why not be a mother to one, or more if you like, of the thousands of motherless children, rather than run the risk of leaving more motherless children?

When you truly love, little girl, you will know it but you will not know if the man's love for you is as deep and true as yours is for him and therein lies the agony of a future life with a companion who isn't a companion. Understand I said "suppose" this should be so which is often the case.

Motherless Girl, I am anxious to know the decision you make. Let us hear from you again. Whatever it may be I hope you will find only the peace and happiness you deserve. May there be no thorns, no rough roads; may your life be ever bright, smooth and fair. Look to God for comfort and succor in anything you undertake and He will enable you to go steadily on through your paths of duty and will at last crown you all His Own.

Pearl Vesey writes very interesting letters and I enjoy them but I disagree with her on some things. Just a few more words and I'll go. If Bachelor Bill persists in knocking our sex I think he should be denied the privilege of seeing his wonderful (?) letters in the Corner. How many agree with me? But, girls, let me tell you something, he is more to be trusted than the man who tries to make you think he would go down into purgatory for one smile from you. Don't put too much faith in any of them, especially those who try to make you think they are so noble and grand.

Best wishes for all, from your new friend,

UDEYNE.

Udeyne.—Turn about is fair play, and if the sisters are somewhat harsh in their criticism of the opposite sex then it is only fair that they should have a like privilege so Bachelor Bill and any of his friends are free to express themselves as they choose. Don't you think that is the only fair way?—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Since my letter appeared in May COMFORT I have received so many letters from COMFORT sisters from many States that it was out of the question for me to answer them all separately, so I beg leave to thank the writers through the medium of the Sisters' Corner.

Most of you ask me to tell more of this western country. Now if I were the wife of a real estate man I might enlarge upon the opportunities here, but as I am only a farmer's busy wife I can but say that this western Washington country is being developed so rapidly that soon the Easterner will feel right at home here except that he will never cease to marvel at our comfortable, even climate, where the same clothing may be worn the year around. No extremes of heat and cold. Overcoats are often needed in July, while men now and then work in shirt sleeves in January. Some of the sisters ask how old I am. If the weight of an opinion or an idea is to be determined by the age of the one expressing it, then it is amusing to note in many letters I have read in the Corner the advice given on caring for babies, how to raise the children and (most confident of all) how to navigate the sea of matrimony, and then at the close of the letter we read, "I am 23 years old and have been married five years." Girls, girls, put on the soft pedal. I've been married over twenty-and-five years, and have not yet found a set formula for any of these problems, and I don't feel wise enough to advise on any of these subjects. Ah! I hear someone whisper, "Wonder if she ever raised any children?" Yes, I have raised twin sons. They are now sixteen. However, there is one rule which I have set for myself and tried to live up to. That is "to do the duty which lies nearest me." This applies to my family, my friends and my work. After that I do my best and leave the rest.

Here are a few original short cuts for those who do their own work as I do.

Don't ruin the scissors by cutting rhubarb. Take together on the board as many stems as you can cover with one hand and with a long butcher knife slice them as you would a loaf of bread.

Pick and dress the chicken on thick newspaper, then roll up paper with the refuse and put it in the fire. Clean fish the same way.

Do a little baking every day except washday and your grub box will never be empty.

Can any of you tell me whether the tops of sweet

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever. Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eye-lashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 179, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

9 TOYS ALL FOR 2c

For a 2 cent stamp we'll send you 9 toys: anagrams, games, joke book, transfer pictures, railway cutouts (8), pictures to paint, puzzle picture, puzzle, broken match trick, and mind reading trick. Catalog free.

The World Novelty Co., Dept. 3048, 12 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago



Boys—Boys Here is Your Opportunity FREE

YES, you can have one of these wonderful Welsh ponies FREE—not one penny cost to you. This is the chance of your life time—don't miss it—write in at once for full details. You'll be the proudest boy in your town when you get one of these splendid ponies. Don't fail to write us about them. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. EVERY BOY GETS A PRIZE.

Act Quickly—Write NOW—At Once

Hurry—hurry—sit down now and write us for full information about how to get a pony absolutely free. Don't delay—this offer will soon be over. Of course you want a fine pony—every boy does—so write us now—at once for full details.

The Junior Yanks, Dept. 2538—144 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

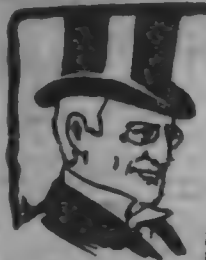
CHINESE PRIZE PUZZLE

\$1000.00 In Prizes Given

This picture shows a "Chink" doing his daily wash. In the picture are a few faces of his customers—these faces can be discovered by a little figuring, and by turning and twisting the picture in various positions. It looks easy and simple, but if you can find as many as two faces, mark them with an (X), and return the picture to us, and we will send you full information regarding the \$1,000 in prizes which will be given away FREE.

OUR OFFER: We are the largest Magazine Publishers in the West, and are conducting this big club in connection with our big Introductory and Advertising Campaign, and want to send you a Sample Copy and full particulars as to how you can become a member of this club. We are going to give away a Ford Speedster, Culver Racer, Shetland Pony, and a number of other valuable prizes. Does not cost you a single cent to join the club, and every club member is rewarded. Anyone may enter, and bear in mind, there is absolutely no chance to lose. Every new club member also receives a beautiful GOLD FILLED SIGNET RING free, just for being prompt in joining the club. Get your share of the \$1000.00 in prizes. Write today.

CHINESE PUZZLE CLUB, 118 CAPPER BUILDING, TOPEKA, KANSAS



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. A. B. R.—Warts in the vagina are best treated by the cautery, or snipped off with scissors and then cauterized. Consult your family doctor and have them treated in this way. Gargle your throat with ordinary salt and water—using one teaspoonful to the pint of hot water.

B. J. B., Garland, N. C.—The lumps in or near the tendons will probably have to be treated surgically; but you can try painting the lumps with tincture of iodine two or three times a week, and see what this treatment will do. For the neuralgia mentioned, take ten-grain capsules of sulphate of quinine three times a day during the attack, or just before, for two or three days. The neuralgia is undoubtedly of malarial origin.

Mrs. R. K., Boyne City, Mich.—The redness of face is due to indigestion or, in some cases, to stimulants. The enlarged veins can be removed by the electric needle, which will destroy them. Attention to diet, keeping the bowels free, and drinking plenty of water will help cure the redness of skin. The use of small doses of thyroid extract might help the enlarged condition of the breast. This, however, should not be used except under the advice of your family doctor.

Miss X. Y. Z., Mt. Grove, Mo.—Your trouble is probably nervousness. Try assafetida pills, containing about five grains, three times a day.

Mrs. W. T. W., Quannah, Texas.—Use a lotion of sulphate of zinc to the eyes—strength of one half per cent. Drop in the eyes two drops, three times a day, after cleaning the eyes with a lotion of boric acid. Use the boric acid in strength of one teaspoonful to the pint of hot water.

Mrs. C. T., Santa Anna, Cal.—Symptoms of Bright's disease are swelling of the eyelids and lower extremities, nausea, dyspepsia, pain in the back and finally loss of sight. The real test, however, is the examination of the urine by some expert pathologist. All of the above symptoms may be present and the kidneys not at fault.

Miss M. L. H., Aquilla, Texas.—Try five-grain doses, three times a day, of urotropin. If the urine is excessively acid this will help you. Drink also plenty of good soft water or vichy water.

Miss M. D., Cooperstown, N. Y.—Ichthyol ointment takes the soreness out of the bunion, and is curative if the cause of the bunion is removed.

Mrs. E. M. A., Newcastle, Cal.—Have your hair shaved off, and apply to the scalp, twice a week, a resorcin lotion—eight grains to the ounce of alcohol and water.

Mrs. W. J. H., Kentworth, Utah.—If of malarial origin, large doses of quinine sulphate—ten grains to the dose, will cure you.

Mrs. D. H. J., Muskegon, Mich.—The operations may have had something to do with the sagging of the breasts, and the dark rings under the eyes. You should take three-grain doses of ovarian extract, three times a day, after meals.

Miss F. K., Dover, Ky.—Forget your hydrophobia. There is no chance of having it at this day and date.

Miss M. H., Sharpville, Ind.—For the oily nose, at bedtime, an eight per cent salicylate of soda ointment. Apply only two or three times a week.

Miss M. D., Knoxville, Tenn.—You probably have a slow infection from your tonsils and, maybe, teeth. Have both attended to at once.

Miss L. B., May, Colo.—Your trouble is innate weakness. Take some good tonic, such as Bassham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses, after meals. "Tone up" in this way and you will put on flesh, and be otherwise benefited.

Mrs. P. B., Ralston, Okla.—The one best guess, in your case, is a decided change of climate. You seem to have a chronic pleurisy, and should do everything to avert consumption in a case such as you describe.

Mrs. M. S., Tulsa, Okla.—Best way to reduce is to stop eating excessively of sweets and pastry, and all starchy foods. Epsom salts are used in pound doses in the bath. The bath must be hot, and the bath must be prolonged.

Mrs. G. B. P., Ontario Center, N. Y.—If you have read COMFORT, you must have again and again read how to use skim milk for reducing weight. Use only one quart of the milk every other day, in divided doses—one glass in the morning, one at noon, one at four o'clock, and the last glass on retiring.

Miss M. H., Taloga, Okla.—You might try lunar caustic. Apply to the warts once or twice a week. If this does not remove them, have the actual cautery applied by your local doctor.

Mrs. J. L. D., Betsey, Ky.—Try aromatic cascara sagrada, in teaspoonful doses, for your constipation. The thread worms can be removed by using an enema of salt and water. One teaspoonful to the pint of water. For the baby, give a half teaspoonful of milk of magnesia once a day, to correct the acidity of the stools.

Mrs. I. B. B., LaBelle, Mo.—Have some good dentist look over and clean your teeth, fill any cavities in them. Have also your tonsils looked after, and any offending material removed. For the present condition of foul breath, gargle and wash your mouth with Dobell's solution, three or four times a day.

Mrs. C. B., Springfield, Ky.—Try quinine sulphate, in three-grain doses, after meals. You, no doubt, have a pleurodynia and quinine should help you. You might also apply to the chest a large home-made mustard plaster, at night, enough to redden up the parts.

Mrs. H. E. H., Grand Saline, Texas.—Try the skim-milk diet so often referred to in COMFORT, and repeated in this number. Try barley water for the baby, and leave off milk for two or three days.

Mr. R. B. P., Chicago, Ill.—Your chewing remedy, or Fletcherizing, is all right. Continue it and advise others to do the same.

Mrs. W. R., Jenkins, Minn.—There is a marked neuritic condition present in your case, and some simple remedy, as assafetida pills of five-grain strength, may help, if not cure, you. The pills should be taken three times a day.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

"You were ill, and I could not be at your side!" she whispered brokenly.

"Hush, my love!" he gently admonished. "So were you ill, and at the mercy of that villain, Berdyne, while I was powerless to come to your aid. I should have been wild had I known. Let us think of the future, sweetheart. Tomorrow you are to be mine—I arranged everything before I left San Francisco. I have a good friend in the city—a minister—and we will leave San Jose this afternoon and go directly to his house."

"Yesterday all was so dark," murmured Beryl, "and today everything is so bright and beautiful it seems as though it could not be true."

At that moment they heard the opening of a door, and the ranchman, a grizzled, weather-worn man of fifty, stepped out on the veranda.

"I beg your pardon," said he, abashed, as the lovers faced him hand in hand. "I thought I heard some one call me a spell ago."

He turned as though he would leave, but Beryl called to him:

"Please stay, Mr. Jackman! This is Mr. Preston, who has come to—"

"To take my little girl away from your hospitable home, Mr. Jackman," finished Neil, stepping forward and taking the rancher's hand.

Mr. Jackman seemed puzzled, and not at all at his ease.

"Glad to meet you, I'm sure," he returned. "The little one has been crying her eyes out on your account, Mr. Preston. She thought you had lost your life, up there in Alaska somewhere."

"It was all a mistake, Mr. Jackman; a mistake, however, in which this villain, Nicholas Berdyne, was intimately concerned."

"Berdyne?" repeated Jackman, with a nervous glance around him.

"He is a cur!" declared Neil warmly. "He came here under false pretences, and had laid his plans to wreck my little Beryl's happiness. He is not such a man, I assure you, as you would choose to have about your place."

"I must look into this," faltered Mr. Jackman. "Won't you come in, Mr. Preston? My wife has gone to a sick neighbor's for the day, but I will tell the Chinaman to do everything he can for you. Besides," he added, with a faint smile, "I think Beryl can be trusted to look after your comfort."

"I cannot remain very long this morning," Neil replied, "but I shall return this afternoon, and take Beryl away with me."

"We shall be sorry to have her go," said Mr. Jackman.

"I wish to thank you for your goodness to her. You have proved a true friend, and I hope I may have an opportunity to show that I am grateful."

Mr. Jackman excused himself, and Beryl and Neil wandered off along the woodland path that led toward Tonita's. When they reached the bowlder they seated themselves side by side, and talked lovingly of the past and of the future that was dawning with so much promise.

Neil, who had long believed that Beryl's father had left valuable property in the golden Northland, had undertaken the journey to the Yukon to investigate his affairs. He had learned much, pointing to a guilty meddling of Berdyne and his agents in Mr. Grayson's affairs.

"I am very sure, dear," said Neil, "that Berdyne has papers in his possession which will prove that he is holding for his own use a fortune that should go to you. But we will not discuss this matter until I can learn more. After tomorrow," he added passionately, placing an arm about her, and pressing his lips to hers, "I shall have the legal right to protect you, and to fight your battles. Then," he added, determinedly, "let Berdyne look to himself. He is a master rogue, and I shall not spare him!"

"You learned a great deal from Irma Lee, did you not, sweetheart?" asked Beryl.

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HOWARD C. RASH, President Natural Body Brace Co.
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"She is a jealous woman, dearest, and kept nothing back in her talk with me. She told me how you had been befriended by Mr. Jackman and had left Denver to come to Sunset Ranch; and she likewise told me how Berdyne had intercepted my letters; how he was scheming to win you for his own; how he had hired the scoundrel Gorsline to go to you with the story that I was dead, and much more that was all in the nature of a terrible revelation. Hidden by an angle of the house, I overheard the most of what took place between you and Berdyne. I could not have had more convincing proof of your loyalty, my heart's own!"

"I had come to regard him as a noble and disinterested friend, Neil," said Beryl, with a shudder. "It was only when Irma Lee opened my eyes that I was able to look into his soul and see the blackness there."

"The rascal will have me to deal with hereafter," said Neil, "and he will find, I think, that I am more than a match for him."

The minutes flew by on golden wings, and an hour—one of the happiest hours of Beryl's life—had soon slipped away. Then Neil arose and lifted his sweetheart to his side.

"I am just as I came from the North, darling," said he, surveying his rough clothing with a rueful laugh, "but a trunk is following me from San Francisco and should be in San Jose this afternoon. I have quite a little to do, and so I must ride back to the town leaving you for a few hours in the hands of your good friend, Mr. Jackman. You will be ready when I come for you!"

"Ready and waiting," she answered, with a rare smile. "Oh, do not be long, my darling, for I shall count the minutes until you are back again."

With their arms about each other, they retraced the woodland path. When they drew near the ranch house they heard sounds of angry voices, and through the foliage of bush and tree they could see Berdyne, seated alone in his limousine, in front. Mr. Jackman was standing beside the road.

"Begone with you," cried Mr. Jackman, "and never let me see your face on my ranch again!"

"You will be sorry for this, my man," cried Berdyne, with well-assumed anger.

"You cannot come here and insult one of the members of my household. I am glad that I found you out before it was too late."

With a muttered exclamation, Berdyne pressed the electric starter, and was whirled away.

"And so, my darling," said Neil, gazing after the departing automobile with angry eyes, "let us hope that yonder scoundrel goes out of your life forever. For what remains, he will account to me."

A few minutes later, Neil Preston himself was galloping downward into the beautiful valley, his heart bounding with rapture, and on his lips a verse of the little song which Beryl had caught from Tonita:

"Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Oh! Where Is Your Dog?

By A. S. Alexander.

Oh! where is your wandering dog tonight, while you sweetly slumber and sleep. Is he safe at home under lock and key, or out killing a neighbor's sheep? Do you always give him his daily bread, or must he hook that from the hens, and does he forage around for his eats, in the neighbors' pastures and pens? Is he out about with a troop of friends, polluting the street and the lawn, or busily digging in somebody's yard, or yowling from darkness to dawn? Does he ride around on your auto seat, where your child or an orphan should be; or is he asleep on the parlor rug, or scratching and biting a flea? Does he work each day for his bed and board, and never do mischief or harm, while faithfully watching the kids and house, and all of the stock on the farm? If he's not worth while in some useful way and doesn't pay for his care and keep, consign the cur to the buried bowwows and end his raids on the sheep! If you don't attend to this job at once, you may have a big bill to pay, for your dog may join in a killing bee, when you are from home some day. Or worse than that, he may go raving mad, bringing death to people and stock, yet all the dogs in all of the world can't pay for a person or flock. And food is too precious to throw away, on a vicious, worrying hound, while wool and mutton are needed by all, here at home and the world around. So do all you can to protect the sheep and have them increase and grow fat, to clothe and to feed all the people well, for there's right and sense in that. Then here's to the doom of the guilty dog, dig deeply his dishonored grave, and let no one mourn when he's put away, since his death means that lives we save!

WHAT'S THE USE?—Mother, what are we here for anyway?" asked Johnny at bedtime.

"We are here to help others, my son," replied mother, thinking of the lesson she was teaching.

"What are the others here for then?" returned the son.—Boston Post.

You can be quickly cured, if you

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Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

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Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 397 Adams Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures. We also give Lane Curstain, Gansers, Lockets, Ladies' Fashions and other useful and beautiful premiums. Send your name and address and we will send pictures with full instructions. You sell them and send us the money and get the premium you choose. Watch all the risk. HAKOLD LEE, 89 So. Clinton St., CHICAGO.

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Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1027A, Boston, Mass.

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Anyone can get this set. All you have to do is to distribute twelve large, wonderfully engraved pictures among your friends on our special 35c offer. A few minutes will do it and the dolls are yours. When you have distributed them we will send you free & prepaid these wonderful American Dolls. Isn't that perfectly easy.

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This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film and 30 sets of Xmas Festive pictures. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return \$3.00. Extra premium, free, of white paper, green and admission tickets. **BLUME MFG. CO., 129 W. 31st St., Mass. Concord, N. H.**

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For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

peas could be cut off some before they begin to bloom so as to bloom lower down and last longer? Mine go very high with most blooms at the top, and do not last long enough, although I cut them every day. They are Spencer's and grand while they last. I am sending a picture of my sweet pea row to Mrs. Wilkinson. She will show them to you if she can. Your correspondent is standing by them.

MAGGIE ROBINSON.

Mrs. Robinson.—If you had sent a good clear photograph instead of a snapshot it could have been used in the paper and then all of the sisters could have enjoyed you and your row of sweet peas. I feel rather selfish to have both to myself so will tell the rest of the COMFORT family that the snapshot woman, just the sort you would picture from her letter. Plump, just comfortably so, but not fat, neatly dressed and with hair combed back in a simple manner from a kindly smiling face. A face that speaks of good nature and rare judgment on all things.—Ed.

ILLINOIS.

Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for three years and knocked at the door once before but was not admitted. I'm trying again and hope very much to see this in print as dearest Hubby doesn't believe the Sisters' Corner anything but fiction. This morning I read Mrs. Bovell's letter to him and he says my letter in print he can't disbelieve any longer for he read my letter to the corner before I sealed it.

Do any of the sisters let their hobbies choose their wearing apparel? I always do and you don't know how freely they will buy you pretty things if they can choose what they like to see you wear. Hubby is always buying me dresses, hosiery, shoes, and in fact everything he sees and thinks is pretty I always fall for. I'm always pleased with what he buys and he has chosen my clothes until I can't please myself now and always send him for any article of clothing I happen to need. He has the same idea Bachelor Bill has and wants me to stay dressed up all the time and, as he says, "look pretty and nice." But I can't go dressed up much as I have two children, a boy aged five, and a dear little girl aged three. I train them as well as I can, make my own garden, can my own fruit and do my housework, so you can see I can't go dressed up all the time though I keep myself and children clean. I have my hands full to do that.

Bachelor Bill, did you ever stop to think of the hobbies going "dotted up" also? I'll bet you never did. But we'll excuse you this time as your last letter was quite favorable toward our sex.

I, like Mrs. Doser Farley, was only thirteen when I married one of the dearest of men and was not quite fifteen when my little boy was born. I am twenty now and ugly, though Biddle says I'm pretty. I am five feet, five inches tall and weigh 137 pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes, and a medium complexion.

LITTLE BELLE.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Mildew on leather may be removed by rubbing with vaseline.

Add the beaten white of an egg to apple sauce and it will not turn dark.

Salt thrown on a coal fire while broiling steak will prevent the fat blazing.

Molten fresh fruit stains on table linen with camphor before putting it in water.

When the tips of shoe laces fall off, dip the ends in paraffin or wind with thread and they will be as good as new.

Add the well beaten white of an egg to mashed potatoes and you will find that it greatly improves the looks and taste.

Wash an oilcloth in the usual way and then rub it

with a cloth dipped in milk to keep it bright. Do not use strong soapsuds.

If you use sal hepatica the large size bottles make good salt and pepper shakers. Take a small nail and make a neat design in holes in the aluminum top. The jars are easy to keep clean.—Mrs. RAY DRAIN, Arizona.

FLY STICKUMFAST.—Melt six ounces of rosin in a tin cup, add one rounding tablespoon of lard and stir together. When cold, spread upon stiff paper with flat piece of wood or old knife. Heat the knife before using. Place on table or spot most frequented by the flies. It will hold all that get onto it.—L. C., Hattiesburg, Miss.

If any member of the family smokes have him buy his tobacco in pound glass jars and use the jars for various purposes around the kitchen; a match holder, containers for salt, tea, coffee, rice, raisins, breakfast food, pieces of string and anything that may suggest itself. The cover fits tightly on the jar and keeps the contents cleaner than when left in boxes. These being glass, you can see just where everything is and how much you have on hand. They are easy to keep clean and make your kitchen more attractive.

Requests

How to remove putty from window glass.
How to prepare and use sheep sorrel remedy for cancer.

Full address of the Davis Phonograph Co.—Miss LENA BOBO, Nayroo, Ala.

Will someone please send me a few California Beer Seed with directions.—Mrs. M. E. FRANKSON, Commerce, S. O.

I would like to have the December, 1918, number of The Illustrated Companion.—Miss NINA HANCOCK, Francis, Fla.

Will someone send me the March, 1919, number of COMFORT. Will return paper.—Mrs. E. CAUDILL, Mayaville, Box 207, Ohio.

Will someone please send me the March, 1919, number of Woman's Home Companion.—Miss KIRK LATIMER, Lexington, R. R. 1, Okla.

Will someone please send me the story "Thunder Camp," published in the Firelight in 1918. Will return favor.—Mrs. MINNIE MOORE, Thornton, Wyo.

Will someone send me the April and May, 1919, numbers of The Illustrated Companion. Will return favor. Write first.—LOUVENIA CARPENTER, Hattiesburg, R. R. 6, Miss.

Will someone please send me October and December, 1918, and January, 1919, of America's Greatest. We want best magazine. Will return postage and favor.—Mrs. RAE MOTTER, Kent, Ore.

Will someone please send me May and June, 1919, numbers of COMFORT. Mine were lost in the mail. Will return papers and pay postage. Write.—Mrs. WILBUR MARIOTT, Mt. Carmel, R. R. 6, Box 33, Ohio.

Remedies

RHEUMATISM.—One half oz. gum camphor, one half oz. ammonia, one half oz. sulphuric ether, and one half pint alcohol. Mix together, shake well before using. Apply externally three times a day but do not bind on with cloths for it bilaters that way.—Mrs. M. B. WOOD, Rockville, N. Y.

The water found in so many places is very hard on the hands and no matter how becomingly one is dressed, if the hands are red and rough they are a source of much discomfort. By using the following lotion the hands can be kept smooth and white. Crush six ounces of seeds and put in a bottle; add four ounces of bay rum, two ounces of glycerine and juice of one lemon. Each time after having the hands in hard water wash with some good soap, dry thoroughly and rub a little of the lotion into the skin. If the hands are very rough, wash in hot water and plenty of soap and rub white vaseline into them before going to bed.—Mrs. RAY DRAIN, Arizona.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT responds to the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one yearly subscription to COMFORT at 50c. If they wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. Chas. Riedel, Wis., would like to hear of her sister, Mrs. James Otto, last heard from Sedalia, Mo., in 1910.

Mrs. E. A. Brewer, Mantee, Miss., who doesn't think her days are many, wants very much to hear from her baby boy once more.



Stop! Using Tobacco

Perhaps you've tried to stop using tobacco only to find that the habit has such a hold on you that you gave up trying.

You know, better than anyone else that you ought to stop because, sooner or later, it is bound to undermine your health. Heart trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, poor eyesight—these and many other disorders, can often be traced directly to the use of tobacco. Besides it is an expensive, utterly useless habit.

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In 48 to 72 Hours

No matter how firm a grip tobacco has on you—no matter whether you've been smoking cigars, pipe or cigarettes or chewing plug or fine cut for a month or 50 years—Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. It does its work so quickly that all tobacco "hunger" is gone almost before you realize it. Your desire for a smoke or a chew begins to decrease after the very first dose. Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind—it is in no sense a tobacco substitute. It does not cause the slightest shock to the nervous system; on the contrary, it quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

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Get our free booklet. Tell you all about the deadly effects of tobacco and how easily it can be quit. We will also send you copies of letters from confirmed users telling how this simple, home-treatment freed them absolutely from the habit. Just mail coupon—or a postal will do.



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Send, without obligation to me in any way, proof that Tobacco Redeemer will positively free me from the Tobacco Habit.

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If so, you need this new book just published by COMFORT.

It is, we believe, the most valuable, most helpful book for the American housewife ever written. For it will help any woman to become a better cook and a better housekeeper—and at a saving of money almost unbelievable in these days of high prices.

Its scores upon scores of tried and proven recipes call for only the most common, inexpensive ingredients, yet you will find them to be the most wholesome, appetizing, satisfying dishes ever eaten in your home. No grandmother of olden days ever made more delicious bread, pie, cakes and puddings than you can make with the aid of these prize-winning, money-saving recipes—to say nothing of the waffles and muffins, turnovers and puffs, cookies and doughnuts, tarts and all kinds of toothsome pastry.

The secret of correct mixing proportions, with tables of cooking weights and measures, are described, as are also the right way to use eggs in cooking and the best methods of cooking and serving meat in fish, chicken, and all kinds of vegetables.

There are pages of special cooking hints—instructions on how to plan and prepare an economical breakfast, dinner and supper for the average family—what to cook for the sick—Christmas cakes and candies—Easter luncheons—how to keep food from spoiling in any weather—how to eliminate food waste by making use of "left-overs"—and other bits of helpful advice all contributed by women who are expert cooks and know what they are talking about. But this book is

More Than A Cook Book!

In it you will also find countless household hints and suggestions that will enable you to make, with your own hands, and at practically no expense, many new labor-saving devices for the kitchen and articles of needed furniture and decorative furnishings—you will learn how to have an efficient kitchen—how to save fuel, oil and gas—to care for, clean and conserve clothing and household utensils—to take "short cuts" in washing, housecleaning and the other hundred and one housewifely duties in the home.

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how to can and preserve fruit in season, with special recipes for jam, jellies, etc., etc.—how to dry vegetables and fruit—how to salt, pickle and ferment green vegetables for winter use.

Then there are pages devoted to home and the care, culture and housing of winter plants and winter blooming bulbs, all of which are of unusual interest and fascination to the wife and mother, while for the men folks there are articles on the use of paint, and light and power plants.

There is still more in this great book but lack of space prevents a further description. Let us send you a copy—it will cost you nothing if you accept our free offer below. It is a handsome book of 182 pages, 6 inches by 8 1/2 inches in size, and many illustrations, printed on fine paper, durably bound, with illustrated colored covers.

FREE OFFER. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of this book—"COMFORT'S Home Maker's Help and Family Guide"—free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 8301.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"Nuxated Iron Put Added Power Behind My Punch"

Says Jack Dempsey—Tiger Of The Ring

Heavyweight Champion of the World Tells A Secret of the Training Which Helped Get Him Into Such Superb Condition That He Was Able to Whip the Mighty Jess Willard and Prove Himself

THE SUPERMAN OF THE AGE

Jack Kearns, Manager for Dempsey, Jimmy DeForest, Chief Trainer, and Others Give Opinions How Nuxated Iron Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Wasted Tissue and Build RED BLOOD, STRENGTH and ENDURANCE.

Since his overwhelming victory at Toledo when he wrested the World's Championship title from the Goliath-like Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, the modern David and Miracle Man of the Fistic World—Jack Kearns, his manager, and Jimmy DeForest, his chief trainer, have been besieged with inquiries as to the methods employed in rounding him into such superb condition. That Jack Dempsey used Nuxated Iron as a part of the training which produced such marvelous physical development as to make him a veritable human dynamo, should prove conclusively the paramount value he attached to this master strength and blood builder and he explains below why he now recommends it to others.

Just as when a man's life is at stake, physicians seek only the tried and proven treatment, so when the World's Championship hung in the balance, Dempsey's trainers did not stop to experiment with metallic iron preparations—Nux and Iron—or other products of questionable value, but they insisted upon having only genuine Nuxated Iron, which they felt could be absolutely relied upon to help build red blood, power and stamina.

In connection with this feature of his training regarding which Dempsey himself makes a statement below, Jimmy DeForest, the Champion's Chief Trainer, is quoted as saying: "For seven weeks previous to July 4th I was in sole charge of the training and preparing of Jack Dempsey for his fight with Jess Willard. During the training period Dempsey was regularly given by me Nuxated Iron and I believe it contributed to his success."

The importance that the Champion himself places upon the part Nuxated Iron played in winning for him the highest laurels known in the athletic world is clearly shown in the following statement



made by Jack Dempsey at his training quarters in Toledo, the scene of the big battle, when he said: "After commencing the use of Nuxated Iron during my training for the big fight with Jess Willard, I soon noticed that I could stand harder strains with less fatigue than before, and I realized that I had found a tonic and blood builder which played an important part in getting me into fine condition. Formerly I had relied solely upon strength-building foods and outdoor exercise to keep my blood rich in red corpuscles, but with the World's Championship at stake, I felt that I should leave nothing undone that might help me to win. I was advised of the great value of Nuxated Iron for building up the blood, strengthening the nerves and aiding in keeping the body fit, and I am firmly convinced that its use has helped to wonderfully increase my stamina and endurance. Nuxated Iron put added power behind my punch and helped me to accomplish what I did at Toledo. From the results in my own case, where the possession of super endurance is necessary, I feel that I am in a position to strongly recommend Nuxated Iron to every man and woman who wants to build greater strength, energy and power."



Manager Jack Kearns who closely watched from day to day the progress of Dempsey's training in which Nuxated Iron played a part and who predicted Dempsey's victory over Willard.

Jimmy DeForest, the Champion's Chief Trainer, tells here why he believes the use of Nuxated Iron by Dempsey contributed to his success.

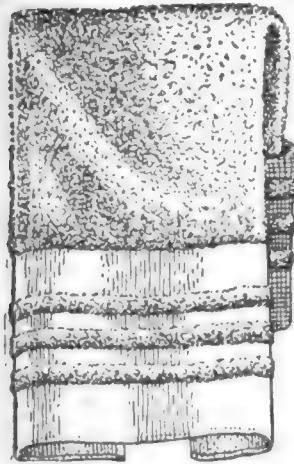
In connection with the foregoing statement made by

Jack Dempsey, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "In my opinion whoever made the suggestion that Nuxated Iron should play a part in getting Dempsey into condition is to be commended for his foresight. No man without plenty of rich, red blood filled with health-giving and strength-building iron could withstand the terrific onslaughts of a giant like Willard. It should occur to every thinking person that if a man as physically fit as Dempsey should consider it advisable to take Nuxated Iron, how much more important it is for the average man or woman to see that there is no lack of iron in the blood. To help make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which has been used by Jack Dempsey and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Fine Turkish Towels

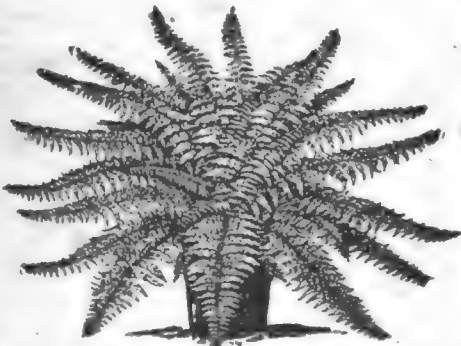
Good Size
Soft And
Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel. In fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath-room, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleecy-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8503.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Four Lovely Ferns

THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the *Asplenium Plumeosa* or "Lace" fern, the *Rosevelt*, the *Boston* or "Fountain" fern and the *Whitmanii* or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you the above described collection of four beautiful ferns free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 6112.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Premium No. 9472. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send Only Two Subscriptions For This Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 9242.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Yours For Only One Subscription!



52

All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.



Premium No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1920.

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superfine paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green, and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., add to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1920 Christmas Calendar 4 1/2 inches wide by 6 1/2 inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

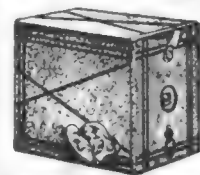
One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautiful Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Pinsetta, and Christmas Bells Gunned Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gunned Seal with the words "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals, Embossed in Colors.



Camera Given

A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Promo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1 1/4 x 1 3/4 inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Promo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Premium No. 7994.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1920.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting, such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joy," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gunned Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun in "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1920, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the starting transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome Christmas Calendar for 1920, upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail prepaid. Premium No. 7931.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

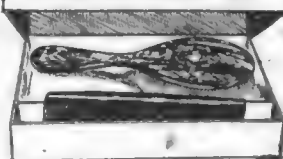
2-Piece Toilet Set

THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Premium No. 8483.

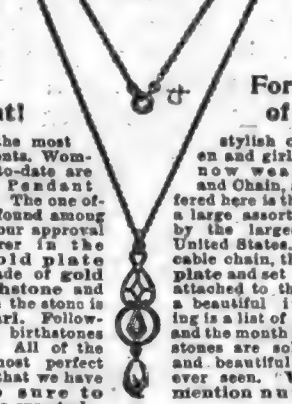
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



Your Own Birthstone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Three!

ONE of the most ornamental, womanly and up-to-date are Birthstone Pendant Lavalieres. The one of design we found among the largest jewelry manufacturers in the United States. It has a 1 1/2-inch gold plate is also made of gold and underneath the stone is a real gem. Follow different birthstones represent. All of the are the most perfect real gems that we have ever seen. When ordering be sure to mention number of

8173 Jan. Garnet, Symbol of Power.
8183 Feb. Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
8193 March Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage.
8203 April Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
8213 May Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
8223 June Pearl, Symbol of Long Life.
8233 July Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
8243 Aug. Peridot, Symbol of Happiness.
8253 Sept. Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
8263 Oct. Opal, Symbol of Hope.
8273 Nov. Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
8283 Dec. Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3 1/4-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4 1/2-inch cuticle knife with Ivory white handle, a 4-inch Ivory white nail stick, and a 3 1/2-inch nail polisher or buffer with Ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine black leather case, measuring 5 1/2 inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5 1/4 x 2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high-grade, and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8014.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Remnants



All Sizes, Shapes and Colors A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Armense and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full Of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Three!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—horns, dolls, whistles, musical files, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8923.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Born With Club Feet

"He gets about as well as any of the boys," says father in letter below.

John Bauguss was 11 years old when brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Although deformity was extreme, result shown by photos was accomplished in 8 months. No Plaster Paris casts were used. Father writes:

My son John was born with club feet. I tried other doctors but without success. Being advised to take him to the L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, which I did. After being treated a few months his feet are perfectly straight. He gets about as well as any of the other boys.

G. M. Bauguss,
Mooringsport, La.

For further details write Mr. Bauguss or the Sanitarium.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
121 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



Like a furnace fire. You need it each winter.

Because PISO's, too, is a protection against winter weather. By soothing irritated, scratchy throats and relieving bothersome coughs and hoarseness, it prevents more serious ailments. Keep it always in the medicine cabinet; use it at the first indication of throat irritation.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiates. Good for young and old.

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

MOVIE MACHINE FREE
HAVE YOUR OWN "MOVIE"
Genuine American Moving Picture Machine complete with film given free for selling only 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. You can earn money giving shows at your own home. Write today.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 383 East Boston, Mass.

The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

to starve, perhaps, for there seemed nothing that her hands could do!

Before she had a chance to tell Nancy of her decision, something else happened that, for the time, put it quite out of her mind.

Daphne, sweeping off the dead wistaria leaves from the front porch, beheld an unusual sight—an automobile coming as briskly as possible along the weed-grown drive. An automobile containing only the chauffeur and one passenger—it was evidently a hired car—an old lady, small and spry, who hopped out as the chauffeur opened the door very like a brown sparrow, she was so light on her feet.

"Howdy, Daphne," called the old lady, briskly. "Come out here and help me tote in these bundles."

"De land—If it ain't Miss Marthy Warner!" chuckled Daphne, delightedly. "Miss Eleanor—Miss Nancy! Y'all come out here see Miss Marthy Warner done come visitin'."

Rather bewildered, Eleanor and Nancy obeyed, and the old lady promptly kissed them both, in the friendliest way possible.

"You're Eleanor," she said, instantly. "I'd know the Talcott favor anywhere. And you're a pretty little girl enough," she admitted, patting Nancy on her rosy cheek. "And you are just about my height, which makes me like you better. I do despise always to be looking up to folks! Daphne, take that bundle right along in the kitchen—it's steak, and good steak, too. I know how it is in the country—people get so everlastingly tired of chickens and middling-meat. That's a pineapple—a big, juicy one in that basket, and some California grapes, and some Florida oranges. Florida oranges beat the world, I told 'em, out West, but they wouldn't believe me. Lord, their ripe prunes are so good—and grapes big as hickory-nuts! Here, you, man—"

to the chauffeur, "look under that seat and haul out that bunch of bananas. I know how it is in the country, children, for I've lived in it myself—you just perish to death for fruit! Till peaches and figs get ripe, that is. Now—Daphne, come back here and take this bottle of port wine—I was afraid some of you might get sick, so far from a doctor, and a body ought to have a drop in the house, though I belong to the W. C. T. U., myself, and never touch it unless for the stomach's sake, as Paul recommended to Timothy, and what the Apostle Paul says, any man can lay to be right!"

She paused, rather breathlessly, and Nancy found herself wondering how Eleanor would receive these gifts. Would she treat this friendly old lady as she had done the Muirs?

No, indeed! Eleanor delightedly received them, and profusely thanked the donor. "We were just perishing for fruit," she frankly admitted, "and I haven't seen any steak in an age, it seems to me. Thank you very, very much, dear Mrs. Warner—you were so good to remember us!"

The little old lady, dismissing the chauffeur, with directions to return for her in the afternoon—and not to come too early—trotted along in to the house, and took off her bonnet before the mirror in the girls' room, and made herself comfortable in the little rocker, turning up her skirt thriftily, and sticking out her tiny feet to be warmed by the blaze, for it was still cool, in the early morning, and Daphne always built "her young ladies," as she called them, a fire to take the chill off.

"It's wonderful, out in the big West, but it's mighty good to be home again," she sighed, as she dived into her bag and brought forth a cumbersome bundle of knitting. "An afghan for the baby," she explained; "I've got to be doing something for him all the time, the sweet! If it hadn't been for Pa and my poor boy, who needs his mammy, even if he is a bald-headed old bachelor, I'd have staid on a year longer—anyway, till he had cut all his teeth. Eleanor, child, turning her bright, sparrow-like eyes upon Eleanor, while her fingers busily knitted away at the pink and white wool, "I know you are glad to be home, where your own folks lived and died, even if it is right lonely for you, being young—and mighty pretty! Have you got a beau, honey?"

"Nary one," laughed Eleanor, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushing with the happiness of seeing one of her very own people, who understood her feelings. "But Nancy has—a darling one."

"Humph—she's pretty enough; though most men would prefer you, I should think. Men are fools, though. If Son wasn't so shy, I'd send him to see you—never mind, I'll scare up one from somewhere!"

So they laughed and chatted and joked happily with the old lady till the morning had passed, and Daphne, with beaming face, announced dinner.

And such a dinner! How hungrily they ate the juicy steak, and felt new life flow in their veins with its grateful juices; how eagerly they devoured the melting pineapple, and oranges, and bananas, which Daphne had compounded into a bowl of wonderful ambrosia, worthy of its name.

After dinner, their guest, stabbing her ball of yarn thoughtfully with her big, wooden needles, asked abruptly: "And have you all hunted around for the treasure yet? The bags of gold you great-great-Uncle Talcott hid from the Yankees?"

"Mercy, no!" said Eleanor, wide-eyed with wonder. "I didn't know there was the remotest possibility of a treasure—didn't—the Federal soldiers take it away, in a skirmish, when they killed Uncle Talcott?"

"So some believe—but not me," nodded the old lady, with ungrammatical emphasis. "I always believed he hid it before the Yankees killed him and the overseer. I've said to Pa, a thousand times, I reckon, 'Don't you reckon old Colonel Talcott hid that money somewhere about the

BAD COLD GOT YOU? FEELING GRIPPY?

Don't give it a chance to "set in"—use Dr. King's New Discovery

THAT dangerous stage where a cold or cough or case of grippe might get the better of you may be nearer than you think. Prompt action with Dr. King's New Discovery will avert a long siege.

For fifty years it has loosened congested chests, dissipated tight-packed phlegm, broken vicious colds and coughs. Give it to the youngsters—take it yourself. There will be no disagreeable after-effects.

60c. and \$1.20 a bottle. At your druggist's.

NOTE

Always keep the bowels well regulated. Use the mild, comfortable, yet always reliable, Dr. King's New Life Pills. They work with precision without the results of violent purgatives. 25c. as usual at all druggists.

DR. KING'S
NEW
DISCOVERY
FOR
**COUGHS
AND
COLDS**

place? Yes—and if I had been Emily I'd have hunted day and night till I found it! My belief is, it's hid somewhere in these very walls! You know they didn't burn our homes here like they did in Virginia and Carolina—we didn't suffer so much, I must say. Your uncle knew it would be safe—he probably hid the bags of gold in an iron box, maybe—or if he didn't he could have dropped them down, one by one—well, say behind some secret panel, or some place like that. I've always heard this old house, you know, built in revolutionary times, out of English brick, that's the reason it's so sound. Fifty thousand dollars ain't to be sneezed at. If I were you, I'd go to work and hunt for it!"

"Fifty thousand dollars!" breathed Eleanor, star-eyed with hope. "Oh, Nancy, if we only found it! Think of the things we could have—the house repaired, the grove trimmed up, flowers in the garden, a—horse and carriage. We could afford to be neighborly!"

"De oughter-moebel done come, Miss Marthy," announced Daphne, at the door, and Mrs. Warner gathered her belongings together and prepared to take her departure. Not, however, before she had emphatically urged upon Eleanor the necessity of search for the lost treasure; rapidly recommending them to look in various places, as she donned her bonnet and cloak.

"Not a speck of proof that he didn't hide it," she declared, as she kissed them good by at the hall door—so that the chauffeur could not hear her parting injunctions. "I always believed—and Emily believed, though she never had spunk to search—that he hid it right here! You all begin, right away—and I believe you'll find it!"

The two girls looked at each other with hope shining in their eyes, as they saw the last of the automobile, and its small passenger.

"Nancy," said Eleanor, solemnly, "I believe she

is right—we'll begin right away to search for the Talcott treasure!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

We'll Rebuild Your Lamp Into a "Quick-Lite"

If you have an old style torch-generating gasoline table lamp with good found, send it to us by Parcel Post and have it fixed up. We will make it into a "Quick-Lite" match-lighting lamp that will give you years of satisfactory service. We will also clean and test your lamp, returning it in perfect working order. The Quick-Lite burner costs \$2.50, the cleaning and testing is FREE. The Quick-Lite burner Lights With a Match No alcohol torch. Does not burn alcohol. No delay hunting 'round for torch. You merely hold a lighted match under the patent coil and in an instant you have a wonderful, brilliant, strong, white light, mellow and restful to the eye. Send your lamp and \$2.50 at once to nearest house, and have it made over better than it was when new.

The Coleman Lamp Co.

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago

FREE WATCH & RING
This handsome stem wind & stem set watch, fully guaranteed, also a Fine Ring for selling only 25c. Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for details.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 242 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

DON'T
SEND A
PENNY

SUGAR 3c a Lb.

ALL
CHARGES
PREPAID

Sugar 3c a Lb.—Say It Over Again

Sounds impossible but it costs only a 2c stamp to prove it. Thousands Have Been Satisfied and more are taking advantage of this extraordinary offer every day.

Sugar is only One of the many leaders in our Introductory Bargain Book. By taking advantage of the introductory trial order offered in this advertisement you become one of our regular customers.

The Object of this trial order is to prove to you that we actually sell High Grade Standard Merchandise at these prices. Even though you don't believe it possible, we ask you to let us prove that we speak the truth. With your order, we will send Free, our Introductory Bargain Book, which is sent only to those who have manifested their interest by sending for a trial order.

This bargain book is brimful of unusual Bargains in groceries, shoes, clothing and other necessary articles.

A FEW LEADERS IN OUR CATALOG

SUGAR \$3.00 Per 100 Lbs.

Best Granulated Sugar, per 100 lbs. - \$3.00

Best Granulated Sugar, per 10 lbs. - .30

FLOUR \$7.00 Per Barrel

Our Best Flour, per bbl. - \$7.00

Our Best Flour, per 24½ lbs. - .86

Other Catalog Bargains

Uneda Biscuits, per pkg. - .02

Quaker Oats, per pkg. - .06

GUARANTEE: If we don't satisfy our customers we don't satisfy ourselves. Every item you buy from us is guaranteed to be of the highest grade and to please you in every respect.

REMEMBER Our Don't Send A Penny All

Charges Prepaid offer is Your

Protection. Just think, without any investment on your part, as soon as we receive the order coupon filled out, we will send you the Introductory Trial Order and our Bargain Book

charges prepaid. We want you to become one of our regular customers, and know that after you receive your order you will be glad to be considered a regular customer of the House of Alben-Harley.

IMPORTANT This trial order is only sold

Complete as it stands—no items sold separately. However, you may order as many as 5 trial orders, which is the limit to one customer.

Introductory Order No. 2X218

	Estimated Value	Our Price
1 lb. Sugar (Pure Granulated)	\$0.13	\$0.03
1 can Sardines in Pure Oil	.25	.10
1 tube Concentrated Vanilla Extract	.45	.20
1 lb. Baking Powder (Very Best)	.60	.30
1 pkg. Ecc-Kon-Omy (Used in place of eggs for cooking and baking. 1 pkg. equals 3 dozen fresh eggs)	.25	.20
1 Large Box Face Powder (Extra Fine)	.75	.40
1 Tube Dental Paste (Unexcelled)	.39	.23
1 Bargain Catalog FREE		
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Out the high cost of living from this minute on—fill out and mail this order today, and the goods and our Introductory Bargain Book will be sent to you by Parcel Post Prepaid.

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Gentlemen: You may send me your Introductory Trial Order No. 2X218 by prepaid parcel post and include a FREE copy of your Introductory Bargain Book. When the order arrives I will pay my postman \$1.82. It is understood however, that if after trying your goods I am not satisfied, I can return the balance to you and you will refund my money.

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10 New Crochet BOOKS

Just Out! More Than 750 Designs!

HERE is an offer that will bring joy to the hearts of our crochet and tatting workers. This new library, consisting of ten handsomely bound books, 8x11 inches in size, shows over 750 of the very latest beadings, insertions and laces, all illustrated by actual photographs, with complete directions for working.

Book No. 10 is the latest and most complete book of making sweaters, jackets, shawl coats, baby sets, belts, army and navy wear, vests, stockings, etc. All the designs are unique and original and the photographs show both front and back of the finished article. 16 pages—21 designs.

Book No. 11 is all yokes—some elaborate, others most simple, but always in unusual feature and pattern. 16 pages—15 designs.

Book No. 12 shows many beautiful yokes, boudoir caps, medallions, tassels, scarves, shawls, handkerchiefs, towels, birds, butterflies and trees; 25 designs for any use and a rich flit alphabet. 20 pages—over 100 designs.

Book No. 13 contains a rich selection of lingerie and linens, including edgings, yokes, cap, aprons, slippers, table runners, bedspread, towels, pillow slips, dollies and natural crochet flowers for trimming. 16 pages—33 designs.

Book No. 14 shows edgings, medallions, ties, dollies, insertions, flit yokes for the child and full size all in crochet, and edging, insertions and medallions in tatting. 16 pages—73 designs.

Book No. 15 shows ten alphabets in crochet and tatting for door panels, pillow cushions, etc. The tatting alphabet is a neat applique for towels, instead of embroidery. 16 pages—260 designs.

Book No. 16 contains a beautiful assortment of tatted edgings, designs in narrow, wide and circular schemes, edging and medallions for yokes, finished yokes, baby cap, and a simple and elegant alphabet. 16 pages—over 100 designs.

Book No. 17 shows an array of flit bedspreads for scarves, centerpieces, cushion covers chair backs, serving trays and book cases; motifs for scarves, table runners and altar cloths and practical layouts for medallions, corners and insertions. 16 pages—59 designs.

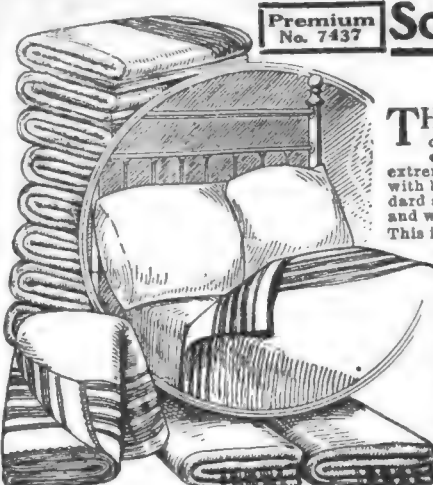
Book No. 18 contains forty-eight crochet and twelve tatting designs—wide edging, insertions and medallions; motifs for bedspreads, curtains, table covers, door panels, towels, scarves, napkins, window shades and dollies. 16 pages—60 designs.

Book No. 19 shows an assortment of boudoir, simple crochet and tatting; jabots with patterns for their making and a sunflower medallion yoke. 16 pages—26 designs.

Offer No. 8241 For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you any three of these books free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

Offer No. 8952 For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you any seven of these books free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

Offer No. 8003 For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the complete library of ten books. When ordering please don't forget to give number of each book wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



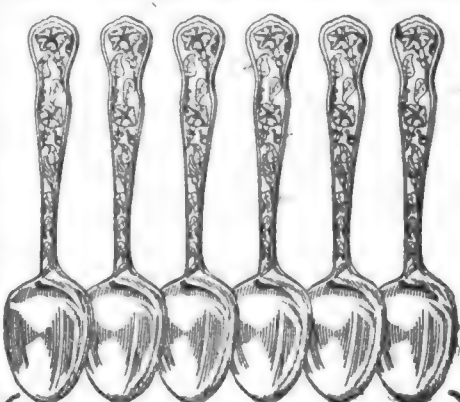
Premium No. 7437

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Seven

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7437. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



12 Silver Teaspoons FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of twelve teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned above. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Morning Glory" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant French grey. The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Remember, that although we illustrate but six spoons, we are going to send you a full dozen. They are yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one dozen (12) of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 9332. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Refined and Stylish Will Fit Any Wrist



A Stone for Every Month

HERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestled in the dainty digree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim "My, what a beautiful bracelet!" the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wearing qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is self-adjusting. It will fit any size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each: No. 8353, January, Garnet; No. 8363, February, Amethyst; No. 8373, March, Bloodstone; No. 8383, April, Diamond; No. 8393, May, Emerald; No. 8403, June, Agate; No. 8413, July, Ruby; No. 8423, August, Sardonyx; No. 8433, September, Sapphire; No. 8443, October, Opal; No. 8453, November, Topaz; No. 8463, December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing us a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer? Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Premium No. 8663). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either the Pickle Dish (Premium No. 9402), or the Spoon Tray (Premium No. 9412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Premium No. 7487). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

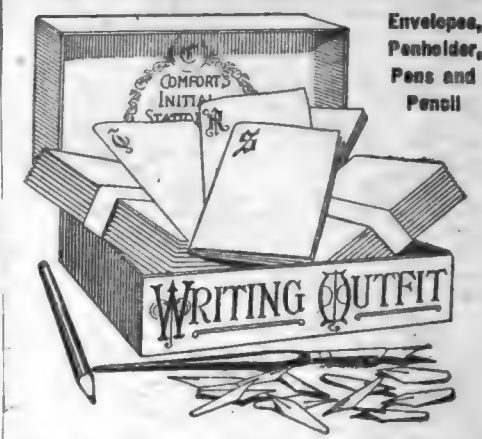
We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it free of charge.

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Premium No. 8663). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either the Pickle Dish (Premium No. 9402), or the Spoon Tray (Premium No. 9412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Premium No. 7487). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Given For A Club Of Two!

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it, so in this offer we have arranged to give you two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, and a complete outfit of writing material, consisting of one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder, the complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post, prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this and pay a big price for it in the bargain, but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and this explains how we can afford to give you such big value as a premium for a very small club to COMFORT. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit so don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by Parcel Post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7632. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Bead Necklace



Jade, Coral, Amber, Blue and Red Yours For A Club Of Only Two

THE great popularity of these new style necklaces leads us to make this offer to our women and girl readers. In fact, there seems to be a veritable CRAZE for these beautiful, large, odd-shaped beads, which come in different colors to match the costume, and of generous length, so that they hang well down the front of the dress. They are not strung on string or wire but are fastened together with tiny, glittering, silver-colored rings, which form a pleasing contrast with the rich, subdued colors of the beads themselves. Some of these necklaces—which, by the way, retail as high as \$5.00—are enormous in size, others are quite small; we picked out a medium size, thinking it would please the greater number of our readers. It is 30 inches long, two of the beads are larger than the rest, as shown in the illustration, while at the very end and serving as a pendant, there hangs a large, handsome, oblong-shaped bead an inch and a quarter long. The smaller beads in this necklace are each five eighths of an inch long and there are forty-two beads in all.

We will send you one of these handsome and stylish necklaces—your choice of red, blue, amber, coral and jade—upon the terms of the following offer.

Given to You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 9232. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24 Story Books Given



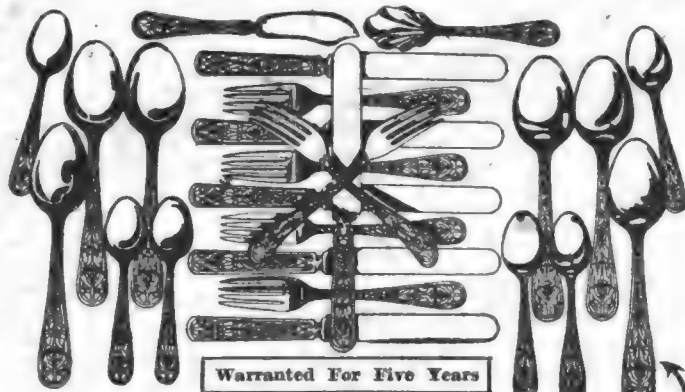
TWO complete libraries of cute little books for the children, including many of the old-time favorites and many newer and later stories. Library No. 7951 consists of Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Purring Pussies, Playmates, Our Pets, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, The Teddy Bears. Library No. 7951 consists of The Shepherd and His Sheep, Young America, Deep Blue Sea, Land of Tulip, Dixie and Dover, Our Farm Yard, Little Darlings, Childhood of Hawaitha, Faithful Friends, The Fancy Dress Party, Our Country, Happy Days. Each book is 4x5 1/2 inches in size, printed in large clear type and contains five beautiful full-page illustrations in colors.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you either Library of 12 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or both Libraries (24 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. Please mention number of Libraries wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven

WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we



Warranted For Five Years

buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory, that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 7397. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Two Dolls Given!

THE little boy's name is Johnnie, his sister's name is Josie, and they make the most charming pair of twin dolls you ever saw. They are entirely different from the ordinary doll, having a life-like head made of an indestructible composition, a new style cloth body and the latest improved jointed arms and legs which never get out of order. Neither doll can be broken, because both head and body are indestructible. They are over a foot tall, with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and dressed just as you see them in the picture. Josie has on a cute pink-and-white dress. Johnnie is dressed in pretty pink-and-white rompers. They look so life-like in their baby clothes with their happy, smiling faces, you would almost think they were alive and ready to talk to you in that baby language so dear to the heart of every little doll mother. We are sure no little boy or girl ever had a doll that could furnish quite so much real satisfaction and enjoyment as either one of these two handsome twins. Remember these are real American-made, unbreakable dolls, with a strong, durable, stuffed cloth body, jointed arms and legs and an indestructible composition head that will not break. They will last a long time.

Club Offer. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you both dolls—Josie and Johnnie—free by parcel post prepaid. (Premium No. 7525.) Or for three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one doll—your choice of Josie Premium No. 8813, or Johnnie (Premium No. 8823), free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to give the premium number of doll or dolls wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

Premium No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it. For chasing away melancholy, dispelling gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the clearest and most beautiful illustrations to boot. This great story is the world's champion funny book and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.

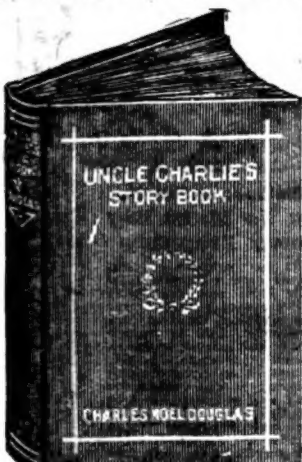
Free Offer. For one one-year subscription at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid. Premium No. 8221.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for three subs. at 50c. each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid premiums and story book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

"I am a girl." What kind of a girl is an a girl? This state is not lacking in good schools and teachers as are many sections of this country, especially the South, so there is no excuse except that of utter carelessness, which is the curse of the age, for young ladies of twelve writing "an" for "am." You have quite a lot of stock on your farm and you are to be envied as you don't have to pay three hundred dollars a quart for milk as we do in the city, but we have the laugh on you for we can sleep while you are waking up the cows in the middle of the night and doing the milking. If, however, it costs as much to feed your large family as it does my family of two (and I've got them down to one pickle and half a doughnut a day and am thinking of cutting out the pickle) then I don't envy you. But old Dame Nature helps you out while all she does for us is to souse our roof with so much water that we have the ceiling dropping on our heads and have to fish for the dining-room table every time we want to take a meal. Old Dame Nature has no use for prohibition in this vicinity. She is the most horrible example of an incorrigible wet I have ever struck. You don't tell us in what class of the animal kingdom Nigger and Colonel belong. Naturally, you would not name any of your cows Nigger or Colonel, though the Battalion of Death, composed entirely of women, who were the last to make a stand against the vile Bolsheviks in Petrograd, had a Colonel. Most of these heroines, who put up a glorious fight, were shot to death. Of those wounded or captured, not a trace has ever been found. That's what women soldiers get when their curs of men are too proud to fight, but not too proud to ravish, outrage and murder. Probably Nigger and Colonel are the colts and do not belong in either the cow or the chicken family. So you have plum trees. Maybe you are experimenting with the Plumb plan. There is a gentleman of that name who has a scheme up his sleeve for running the railroads. By the aid of this scheme the railroad men will get all the plums while the public will pay all the bills, and the cost of living and lunacy will go soaring higher than ever. There are millions of gentlemen with beautiful schemes which will not stand a moment's practical investigation, chasing madly around, desirous of relieving all those who have saved even ten cents to tide them over a rainy day or keep them out of the poorhouse in their old age. Keep your eye on these smooth-tongued, visionary, trouble-making profiteers. If people would only work, produce, save, and cut out luxuries, with the same vim and energy that they kick and scheme, we should not have to call on visionary gentlemen who crawl out of plum trees to settle our problems, for we should not have any problems that even a sleeping cow named Colonel or a cackling hen called Nigger could not solve.

OPELIKA, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl of sixteen summers, have black hair, cat eyes, and dark complexion, weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds. A young man of twenty-seven has been constantly sending me candy and calls once each week at least and sometimes more often. He lives fifty miles from my home. My mother and father object because he has a small fortune and are afraid he will tire of me and be always saying you were only a poor factory hand when I married you and now you want to waste what I have. I am quite sure however they are mistaken. But there is another young man twenty-two years old, who is, I think, one of the goodie goodie kind because he does not care anything for entertainments and just acts like a preacher. Yet he does not want to be one. I have finally decided if I would allow myself I could love him too. Which one should I marry? Both are going to wait until I am twenty-one before marrying. I want them to wait that long. Please give me some of your good advice.

BEATRICE H.

Beatrice, as you have decided, as all sensible girls should, not to marry until you are twenty-one, you need not worry much about the two young men who are at present laying siege to your heart, for in another five years probably neither of these suitors will appeal to you and probably, too, by that time they will have met other girls and have forgotten your existence. The girl of twenty-one seldom marries the boy she fancied at sixteen. The gentleman who walks fifty miles to see you must certainly think a whole lot of you, and if you keep him walking until you are twenty-one, that small fortune of his will probably be dissipated in shoe leather. Maybe, however, he comes on horseback, and if he does he is wearing out four shoes instead of two. I think he is very foolish to send the candy. Whenever I called on a girl I always took the candy along and that gave me a chance to eat at least nine tenths of it while the young lady admired the box. I never could understand why girls ate candy, anyhow, considering they are all just too sweet for anything. I would not worry about that fellow's small fortune. If he keeps on buying candy and walking or riding for the next five years, he won't have any fortune to throw in your face and if he does there won't be enough left to hurt. If he is such a low-down cad as to remind you that you were a factory girl before he married you, just remind him that the wife of Peter the Great of Russia, who later became Catherine the Great, was a peasant girl. This is a democracy in which all people are supposed to be created equal even if they are not. The factory girl fills a much more important place in our social system than the indolent society lady. The war, however, has taken the indolence out of the rich and all are busy now. Don't turn your nose up at the goody goody young man. He may be another Billy Sunday in disguise for all you know. Better have a goody goody boy who stays at home and helps you with the dishes than a whiskey-drinking sport who throws them at your head. Better have one that goes to Sunday school than to the blind tiger. Perhaps the small fortune candy man might make the best husband for week days and the goody goody man the best for Sundays. As the law, however, only allows a lady to have one husband, you will have to decide for yourself whether you want a pedestrian or a preacher, a walker or a talker. Don't worry, however, for in five years hence you will have forgotten both.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to admit you to COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to admit you to COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber



"That's the Relief for My Rheumatic Twinges!"

FOR more than 38 years Sloan's Liniment has been used by the families of the nation in quickly relieving rheumatic aches, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, lame, sore, strained muscles, bruises, and other pains and sprains.

Sloan's Liniment is an effective counter-irritant that penetrates to the affected part, without rubbing, scatters the congestion, and promotes a warm, comfortable relief. Try it when your "bones ache" and you feel you "can hardly stand up any longer."

It is clean—no plaster, poultice, or ointment muddiness, stained skin, clogged pores. Put up in convenient bottles in three sizes, 35c, 70c, \$1.40, the larger the bottle the greater the economy. Can be used by every member of the family with assurance of gratifying results.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.



your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Elmer Dahlgren, care of Carl J. Olson, Munger, Sect. 34, Minn. Both legs amputated. Aged mother his only support. They rent a little place in the country but forest fires destroyed their stock of poultry, and their only cow was so badly burnt as to be rendered useless. This is a very sad and very worthy case. Elmer is full of pluck and with a little assistance now hopes eventually to be able to support himself. Miss Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 57, Va. Invalid for many years. Well recommended. Send her some substantial cheer. Miss Rosa Watts, Boomer, N. C. Has chronic bronchitis and asthma. Unable to work. Parents dead. Well recommended. Send her a dim. shower. W. R. Hines, Somerset, R. R. 1, Ky. Shut in due to inflammatory and sciatic rheumatism. Hasn't walked for eight years. Highly recommended. Give him a boost. Mrs. M. E. Knight, Prosperity, S. C. Widow, sick, poor and needy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. M. E. Washington, Endicott, Va. Invalid. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. John Robinson, Buffalo, Poor Farm, Ill. Sixty-eight years of age. Almost blind. Poor and lonely. Send him some cheer. Miss Nettie St. John, Lenoir, N. C. Crippled for twelve years. Unable to work. Mother her only support. Doctor and postmaster recommend her very highly. Send her some worth-while sympathy. Mrs. Emma Casey, Ellington, R. R. 1, Box 65, R. I. Husband confirmed invalid. No means of support. Well recommended. Send them some cheer. Miss Blanche Taylor, Lowmoor, Va. Shut-in for 35 years. Would appreciate cheery letters and postal cards.

Won't you pass on just a little bit of Thanks-giving cheer to the poor afflicted souls listed above? God has been kind to a great many of you during the year. Here is a chance for you to show your appreciation of His great love and goodness. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and be worthy of your Creator for once.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

The Best Present for Young or Old Is Uncle Charlie's Poems!

Christmas will be here before you know it. Santa Claus is already preparing for his annual trip. Don't waste money on expensive presents. Uncle Charlie's gorgeous book of poems fills every need. It is an exquisitely beautiful 168-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in silk cloth. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. Read: "When Father Carved the Turkey," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," "Just Behind the Battle, Mother," and you will have the time of your life. Make yourself and the children happy. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. Three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each secure this wonderful book, a gift fit for a king. Yours free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing now and avoid the rush. Begin today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Makes a Dandy Christmas Present!

You must have Christmas in the house at Christmas time. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written: songs for all occasions, among them the prettiest Christmas carol (this is just the thing for church or parlor) ever written. This is not a mere pamphlet but a beautiful song folio with superb cover on which appear splendid half-tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. Cheap at five dollars. Has complete music for voice and piano; a superb present for a musical or non-musical friend. This wonderful book for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.

Electric Flash Light

With Powerful Long-Lived Battery

Premium No. 7984

For Four Subscriptions

ARE you in the habit of stumbling around in the dark with the uncertain aid of lighted matches or dangerous kerosene lamps or lanterns? Don't do it any longer! It's dangerous—as you very well know—and entirely unnecessary. Get an Eveready Daylo or "flash light" and you have all the advantages of the incandescent electric light in portable form. It can easily be carried in the hand or pocket. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on and off as desired—and it is absolutely safe. No matter what happens it positively cannot set anything on fire.

In the night it shows you your way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, stairways, closets, the dark corners in attic or basement. You can use it in the shed, stable, barn, around hay, powder, gasoline—in fact, any and all kinds of inflammable material and explosives without the slightest danger.

The Eveready is just as useful outdoors as it is indoors. Neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after nightfall, it throws a shaft of brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. The loneliest road, the gloomiest depths of the woods, need have no terrors for you if you go prepared with an Eveready. The Eveready is 6 1/2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches in diameter equipped with a strong reflecting lens, Mazda bulb and the latest improved Tungsten battery. This battery with average use will last from two to four months, the bulb from six months to one year. Fresh batteries and bulbs may be obtained from us or any hardware or general store at trifling expense. The light itself—that is, the case and everything except the battery and bulb—is good for many years, in fact with proper care should last an ordinary lifetime.

We will give you this Eveready Daylo or "flash light" complete with battery and bulb, all ready for business upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you an Eveready Daylo complete as described above, free by parcel post, prepaid (Premium No. 7984). We can also supply you with extra batteries at the rate of one battery for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each (Premium No. 9172), and extra bulbs at the rate of one bulb for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents (Premium No. 8131).

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents \$60 a week selling new 300 candle power lantern. Burns coal-oil. Can't set fire to anything. Burns in all kinds of weather. Rainproof, windproof, bugproof. Sells everywhere. Write for agency and sample. Thomas Lantern Co., 4219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inzyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1119, Cincinnati.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Out-let Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Free Goods, Hosiery, Underwear etc. National Importers & Mfg. Co., Dept. L.P., 45 Broadway, New York.

Agents—Christmas Articles—go like hot cakes around the holidays. Your chance to clean up \$200 to \$300. Write quick for particulars. American Products Co., 1345 American Building, Cincinnati.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything men and women need. \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragdale, East Orange, N. J.

Agents: Big Pay and Free Automobile introducing wonderful new gasoline saver, puncture proof, five year spark plugs and other economical auto necessities. Outfit free. L. Ballew, Dept. 112, Louisville, Ky.

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincoats and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. \$1.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made \$607.50 in June, \$100 in three hours. Furnish \$207.15 in seven days. \$3000 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivery or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Camer Mfg. Co., Dept. J121, Dayton, Ohio.

Liberty Portraits Big Winners. Thirty days credit—35 Hour service—refers credited. World's Famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy \$100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog and free samples. Consolidated Portraits Co., Dept. 14-1000 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents Sell rich looking \$2.00 imported rug, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days; profit \$47; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid \$1.15. H. Omond, Importer, Stoughton, Maine.

Raincoat Agents! Pay you \$12 daily taking orders for reversible raincoats. Two coats in one. One side rich, tan dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Something brand new. Not sold in stores. Also other styles. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. We manufacture and make to measure. Shortage of raincoats and high cost of overcoats make sales easy. Elaborate outfit and sample coat to workers. Parker Mfg. Co., 517 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

New Windshield Cloth solves baffling problem. One wipe cleans rain-blurred windshield. Stays clear 24 hours. Materials unused. Agents getting rich, \$200 profit. Exclusive territory. Cabco Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 40 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. No-Bo-Co., 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Women Make Money selling Frisella Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, spare time. No capital or experience needed. We send complete outfit. D. Fitzcharles Co., Trenton, N. J.

Agents: Waterproof Kitchen Apron. Needs no laundering. Every housewife buys. Durable, economical. Big money. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2119 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys Wanted: \$30 in gold for special effort. Write at once. Mason Chemical Co., Hancock, Maryland.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands: Crop Payments or easy terms along the Northern Pacific Ry. in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what State interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Four Wheel Chairs in October 528 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four October wheel chairs go to Richard L. Dennis, Flasher, N. D., 107; Travis L. Davis, Good Spring, Tenn., 106; James A. Doherty, R. R. 1, Washburn, Maine, 99; Julia Vance, Smokeout, N. C., 98. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them. Richard L. Dennis, age 5 years, has been paralyzed in his legs from birth and has but little use of his hands. His mother writes that she has "six other children to work for, two of them smaller than Richard," and that "the wheel chair will be a big help in taking care of him."

Travis L. Davis, age 5 years, was crippled by injuries at birth so that he has never been able to walk; he also suffers from extreme nervousness.

James A. Doherty, age 73 is crippled by rheumatism which has rendered him nearly helpless the past two years. Mrs. Julia Vance, age 38, has been crippled the past eleven years by an attack of typhoid fever which affected her spine. She has no one to wait on her but her little daughter, and the wheel chair will be a great blessing to both.

James B. McGrath, credited in last month's Roll of Honor with having sent in 148 subscriptions for Oscar May, has since written me explaining that, al-

AGENTS WANTED

Every Home On Farm, In Small Town, or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin coal-oil Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over \$500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month. No experience needed. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No Capital Required! Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 905 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

Men or Women—make \$50-\$75 week selling Jos. Crystal Compound. Washes clothes quick without rubbing or boiling. Wonderful seller. Send 10c for Sample and Big Profit Plan. Utility Mfg. Co., Sta. D, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

\$12.50 Per 100 paid reliable woman to distribute free samples laundry soap among friends. Steady. Experience unnecessary. Dept. A. New Method Co., Burlington, Iowa.

500 Agents Wanted at Once for Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound. 30% Profit, Enormous Repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own Your Own Business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made \$400 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 306, 1312-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendota, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

For Good Agents, Either Sex, we have positions worth \$5,000 to \$10,000 yearly. No investment required. Write At Once. Kool-save Co., Vineland, N. J.

Big Earning Easy—startling invention. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gasoline. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Agents sell quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Desk 214, Omaha, Nebr.

We Pay \$36 A Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., DI, Parsons, Kan.

Agents earning \$20 daily: Ford lock; thief proof; sells \$1. Fifty other exclusive inventions. Agents outfit and sample free. Inventors Assn., 107, St. Louis.

Become A Prosperous Davis Agent—Beginners making \$30-\$50 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. "Lucky IP" pays you 30%. 37 other big winners. Big rush season from now to Christmas. Davis Products Co., Dept. 504, Chicago.

"Klean-Rite" Best Washing Tablet Made. Whirlwind seller. Sure repeater. Pays agents biggest profit. Sample free. Besco, 2653 CL, Belleplaine, Chicago.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$300.00 in July. Send for sample. Iva Free. Nichols Co., Box 68, Naperville, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Men and Women Wanted by Government for many kinds of civil service work. Splendid salaries, short hours, other advantages. There may be a place for you. Investigate at my expense. Send name for List R.R. 2004, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Railway Mail Clerks wanted—\$117 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. L12, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS

"From The Ball Room To Hell" mailed anywhere 35c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

Trappers—Get a Free Copy of the 64 page guide "Trapping Tricks." Shows photograph illustrations of sets and animal catches. Triumph Trap Co., Dept. 1, Oneida, N. Y.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only \$8.50—Big money in weaving rugs, carpets, etc., from rags and waste material. Be sure to send for free loom book. It tells all about weaving and our wonderful \$8.50 and other looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

though he sent them in, 50 of them were obtained by Mrs. A. M. Isaacs, 30 by Evona Corbin, 30 by Virginia Bailey, and 30 by Hazel Murray, and requests that these ladies be given credit for having done most of the work in procuring the subscriptions for Oscar May's wheel chair.

The following letters of thanks and Roll of Honor are interesting. Do your best to make this Thanksgiving a season of rejoicing to the shut-ins by sending as many subscriptions as possible in aid of our Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Pleasure to Crippled Girl.

Fordtown, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Gannett: My sister, Omie Gray, received her wheel chair August 11th, and is well pleased with it. She can wheel herself

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Farms On Credit. Fine for grains, grasses, fruit, vegetables. Hardwood land in Mich. Best Co.'s Stock & poultry do well. 40,000 A. Only \$15 to \$30 per A. Very easy terms. 10 to 160 A. No swamps or stones. Fine schools, churches, markets, climate, lakes & streams. Money loaned to build. Large Co. Write today for information. Swigart Land Co., C126 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Branch Manager Wanted by old established Chicago Concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense. We allow you to draw out \$175 a month and will also pay you liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work may be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make \$5000 or more a year, we want you, and will pay you well from the start. Send your application today. S. Levy, Manager Dept. 790, 329 S. Franklin St. Chicago, Ill.

Substantial Manufacturing corporation wants capable men to establish branch and manage salesmen. \$300 to \$1500 necessary. You handle your own money. Will allow expenses to Baltimore if you will qualify. For particulars address Secretary, 418 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

Complete course on compiling and selling names by mail to advertisers. Description free. Globe Publishing Co., 148 Syracuse, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 81, St. Louis, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast—Small capital starts you with guaranteed professional moving picture machine. Complete outfit on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalog free. Dept. C, Monarch Theatre Supply Service, 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make Money Fast. Start "Movie" with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. C, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

\$500.00 Buys Complete Professional moving picture outfit. Machine, supplies, film, everything ready for use. Write for bargain sheet. Feature Film Exchange, Dept. 2A, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED

Would Extra Money Help? Earn it in a dignified way in spare time or establish an entire time business of your own as local representative or district manager for an old established firm marketing a nationally advertised household appliance. The \$50,000 sold have enabled many men and women to earn upwards of \$5,000 yearly. Reeves Co. Box 51, Milford, Conn.

Men Wanted To Sell Groceries Selling Experience Not Necessary. One of World's largest Grocers, (capital over \$1,000,000.00) wants ambitious men in your locality to sell direct to consumer nationally known brands of an extensive line of groceries, paints, roofing, lubricating oils, stock feeds, etc. Big line, easy sales. Values best any competition. Earn big money. No experience or capital required. Complete sample outfit and free selling instructions sent you. Long established reliable house. Write today. John Sexton & Co., Dept. L, 388 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT STORIES

Wanted Stories, Articles, Poems for New Magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten. Max. acceptable. Send Mrs. to Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 908, Wash., D.C.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Free—Beautiful pair silk hose to any lady for selling 3 boxes "Seeroh" Beauty Cream. Seeroh Co., 92 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

EDUCATIONAL

Riches May Be Had for the asking. With them you get health, efficiency, initiative. Free information. Kautsch, 133 Miner, Stockton, Cal.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient Service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 272 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Free Book On Patents—Write today for Free Copy of "How to Obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature—Free. (30 years experience) Talbert & Talbert, 226 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our specially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—5 bright, capable Ladies to Travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 62, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Become expert dress designers. \$125-\$200 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 651, Rochester, N. Y.

Government Census positions for Women, \$50 month. List free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. L 9, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 651, St. Louis, Mo.

Govt. Positions Are Desirable. \$1000-\$1200 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you. Free Booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 5520, Rochester, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Man. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A, Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

HONEY

Honey, Delicious Wia. White Clover Honey. Green County's famous Cheese. Price list free. H. H. Rosa, Monroe, Wis.

Honey, Fine new clover honey guaranteed to be absolutely pure honey and of strictly choice quality. Sample 10 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

MALE HELP WANTED

Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence \$108. Experience Unnecessary. List Free. Write, Osmont, 184, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, \$140-\$200 Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 222 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Men Wanted—Become automobile experts. \$40 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 599, Rochester, N. Y.

Young Men prepare as brakemen, firemen, details free, write, Trainman's Service Bureau, Dept. 3, Jersey City, N. J.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 651, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTO FINISHING

Mail Us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1123 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 15c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 15c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Premio Film Packs Developed 25c. Mail us your exposed Film Pack. We develop twelve exposures, sizes 4 x 5 or 3 1/2 x 5 1/2; and smaller, for 25c. Prints on Velox Paper at reasonable prices if desired. The best grade of work. Sweet, Wallace & Co., Inc. (Eastman Kodak Company) 133 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Do you take pictures? Write for free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 239 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Special Offer. We finish 4 exposure roll (one only) and furnish 8 select prints for 35c with order. Try us. Money back if dissatisfied. Moreau's Kodak Finishing Service, 623 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our Regular price. Superior service. L. Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Special Trial Offer: Your next Kodak film developed 7c. Prints 3c each. Disabled Soldiers' Service Co., 3544 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

Kodak Finishing. "The best you ever had." 8-hour service. Mail us your films. Standard prices. Newt. C. Eblin. "The Kodak Man," 119 Peachtree St., Dept. B. Atlanta, Ga.

FARMS FOR SALE

\$400 Down Secures 80 Acres, Near City, Productive loamy fields, 7-cow, wire-fenced pasture, estimated several hundred cords wood, timber, fruit. Good condition 9-room house, barn, etc., barn alone worth price asked. Owner to remove to larger farm sells all to quick buyer. \$1200, easy terms. Details page 77 Fall Catalog Farm Bargains Maine to Florida and west to Nebraska; copy free. Stout Farm Agency, 150 N. G. Nassau St., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Cabbage Plants, Proved Prof. Leading varieties \$1.75 Per 1000. 500 for \$1. Prompt shipment. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

Murphy's Magnet Scent—For each animal. From natural oils. \$1.00 bottle paid. T. J. Murphy & Son, Raw Fur Merchants, Dept. C, Lewiston, Me. Est. 1873. Send for price list.

Start the New Industry at home with little Capital. We show anyone how. Particulars Absolutely Free. Emporium 3507 White Plains Road, New York City

Ladies send me your combings. I make 3 stem hair switches for \$1.50. Work guaranteed. Mrs. L. J. Green, Lagrange, Ga., E. S.

Have Your dead relatives, or soldier's pictures enlarged, and neatly framed. Like-nature guaranteed. Goods sent by parcel post. Write Tyler Mullins, Big Stone Gap, Va.

A Bargain, Don't forget X-Mas is near. Closing out large stock of Reliable, High-Grade Fountain Pens, 14K Gold pen, Hand-somely chased barrel, complete with dither and clip. Value \$1.50 to \$2.50, while they last \$1.00 each. Guaranteed. Act quick. Mr. Wm. F. Munch, Box 51, Elizabeth, N. J.

\$5 to \$10 day gathering Evergreens, Roots and Herbs. (Ginseng \$15 lb. Salal \$15 lb. Seal \$5.50. Senega \$1.75. Or grow them your self. Book and prices free. Botanical, 59, West Haven, Conn.

ANIMALS

Raise Giant Rabbits For Me. I furnish breeders cheap, and buy if you raise at 30 to 60c per pound alive. Hundreds make big money. Send 10c for Breeder's instruction Booklet, contract, price list, etc. N. Cross, 6047 Bridge, St. Louis, Mo.

The reply came back: "You'd better not let the captain hear you. That's his best shirt hanging out to dry."

He Played Safe

A colored recruit said he intended to take out the full limit of government insurance, \$10,000. On being told by a fellow soldier that he would be foolish to pay on so much when he was likely to be shot in the trenches, he replied: "Hu! I reckon I know what I'm doing. You don't suppose Uncle Sam is going to put a \$10,000 man in the first-line trenches, do you?"—Boston Post.



Young Woman (entering music store) —"Have you Kissed Me in the Moonlight?" Clerk—"I don't think so; I'm new here. Maybe it was the other man."—Meadley.

Watch Your Step!

Pat (to Mike on roof)—"Don't come down the ladder at the northeast corner; I took it away."—Boys' Life.

through the house with it, which gives her great pleasure. It is also a help to me in taking care of her. We wish to thank you and all who helped to procure the chair for her. Wishing COMFORT success, I am sincerely your friend, Sallie F. Gray.

Very Much Pleased with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair.

Dear Mr. Gannett: My wheel chair has arrived and I am very much pleased with it, so much so that I cannot express thanks enough to cover my appreciation and gratitude for the kindness shown me by you and all others who helped me to obtain it. Your devoted friend, Dora Elizabeth Howard.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Mary Queen, N. C. for Julia Vance, 98; Mrs. Davey Davis, Tenn., for Travis Lawson Davis, 80; Mrs. Nola Byrd, Missouri, for Foris Byrd, 73; Nora Crittendon, Ky., for Daniel Swaine Hicks, 63; Mrs. Annie Mahaffey, N. C., for Arthur

Mahaffey, 34; Mrs. M. N. Bourland, Ky., for Geo. Washington Bourland, 33; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Nolla Gunter, 30; Mrs. Hemia Lockhart, Tenn., for Abbie Dean, 25; J. W. Powell, N. C., for own, 23; Mrs. Ross Cossel, Iowa, for Hazel Cossel, 20; Abbie Dean, Tenn., for own, 20; Mrs. Lee Freeman, Texas, for Grady Freeman, 20; Ethel A. Baxter, Ohio, for own, 15; Mary Springer, Ark., for Clyde Reason, 13; Mrs. Amanda Wright, N. C., for Nora Wright, 11; Jas. B. McGrath, Utah, for general, 10; Mrs. Owen C. Dennis, N. Dak., for Richard L. Dennis, 7; Mrs. Ed. Gooch, Kans., for Mildred Dale, 6; Mrs. Roy Cole, Mont., for general, 6; Miss Lelia Lewis, Ala., for Annie Laura Davis, 6; Mrs. M. W. Monteth, Tenn., for Miss Omie Gray, 6; Miss Veneda Moore, Indiana, for Hazel Cossel, 5; Mrs. C. H. Corbett, W. Va., for general, 5.

Damm—Row

License to wed was recently issued to John Damm and Christina Row.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Black Flag

A gunboat was entering the mouth of a river when she passed close to a small collier. The officer in command hailed the latter.

"Ahoj, there! What have you got the black flag flying for?"

160 HENS- 1500 EGGS

LAST winter eggs sold as high as \$1.00 a dozen. As America's foremost poultry expert I predict that this winter eggs will go even higher. Poultry raisers are going to reap tremendous profits. You, too, can make sure of a big egg yield by giving your hens a few cents' worth "More Eggs tonic."

This product has been tried, tested and proven by 400,000 chicken raisers. It is acknowledged the best and most successful egg producer on the market today. *Guaranteed by a million dollar bank.* Every day that you don't use it means that you are losing money. Don't delay. Start with a few cents' worth of "More Eggs" tonic now.

That's the experience of one Comfort poultry raiser who wrote me. Mrs. Myrtle Ice of Boston, Ky., writes: "More Eggs" Tonic is a great Godsend. I was only getting 19 eggs a day and am now getting 50 a day. 400,000 chicken raisers have used this wonderful tonic. Here are a few letters of thousands received:

"160 Hens—125 Dozen Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: I have fed two boxes of More Eggs Tonic to my hens and I think my hens have broken the record for eggs. I have 160 White Leghorns and from March 15 to April 15 I sold 125 dozen eggs.
Waverly, Mo.
MRS. H. M. PATTON.

"15 Hens—310 Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: I used your More Egg Tonic and from December 1 to February 1, from 15 hens, I got 310 eggs. Your remedies are just what you claim them to be.
Turner Falls, Mass.
MRS. C. R. STOUGHTON.

"More Than Doubled In Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. My hens have more than doubled up in their eggs.
Mendon, Ill.
L. D. NICHOLS.

"Gets 100 Eggs a Day"

E. J. Reefer: I have given your "More Eggs" Tonic to my chickens for about two months. It is the best I ever used. My chickens have gained from 20 to 100 eggs a day and are still gaining. I cannot say enough for your "More Eggs" Tonic.
Hamilton, Ind.
LORENZO BURCH.

8,988 Eggs from 125 Hens

E. J. Reefer: Since using the "More Eggs" I have got more eggs than any time I have been in the poultry business, about thirty years. Since the 15th of March to November 15th, I have marketed 740 dozen and have only 125 hens.
Exline, Iowa.
MRS. W. S. DEAHLL.

1,368 Eggs After 1 Package

E. J. Reefer: Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and would like to have you know the results. From January 1st to July 1st, my hens laid 1,368 eggs.
Scranton, Pa.
A. E. WHITE.

Simple, But Wonderful

E. J. Reefer: I was getting 3 eggs a day, but three days after I began using "More Eggs" I got 16 a day. It is simple, but wonderful.
Perryville, Mo., Bishop Star Route.
MRS. LOUIS C. BOHNERT.

**A Million Dollar Bank
Guarantee**
Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back

**The National Reserve Bank
of Kansas City**
Capital and Surplus \$1,100,000

TO WHOM PRESENTED:

Mr. E. J. Reefer has deposited in this Bank Ten Thousand (\$10,000.00) Dollars, with instructions that out of this fund we are to return to any of Mr. Reefer's customers the total amount of their purchase from him, provided Mr. Reefer fails to do as he agrees.

You, therefore, take no risk whatever in purchasing from Mr. Reefer, as this bank will refund the total amount of your remittance to Mr. Reefer if he fails to do as he agrees—very truly yours,
President.

E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert

3048 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Send me one full-size package of "More Eggs." Send this with an absolute guarantee that you will refund my money if this tonic is not satisfactory in every way. I enclose \$1.00 (a dollar bill, P. O. money order, or your private check—just as you please).

Name

Address

Dear Mr. Reefer: I can't express how much I have been benefited by answering your ads. I've got more eggs than I ever did. I've sold 42 1/2 dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some and had 1 1/2 dozen left.
Woodbury, Tenn.
From your friend, MRS. LENA McBRON.

"48 Dozen in One Week"

"Selling Eggs Now"

E. J. Reefer: I was not getting an egg when I began the use of the "More Eggs" Tonic. Now I am selling eggs.
Hebo, Oregon
MRS. J. F. BRINK.

"Gets Winter Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: It is the first time I got so many eggs in winter. When I began using "More Eggs" I was only getting from 1 to 3 eggs per day and now I am getting 11 to 13 eggs per day.
Wilburton, Kan.
MRS. JULIA GOODEN.

18 Hens—12 Eggs a Day

E. J. Reefer: Six weeks ago I began giving "More Eggs" Tonic and I was not getting an egg from 18 hens, and now I am getting 10 to 12 every day. You can quote me as saying that it is the best chicken tonic in the world.
Luray, Va.
S. L. REYNOLDS.

"37 Eggs a Day"

E. J. Reefer: That More Eggs Tonic is simply grand. When I started using it they did not lay at all, now I get 37 eggs a day.
Rivers, Indiana
EDGAR E. J. LININGER.

"Increase from 8 to 36 Eggs a Day"

E. J. Reefer: I am well pleased with your More Eggs Tonic. I was only getting 8 or 9 eggs, now I am getting 36 a day. Yours truly, W. M. SCHULTZ.

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

E. J. Reefer: I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I paid my debts, clothed my children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42 1/2 dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1 1/2 dozen left.
Woodbury, Tenn.
MRS. LENA McBRON.

Gets Quick Results

E. J. Reefer: Bantwood, Ark. The "More Eggs" Tonic I received of you is wonderful. I was getting only 1 and 2 eggs per day, and in less than two weeks was getting 12 and 14 every day. I am recommending it to my neighbors.
Yours truly, Mrs. S. L. JETT.

126 Eggs in 5 Days

I wouldn't try to raise chickens without "More Eggs" which means more money. I use it right along. I have 33 hens and in 5 days have gotten 126 dozen eggs or 156.
MRS. J. O. OAKES, Salina, Okla. did it.

200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

E. J. Reefer: I never used More Eggs Tonic until last December; then just used one \$1.00 package and have sold over \$200 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic
A. G. THODE, R. No. 2 Box 47.

"Doubles Egg Production"

E. J. Reefer: I have been using More Eggs Tonic for 4 weeks and must say this fine. My egg production has been doubled.
Paradise, Texas.
J. C. KOENIGER.

"Increase from 2 to 45 Eggs a Day"

Reefer's Hatchery: Since I began the use of your More Eggs Tonic 2 weeks ago I am getting 45 eggs a day, and before I was only getting 2 or 3 a day.
Derby, Iowa
DORA PHILLIPS.

Nothing Equals More Eggs

E. J. Reefer: I don't think there is anything to equal your More Eggs Tonic. I am getting 8 eggs a day off 9 hens. Before I was getting 1 and 2 a day, and sometimes not any at all. That Egg Tonic is certainly doing great work.
Steele, N. D.
MRS. WILLIAM DEER.

"More Eggs" Is Finest Ever

E. J. Reefer: I have used one package of your More Eggs Tonic, and I think it is the finest thing for hens I ever used. We were only getting 3 to 4 eggs a day, and since using your Tonic we get from 17 to 22 eggs a day from 25 hens.
Hewlett, Va.
MRS. J. H. CRISP.

\$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

E. J. Reefer: I never used More Eggs Tonic until last December; then just used one \$1.00 package and have sold over \$200 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic
A. G. THODE, R. No. 2 Box 47.



Banker Endorses "More Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: Some time ago I got from you "More Eggs" and it now means MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old, and the first 10 days in December they laid 11 dozen eggs. Yours very truly, F. FOHLAND, President, The Citizens Bank of Ashland.

Gets 35 Eggs Instead of 5

E. J. Reefer: Box 96, Pelican, La. I have used Reefer's More Eggs Tonic only two weeks and can see a great improvement in my hens. I get from 30 to 35 eggs a day now. Before I got 4 or 5 eggs a day.
MRS. W. T. JOHNSON, Box 96.

No Loafers Now

E. J. Reefer: Your More Eggs surely does the work. I have fed it 30 days to a bunch of 15 hens and pullets. When I started to feed your More Eggs tonic I only got from 3 to 5 eggs a day, and now I am gathering 50 and still gaining. No loafers in the bunch.
Troy, Mo.
HENRY MUCK.

437 Eggs in 11 Days

E. J. Reefer: I am surely pleased with More Eggs Tonic. I have 75 hens, and have gotten 437 eggs in eleven days. They are laying better every day.
Burdett, Kansas
MRS. CHAS. MILLER.

This is a concentrated tonic, not a food. It consists of every element that goes toward the making of more eggs. A perfect regulator, aids digestion, stimulates egg production and builds firm bones and strong muscles. The foremost authorities in America and poultry raisers from every state endorse Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic.

Results Guaranteed!

Here is the facsimile of the guarantee of a million dollar bank that "More Eggs" will produce results. The million dollar bank guarantees to refund your money if you are not satisfied. You run no risk. So don't delay. Every day you wait you are losing money.

Every day counts! Start your hens making money for you right away. Send the coupon today for a full-size package of "More Eggs" Tonic. You run absolutely no risk. A million dollar bank will refund instantly if you are not entirely satisfied. Just put a dollar bill in with the coupon and mail today. Profit by the experience of a man who has himself made a fortune out of the poultry business, and is helping others to do the same. **Send for this guaranteed egg producer and profit maker TODAY.**

E. J. Reefer

Backed By a Million Dollars!

3048 Reefer Building Kansas City, Mo.